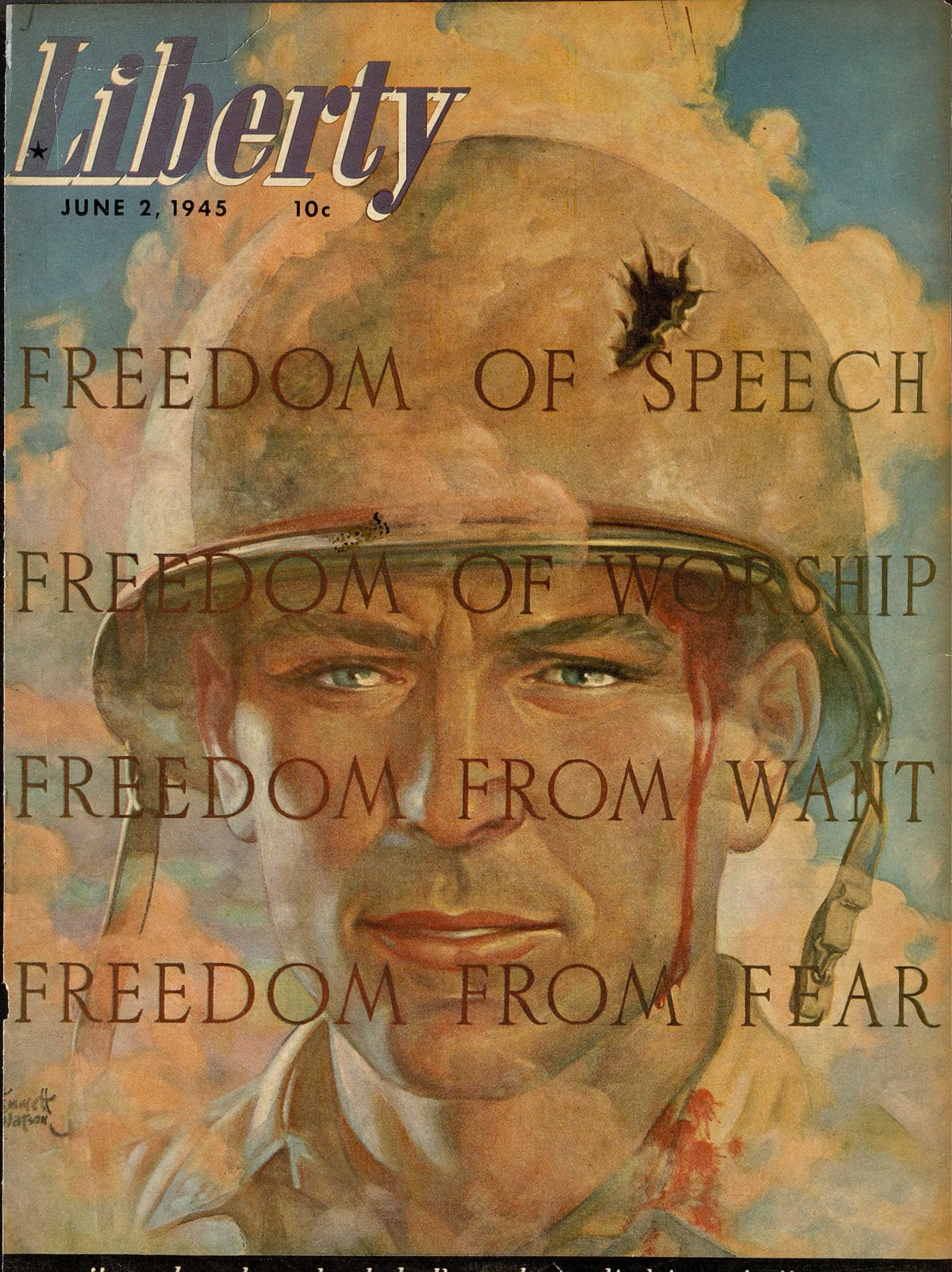
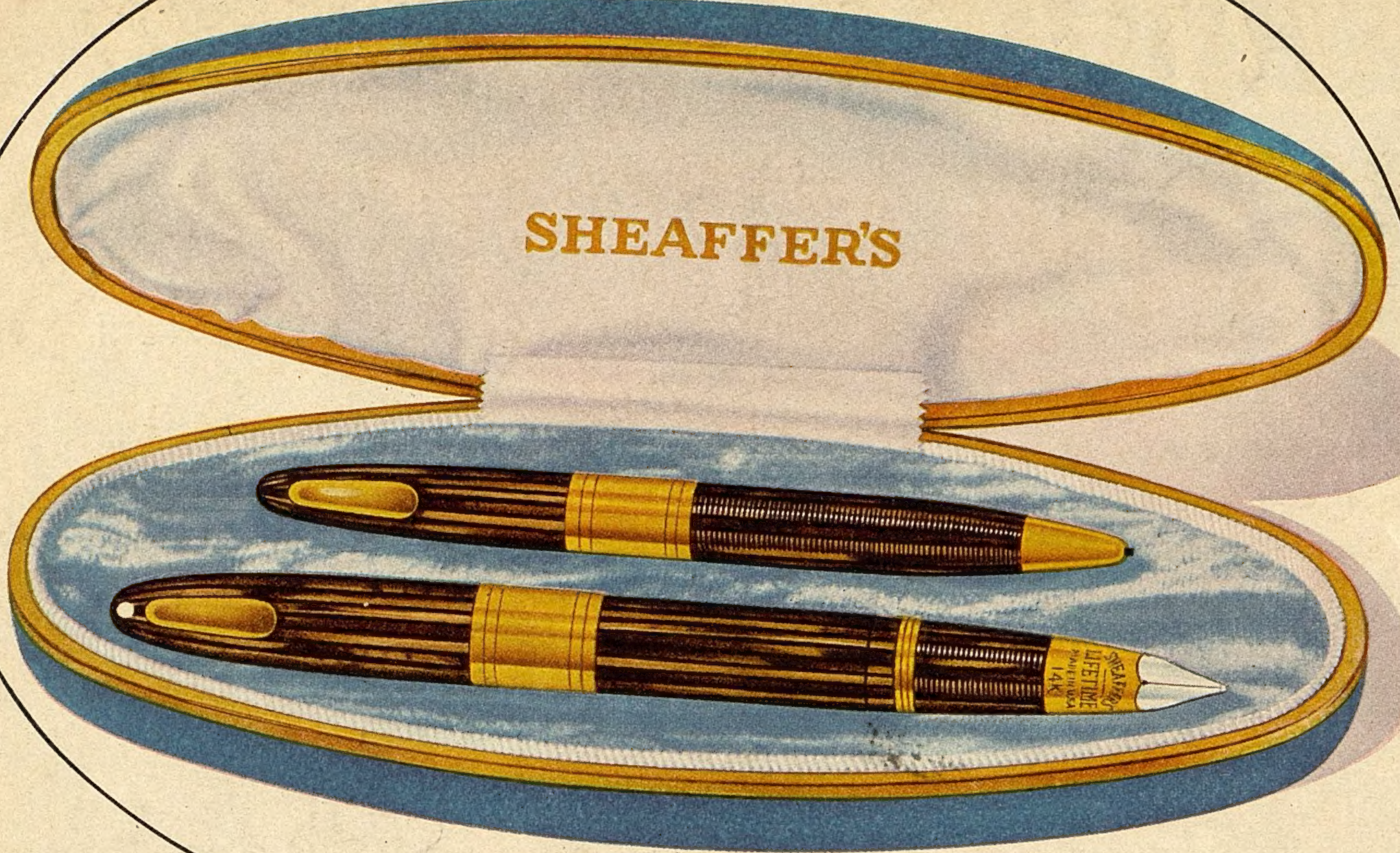
Liberty

JUNE 2, 1945 10c

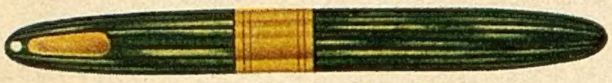

FREEDOM OF SPEECH
FREEDOM OF WORSHIP
FREEDOM FROM WANT
FREEDOM FROM FEAR
Emmett Watson

"... that these dead shall not have died in vain."

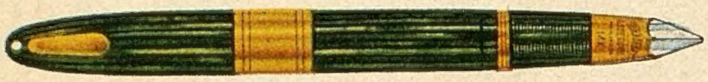


For Women? Yes! But men want it too!

The new *FAST-ON* Tuckaway



DIMINUTIVE WHEN CLOSED



FULL LENGTH WHEN OPENED

(Illustrations Above Less Than Half-Size)

LISTEN EVERY SUNDAY to SHEAFFER'S WORLD PARADE—*NBC Complete Network,* 3 P.M. E.W.T.; 2 P.M. C.W.T.; 1 P.M. M.W.T.; 12 P.M. P.W.T.

These are the pens and pencils that are going to the men and women in the Services overseas. Quantities available for civilians are very limited, but Sheaffer dealers will take your reservations now.

During the war, thousands of servicemen and women found the pre-war TUCKAWAY the ideal "combat" pen. It carried safely in every position—could be slipped into the pants pocket when the man was stripped to the waist.

Ideal though the wartime TUCKAWAY was, the new version is better. While the former range was limited to a few models and prices, the new range will comprise seven price ranges from $5.00 up. In this smaller pen—for tucking into a purse or any pocket in any position—you'll find great capacity, utmost safety, and superlative Feathertouch writing inherent in the "TRIUMPH" line. The FAST-ON feature is utterly new—it automatically adjusts to the thickness of the fabric, and won't tear the fabric! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ont., Canada.

VALIANT TUCKAWAY pen, $12.50; pencil, $5; complete set, $17.50. Other sets with 14K gold trim, $35 to $150. Other pens $2.75 and up. Federal Excise Taxes Additional.

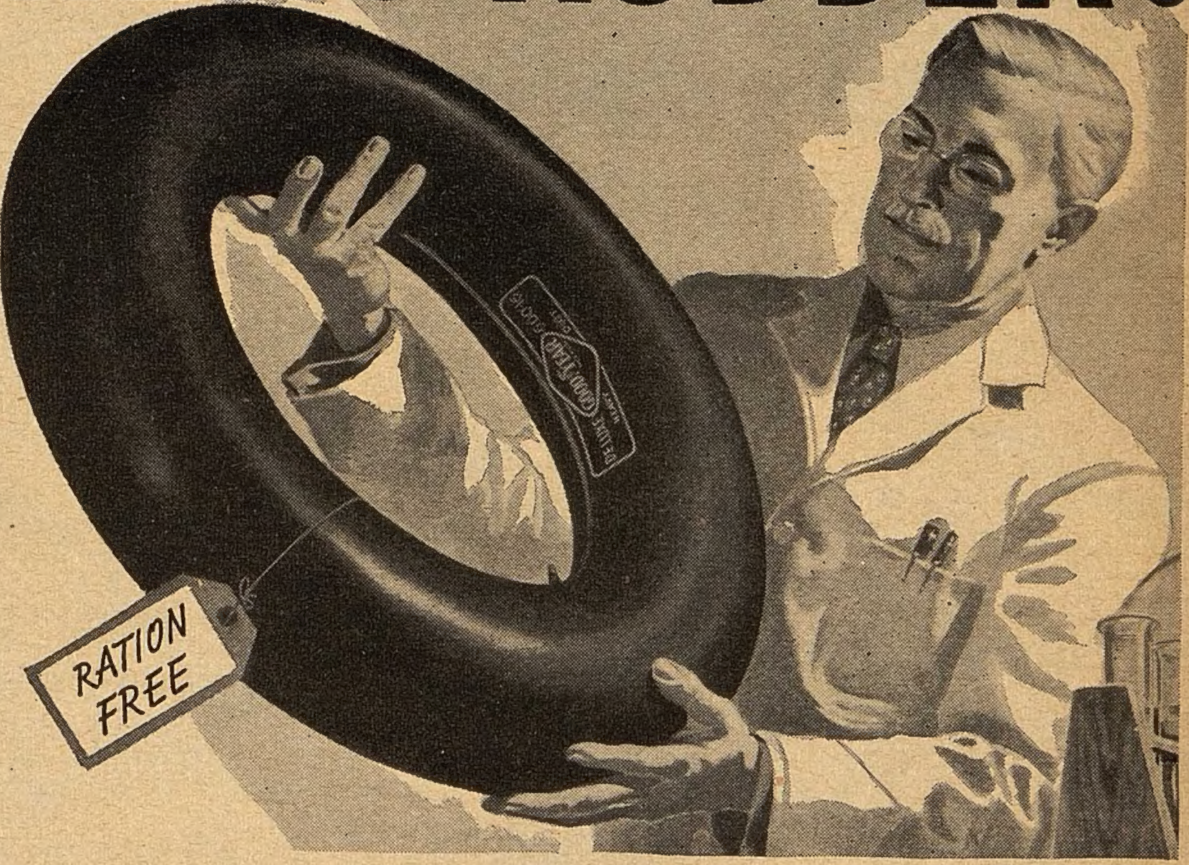
*Lifetime** "TRIUMPH" Pen
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Fineline Pencil

SHEAFFER'S

Copyright, 1945, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. *Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH IN SYNTHETIC RUBBER!



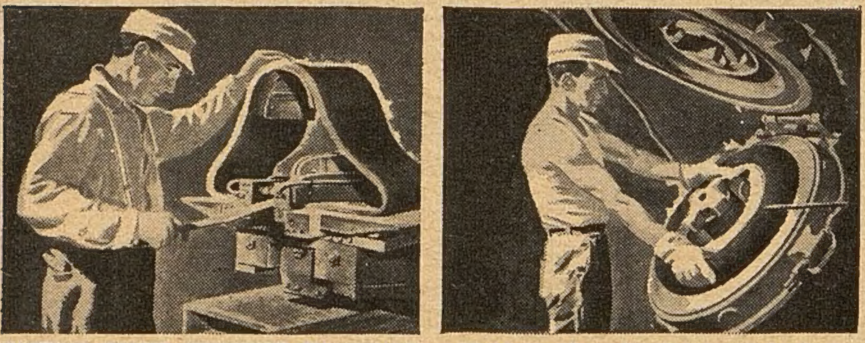
After months of use, thousands report Goodyear Inner Tubes excel by wide margin—hold air like prewar tubes —make tires last longer

IF you're one of the millions who are sweating it out with old thin tires, here's good news for you.

Now you can safeguard them for thousands of extra miles' wear by replacing your patched, "dead" inner tubes with new, live, airtight Goodyear DeLuxe synthetic rubber tubes. No rationing certificate is needed — not even by A-card drivers.

And what a tube it is! After months of service both military and civilian users, driving everything from jeeps to share-the-ride cars, report in answer to a questionnaire:

"Goodyear synthetic rubber tubes are giving complete satisfaction and long wear — hold air just like natural rubber tubes."



MEETING WAR'S TOUGHEST CHALLENGE—*Making a long-lived inner tube from synthetic rubber was the hardest task faced by tiremakers. So Goodyear Research developed new manufacturing techniques for building tubes rivaling prewar quality. (Left, above) Electric-weld splicing produces stronger, airtight seam. (Right) Goodyear tubes are full-circle molded to insure correct shape and fit.*

New tubes save tires

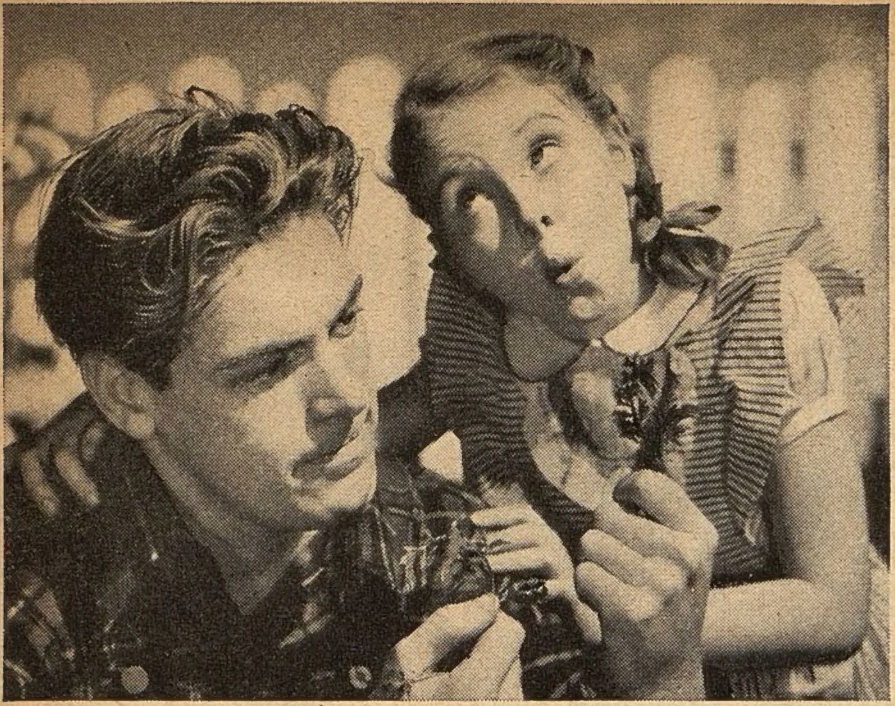
Remember, service station check-ups show that one car out of every three today has at least one dangerous, "leaker" tube. If your tires go soft frequently, it's a sign your tubes are wearing thin, becoming stretched and porous—and may let go at any time.

So why run the risk of ruining a tire — *when no rationing certificate is needed* to get these tough, road proved Goodyear tubes that will hold your casings at correct pressure for long wear.

Better see your Goodyear dealer now to be sure of getting your size. There may not be enough of these great tubes to go around—*because they're ration-free!*

GOODYEAR

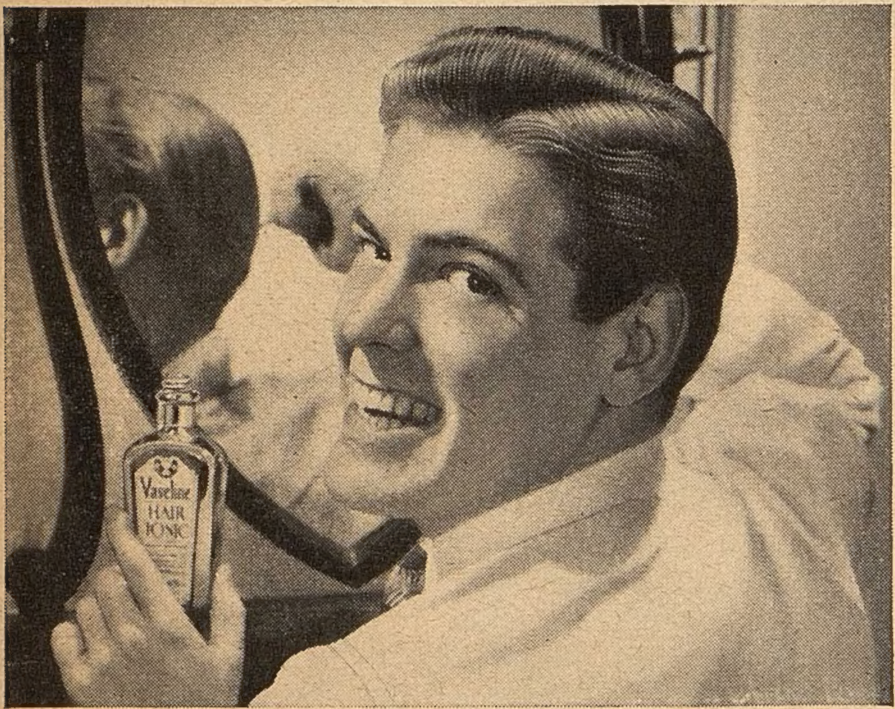
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TUBES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



Dry Scalp is a signal from nature

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC
5 drops a day
check Dry Scalp

help nature give you good-looking hair!



WARNING! Hard-to-handle hair . . . loose dandruff . . . itching . . . they all are signs of Dry Scalp. That's when your natural scalp oils need help. Just five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day supply that help. Try it . . . you'll *see* and *feel* the difference. Your hair looks better . . . your scalp feels better. Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic with massage before every shampoo, too. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it today!

Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

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★ ARTICLES

Blitzkrieg on Boredom, *Morris Markey* 17
A Couple of Lollipops, *Lt. Com. J. Bryan, III, U.S.N.R.* 20
After Franco, What? *Miguel Maura* 26
Everybody Is Shy, *Dorothy Cocks* 28
Helpfulness, Inc., *Ruth Moore* 29
out where the TALL corn grows, *Sara Hamilton* 30
Truman's Right-Hand Man, *Marquis W. Childs* 36

★ FICTION

Smithy's Dogs, *R. Wilkes Hunter* 18
The Prodigal Uncle, *Hans Ruesch* 22
"Dear Mrs. Macfarland"—Short Short *Lt. Warren Ripley* 24
All for the Love of Arlene, *Neill C. Wilson* 32

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

Cry Wolf—*Marjorie Carleton's delightful rarity, a sophisticated thriller—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 39

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 10
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 13
The Camera Eye—Pictures 34
Books in Review, *Joseph Anthony* 54
Crossword Puzzle 54
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 56
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 62
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Eve Stanley* 82

★ EDITORIAL

What to Do About Germany, *Paul Hunter* 90

Cover: "*. . . that these dead shall not have died in vain.*"
Painted by Emmett Watson

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The best cared for wounded in the world

The men in this Pullman car were wounded in Europe.

Now, in an almost unbelievably short time after they received their first medical attention at aid stations right on the battlefield, they are in America—on their way to General Hospitals near their homes.

No other wounded in the world are cared for with the skill and devotion which the men and women of the Army Medical Corps give American wounded. No other wounded in the world are brought home so speedily.

Motor vehicles and ships, planes and trains, all play a part in getting them here *fast.*

And Pullman—working with the railroads through its "pool" of sleeping cars—is privileged to contribute to their comfort.

Pullman's part of the job is providing sleeping cars to supplement the Army's special hospital trains. These cars—like the one above—may have to be taken out of regular passenger service in order to meet Army needs as promptly and fully as possible.

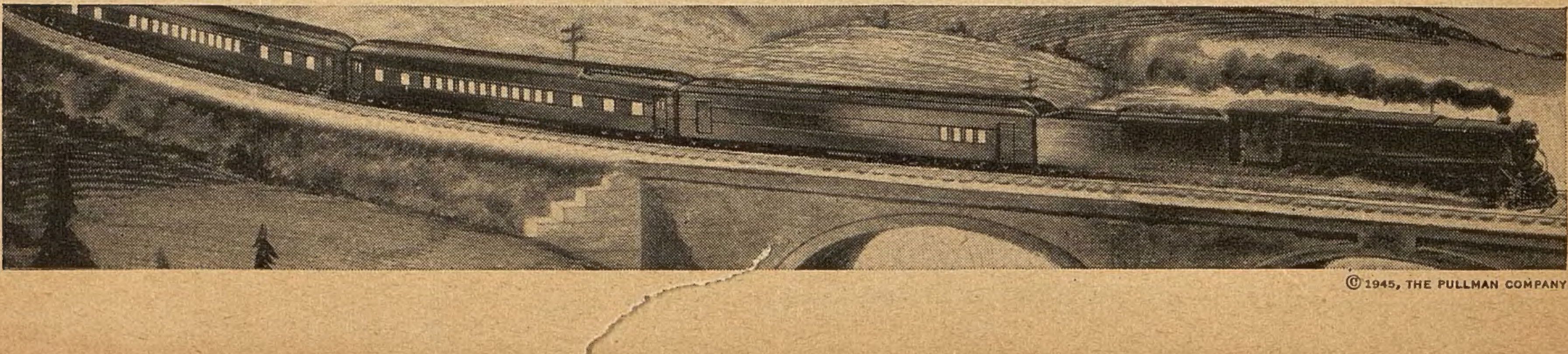
So please—if you should be unable to get the Pullman space you want exactly when you want it—remember this:

About half the Pullman fleet is assigned to carrying out mass troop movements and transporting other military personnel.

The other half is carrying more passengers than the whole fleet carried in peacetime.

And from *this* half must be drawn the *increasing number* of sleeping cars in which the wounded ride.

PULLMAN **For more than 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation**



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Not a temporary Pipe, but One of Real Merit and True Beauty— from Sunny California

MONTEREY PIPES

Giant Mission Briar Burls

MONTEREY
Specimen Grain
$5
(also Select Grain $3.50)

MISSION BRIAR

RARE GROWTHS THAT GROW JUST ABOVE-GROUND— MELLOW WITH TIME

Like rare burl-growths from other Continents, MISSION BRIAR is old, complex in grain, and hard to find. Comes from California's MISSION Country. Millions of acres of Briar Shrub produce only a small percentage of the crown-growths, called burls. This burl—where the fine texture is—is what makes a superior pipe, of beauty, durability and sweetness, fine of flavor, cool to smoke. Look for MONTEREY PIPES, made of MISSION BRIAR, at your dealer's, Select Grain, $3.50; Specimen Grain, $5.

Operation No. 2, Pulling Mission Briar burls from the ground, with tractor and Burl-Hook. Next advertisement will show Seasoning the Mission Briar.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

WAR IN HAWAII

ABERDEEN, MD.—I have just finished reading Ho-Hum in Hawaii, by Lieutenant Robert C. Ruark (April 21). And I want to say that his article is a very true picture of just how things are down there.

I spent eleven months there myself, and during all that time I stayed within a radius of five miles, except for two trips to Schofield Barracks—the tremendous distance of twenty-five miles!—*Pfc. C. W. Y.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Lieutenant Ruark's article, in which he describes the horrors of war in Hawaii, is a big laugh! Is this an attempt at humor, or is the lieutenant actually serious? Some of us who have just returned from overseas duty in the dreaded jungles of Burma would love to have experienced instead the horrors of war that are found in a purgatory like Hawaii. —*Cpl. S. N.*

ON A PAR WITH TWAIN

CANTON, OHIO—I have read Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. The story, It Sure Beats Me, by Fred Gipson (March 24), is a masterpiece which compares with them.

I have cut out the story and am mailing it to my son in the Philippines.

I believe that this is one story that should be mailed to every soldier boy hailing from southern Ohio, Virginia, and Tennessee. As a human-nature story and morale builder, it is one of the best I have ever read.—*Mark Hambleton.*

HEROISM IN THE RED CROSS

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—George Jack Kessel's letter in Vox Pop (March 24), relating the heroism and service of the men of the merchant marine, calls to my mind another group of unrecognized heroes.

Until recently I was Director of Operations, American Red Cross, South Pacific Area.

The men and women of the American Red Cross overseas serve as an integral part of the Army and Navy commands under which they operate and to which they are attached. They are subject to the Articles of War. They are subject to the same discipline and rigorous living as are service men and women. They are exposed to all of the dangers as are the troops. I have sent home many good men and women who were totally disabled for life as a direct result of their overseas Red Cross service. Some have had dreaded tropical diseases. Some have been killed. Others have been wounded in action. These men and women are lauded by the press and radio and are glorified in total by the name and ideals of the American Red Cross. But when they return home they have nothing. The insurance which the Red Cross can afford to carry on them is negligible compared to that afforded men and women in the services. Disability benefits are payable only on a temporary basis from a private insurance company.

These men and women are also heroes. Many of them have been decorated by the Army and Navy. They are veterans of this war in the fullest sense, yet they receive no recognition as such.

Money? The average Red Cross worker overseas makes no more than a master sergeant!

These men and women have earned the same recognition and the same benefits when they return as the service man or woman derives. The nation should be aroused to *this* fact.—*Howard Rourke.*

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

ROCKFORD, ILL.—I am nine years old and may not know as much as Mr. Ted Shane, but I believe he was wrong in one of his questions in his Quizz-ical Crossword (April 14). He asked in what age did the dinosaurs, lizards, etc., flourish. His answer (April 21) was "Saurian." I believe saurian refers to an order of reptiles and not to the age in which they lived. They lived in the Mesozoic era, which took in the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous ages. —*Kirk Kennedy.*

WHEN THEY COME BACK

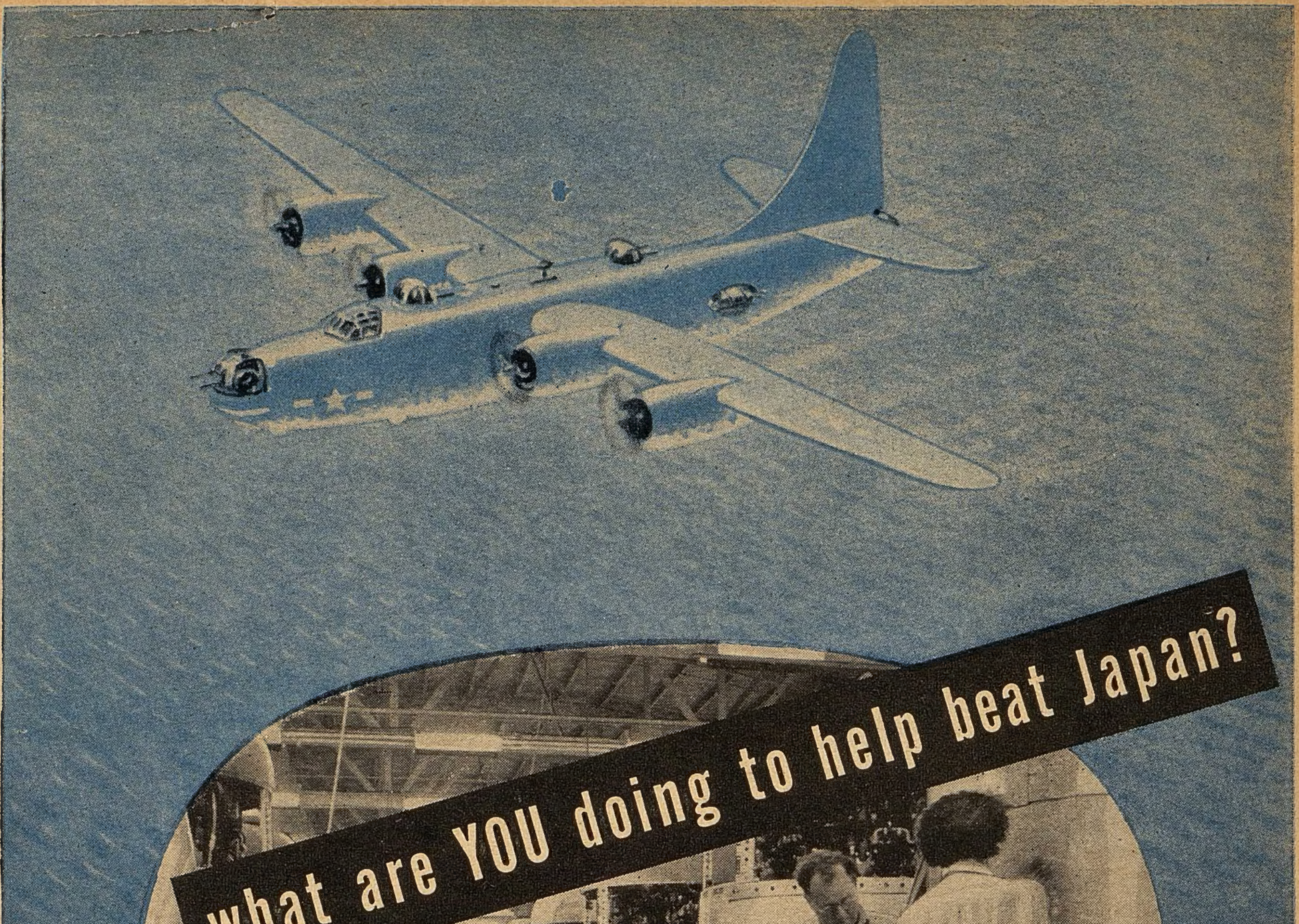
DETROIT, MICH.—Liberty and author Frank Lynn deserve the highest praise for the article, We Are Coming Back! (April 7).

It's the only sensible approach to the returning veterans' so-called "problems" that I've read thus far.

If every civilian would read that article, a great many embarrassing situations could be avoided.—*Bryce F. Ford.*

NO LESSON NEEDED

KENNETT, MO.—We have just finished reading Herman R. Larson's letter in Vox Pop (April 21) in which he states that the American girls need to take a lesson in morality and virtue from the English girls. To Mr. Larson we say, "Nuts!" We are strictly tired of hearing people like him say that American girls are going to the dogs.—*Peggy Wicker, Earline Finney, Wanda Lemonds.*


what are YOU doing to help beat Japan?

ROHR
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

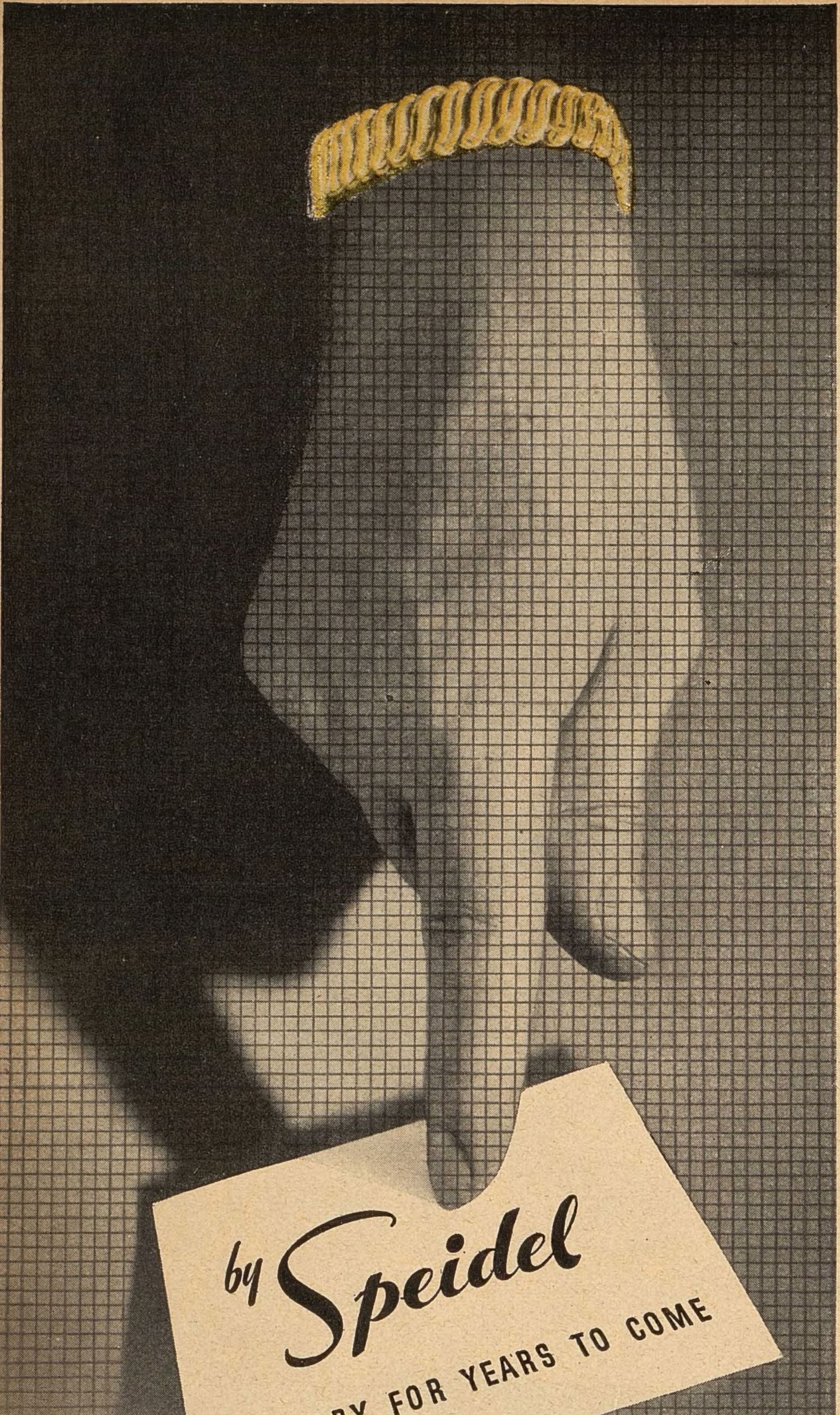
ROHR builds and assembles these huge motor nacelles for the Consolidated Vultee "Privateer" . . . newest scourge of the Jap navy.

The war with Japan is *every* American's war from housewife to war production worker . . . what we do as individuals can prolong or *shorten* the time to a Jap defeat.

Nothing can possibly be more important today than home front war effort and war jobs.

It's a finish fight! Buy Bonds to the finish!

ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, CHULA VISTA, CALIF. HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW



You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on man's wrist — $12.50

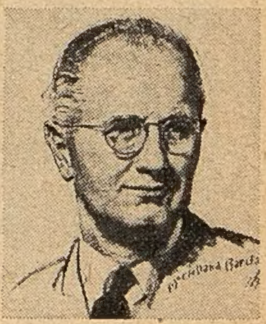
Women's Watchbands — $9.00 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

WRITER IN NEW ENGLAND

WHEN Marjorie Carleton was a child, two things happened that set the pattern for her life—her family moved to New England and she won a short-story contest at the age of eleven. Her loyalties haven't wavered since. A Smith graduate, widow of a Dartmouth man and mother of a Harvard graduate, she lives in Boston. During her successful writing career she's gone off on a variety of writing tangents—short stories, novels, radio scripts, book reviews, plays, and even musical compositions. Her mystery novel, CRY WOLF, which has just been sold to Warner Brothers as a movie vehicle for Barbara Stanwyck, is condensed in this issue.

DEAN OF CARTOONISTS



FRED COOPER, who whips up the clever thumbnail sketches for Vox Pop every week, is hailed in artistic circles as the dean of cartoonists. Most widely known for the famous At Your Service series which he originated for the Edison Company, cartoons are his specialty but not his limit. His talents as poster artist and book illustrator are equally in demand. And he even endeared himself to his first employer, a printer, by designing a new set of lower-case type. Born in Oregon in 1883, he studied art at the Institute in Chicago, and currently works from his Greenwich Village studio in New York. The sketch of him here was done by his friend, McClelland Barclay, in 1940.

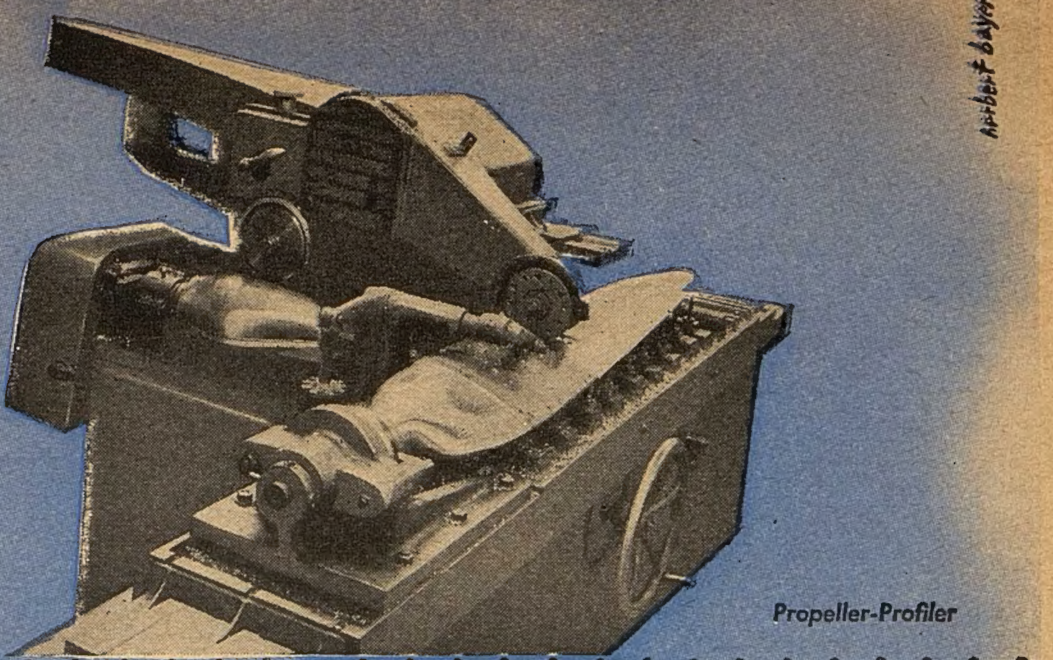
NEXT WEEK

Liberty
Book: TOMORROW WILL SING
SHORT STORIES by
Marguerite Eyssen
Day Keene · Carlotta Davies

NOW it can be told—the story of the GADGET OF DESTRUCTION that converts a giant bomber into a high-altitude sniper. S/Sgt. Lionel L. Van Deerlin describes one of the war's most guarded secrets, the Norden bombsight. . . . A fish doesn't care how you're dressed or how much your gear cost. If you'd like some wonderful eating—cheap—Bill Wolf lets you in on a simple way to get it in A DUFFER'S GUIDE TO FISHING. . . . Not all Hirohito's men die before surrendering. Once they give up and our psychology experts go to work on them, JAP PRISONERS TALK, TOO! And Larry Barretto tells you what they say. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, TOMORROW WILL SING, by Elliott Arnold, is a touching love story in a dramatic wartime setting.

Yesterday

Erco "took off" as the first company created solely to mechanize airplane production . . . by creating the propeller-profiler, the automatic punch and riveter, the stretch-press, the metal shrinker and the sheet metal former . . . Well before Pearl Harbor, Erco extended its pioneering into the personal plane field and engineered the now historic spin-proof ERCOUPE.

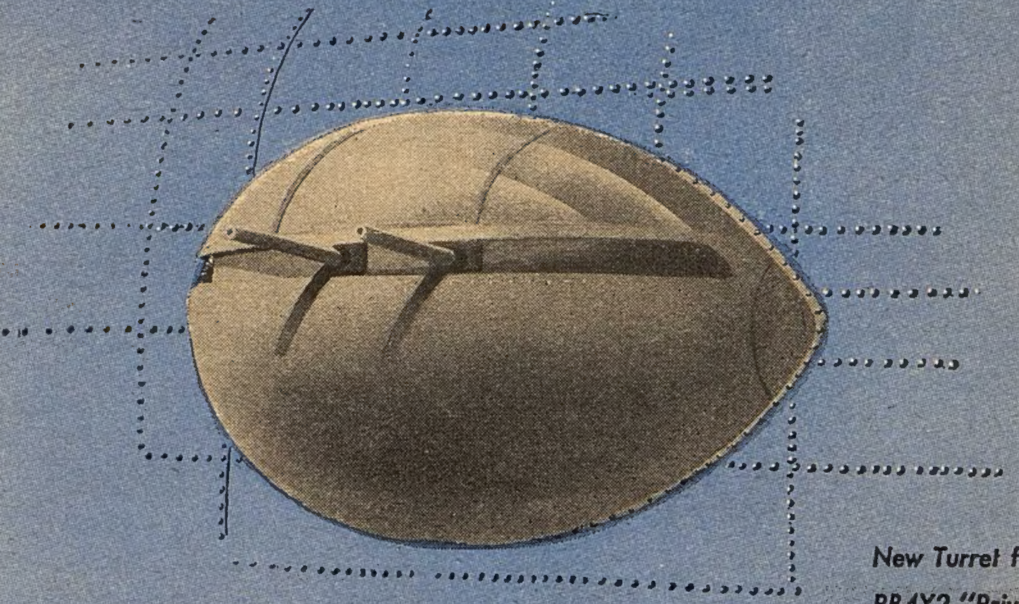


Propeller-Profiler

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Today

Erco designs and manufactures spherical and streamlined gun turrets for Navy bombers . . . radar and other military equipment . . . plus vital production machinery for the aircraft industry. Erco is one of the few winners of **four** "E" pennants!

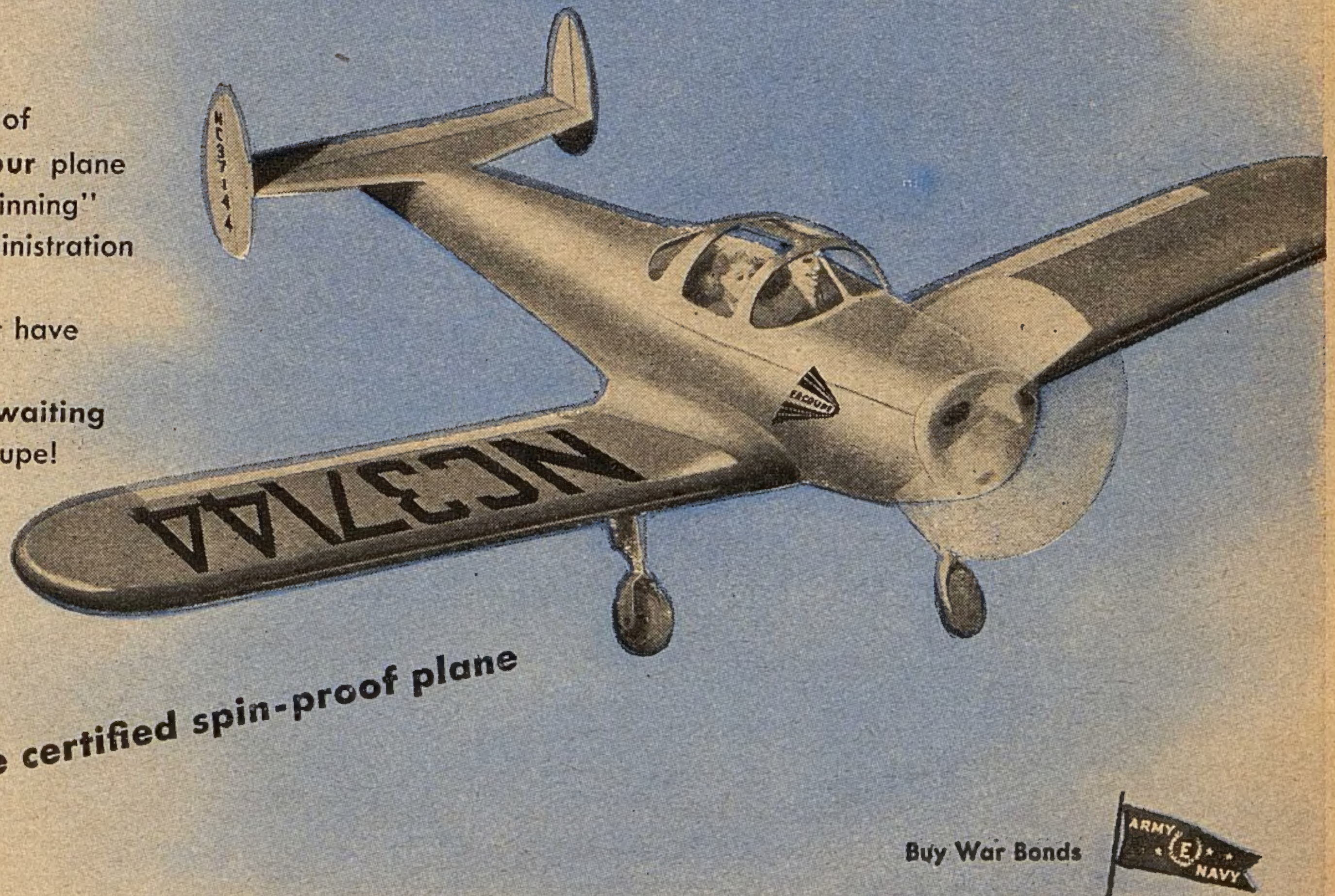


New Turret for Navy PB4Y2 "Privateer"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Tomorrow

Erco will resume production of the spin-proof Ercoupe . . . **your** plane . . . certified "incapable of spinning" by the Civil Aeronautics Administration . . . precision-engineered with Erco "know-how." You won't have to wait for improvements in personal planes — they'll be **waiting for you** in the post-war Ercoupe!

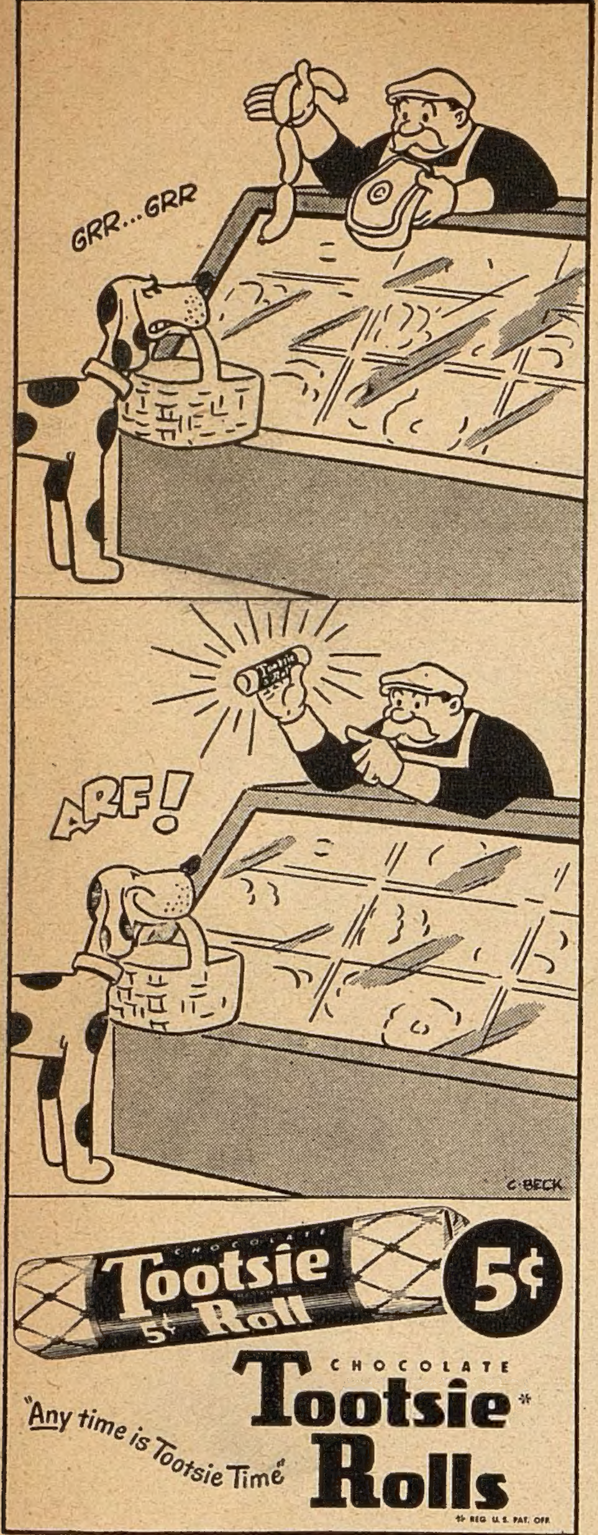


ERCOUPE —the certified spin-proof plane

Buy War Bonds

ARMY (E) NAVY

ERCO **ENGINEERING AND RESEARCH CORPORATION**
Riverdale, Maryland



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A Correspondence Institution Dept. 631-H. Chicago 5, Ill.

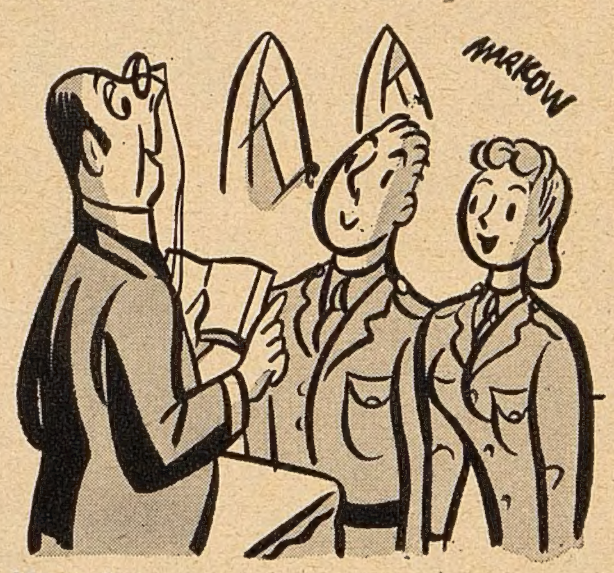
STROP
AND GO SMOOTHLY
with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER
With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.
Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades.
WORLD'S EASIEST SHAVE
ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I'M about to be given a discharge by the Army, and I plan to marry my one and only, who is a WAC. Will she be able to obtain a discharge? Her C. O. says no WACs will be released until after the fall of Germany. Is that right?
Sgt. D. R. B., San Francisco, Calif.

Marry her while you're still in the service. Then, if you are discharged, she can apply for her discharge and get it, since WACs are allowed "out" for the purpose of re-establishing their homes at the time of their husbands' release from the service. Once you're out, it will be too late for her to apply, since she will then be the wife of a civilian.



Marry her

* * *

A friend of mine served in Trinidad before and after the present war started. He claims he is entitled to wear a "British Defense Ribbon." Is he?
Sgt. G. S., Jr., Austin, Tex.

The Adjutant General's Office in Washington says "No," and they add that they never heard of the ribbon.

* * *

I have two sons in the service, one in the Navy and one in the Army. They have made out their $10,000 National Service Insurance policies to me and my husband respectively. I am forty-seven years old and my husband is fifty-two. If anything happened to our sons, what would we get? —not that we really care.
Mrs. H. B. C., Buffalo, N. Y.

Being forty-seven, you would get $50.80 a month, and your husband, aged fifty-two, would get $56.30 a month.

* * *

I've had some trouble since re-entering the service in 1942. I finished four regular enlistments, but when I was inducted in 1942, after a year of civilian life, I was given a new serial number. Can I get my original number back? I feel like a rookie on payday with this draftee's number.
Sgt. E. J. P., A. A. F., Ardmore, Okla.

No, you can't during the war. If, however, you re-enlist after the war is over, you will again become a member of the Regular Army and will be entitled to your original serial number. Meanwhile, does it really make that much difference?

* * *

My nephew was killed in action in Normandy last year. His parents have never received any of his belongings. How can I find out whether or not any of his things were ever sent back to this country?
Mrs. H. S., Evansville, Ind.

Write to Officer in Charge, Personal Effects Bureau, Quartermaster Depot, Kansas City, Missouri. They handle personal effects which are returned to the United States.

* * *

Can I get a discharge from the Army to join the Merchant Marine? I have two years' sea experience.
Pvt. C. H. N., APO, New York, N. Y.

The Merchant Marine is recruiting only Army personnel stationed in this country. If any of our readers wish to be transferred from the Army to the Merchant Marine—and they're stationed in the continental United States—it is possible if they are (a) licensed officers, (b) radio operators, or (c) able seamen. Men in any of those categories who have sea experience should write to H. Chase Stone, Assistant Deputy Administrator, Recruitment & Manning Organization, War Shipping Administration, Commerce Building, Washington 25, D. C.

* * *

My son made his insurance out to me before he went into the service. If I should die, and it had not been changed, would his father or his brother or his sister get the money?
F. A., Arcadia, Calif.

This is the order in which unnamed beneficiaries are paid: The soldier's widow; the soldier's child or children; his mother "and/or" his father, and, lastly, his brother "and/or" his sister. If both parents are alive, the money is split between them, as it is between brother and sister.

* * *

I have been transferred from the Air Forces to the Infantry, and I think I am going to be "busted." I had been in the Air Forces for five years, and worked hard to get my stripes. Why should I be busted just because the Army wants to transfer me to another branch? Is that fair?
S/Sgt. W. H. S., Gainesville, Tex.

The Infantry is making every effort to see that all noncoms who are transferred into the ground forces keep their grade by giving them tests. If they can't pass the tests, though, it is simply impossible to maintain a superabundance of noncommissioned officers. Sounds like a tough break, pal.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

The gunsight that "thinks" faster than humans . . . or Japs!

In mid-1942, our Navy received its first shipments of a new secret device . . .

And the next time that Jap pilots attacked one of our ships, they got a mighty unpleasant surprise.

The ship was "Battleship X"—the famous USS *South Dakota*. The surprise was a screen of antiaircraft fire so deadly accurate that 32 Sons of Heaven were shot down before they could strike.

The device that enabled our antiaircraft gunners to put up this devastating screen was the Mark 14 Gyro Gunsight.

The Sperry Gyroscope Company—long before Pearl Harbor—had been sponsoring some special Gyroscopic studies in the Instrument Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

These studies resulted in the development of the Gyroscopic Automatic Computing Sight by Dr. C. S. Draper, director of the Instrument Laboratory of M.I.T.

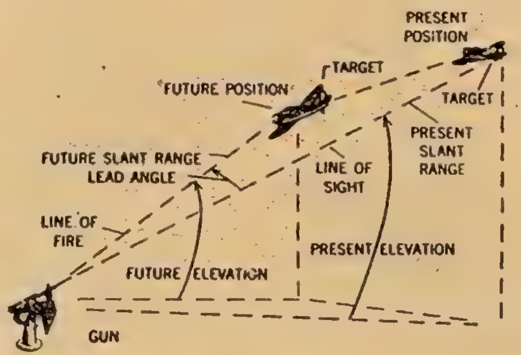
A successful gyro gunsight was produced. It was first applied to rapid-firing 20 millimeter guns. And the accurate screen of protective fire that it enabled our gunners to put up made it almost suicidal for enemy dive bombers and torpedo planes to approach within range.

Keeping ahead of the Nips

This forced the enemy to improve his attack planes so his pilots could launch their missiles out of range of 20 millimeter guns. So a gun director was developed which, by remote control, utilized the Gyro Gunsight to aim 40 millimeter twin and quad mounts, and even larger caliber guns.

Now American ships could reach out and blast enemy planes even before they could go into their attack runs.

In fact, the enemy was compelled to restrict his short-range daylight attacks, and our ships were able to operate within range of land-based bombers and torpedo planes.



Using the Gyro Gunsight, the gunner sees his fast-moving target through an illuminated ring. As he keeps the target within the sight, the gun automatically leads the target, compensating for movement of the plane during the time of flight of the projectiles.

Thus, the guesswork was taken out of antiaircraft gunnery, and thousands of enemy pilots were sent to the bottom of Davy Jones' locker.

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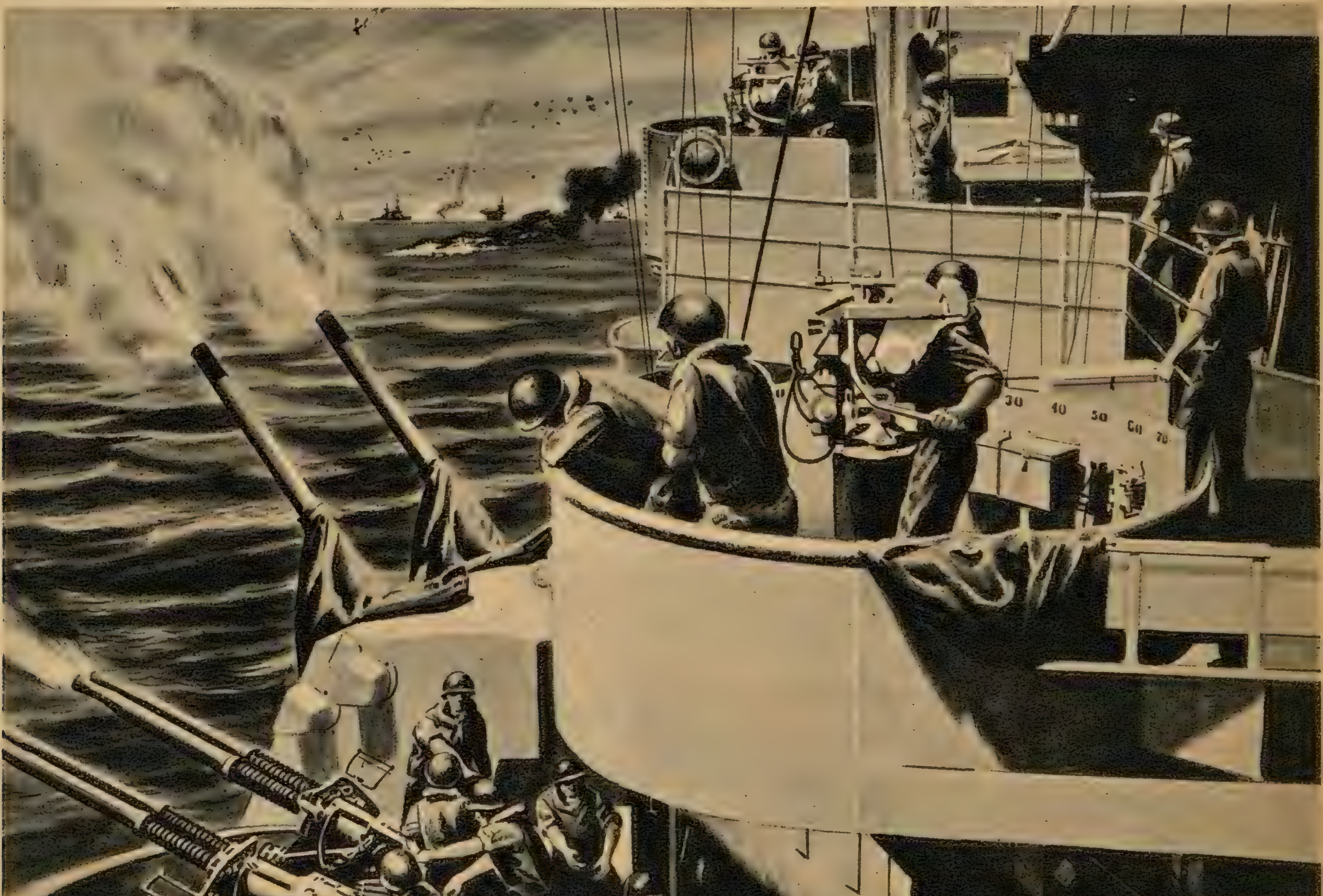

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Some things just *naturally* go together! A little table, a friendly lamp, the night-blooming perfection of the gardenia . . . And, of course, warm friends to enjoy the Particularly Mellow flavor of PM de Luxe in Manhattan, Old-Fashioned or Highball! What's to prevent a Pleasant Moment from becoming a Perfect Memory?

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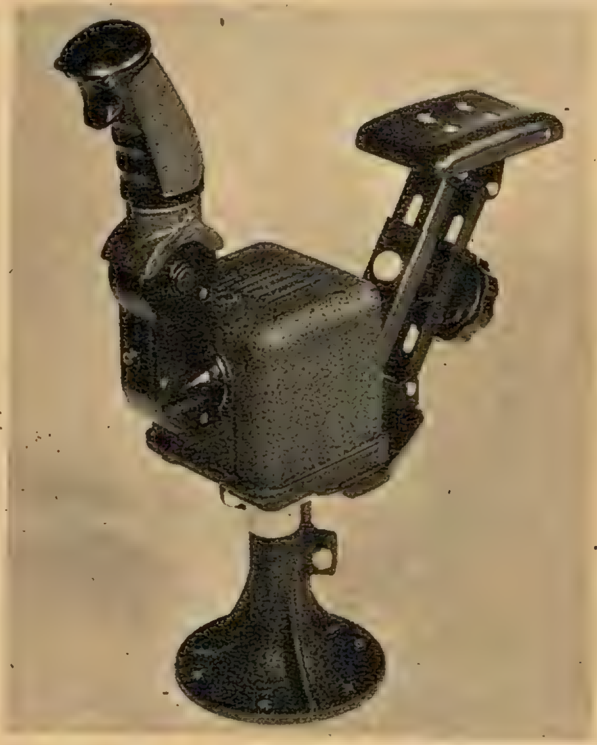
Even the B-29 Superfortress is now easier to steer than a kid's bike, thanks to the new electronic Formation Stick (at right).

OFFICIAL A. A. F. AND A. T. S. PHOTOS



ON THE BEAM

A joy stick for the heavy bombers . . . A new career for world's biggest plane . . . Boeing drops the B-17

BY WAYNE PARRISH

HEAVY B-24 Liberators and B-29 Superfortresses can today be held on course or maneuvered with less effort than is required of a child to turn his bicycle, thanks to a new electronic device known as a Formation Stick.

The new control is a pistol-gripped lever about ten inches long which is mounted with an armrest beside the pilot and operates in connection with, the plane's Autopilot control system. It is free to move in all directions like the joy stick on a fighter, and through electrical amplification and the motors of the Autopilot it moves the airplane in the same direction and in the same proportion as the Stick itself is moved.

The primary advantage is that the pilot no longer has to wrestle with a heavy bomber to hold it on course, arriving over his target all tired out. Instead, he just sits back relaxed and lets the Formation Stick do the heavy work. The result, according to Colonel R. E. Jarmon of the Air Technical Service Command at Wright Field, is better bombing patterns by whole formations, and pilots who arrive back home much less fatigued and therefore more alert and ready for further missions.

The Formation Stick gets its name from the fact that it was originally devised to meet the problem of tight formation flying in turbulent air, where it often took the full combined strength of pilot and co-pilot to hold one of the big bombers on a steady course and retain a fixed position within the formation. It was developed by the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, developer of the Autopilot, and was first installed on B-24 Liberators. Now it is being used on all our heavy bombers.

Former B-19 Will Haul Cargo

If you have a good memory, you may remember seeing in the newspapers and the newsreels the pictures of the four-engined Douglas B-19 bomber built before the war as the largest airplane in the world. It's still the largest, and, according to Brigadier General F. O. Carroll, chief of the engineering division of the Air Technical Service Command at Dayton, Ohio, it has contributed more to the war effort than any other single modern airplane.

It now has liquid-cooled in-line engines and is called the XB-19A and is being launched on a new career. It is to haul cargo.

It has a wingspread of 212 feet and a fuselage 132 feet long. The huge main wheels are eight feet in diameter. Its engines are 2,600-horsepower Allison V-3420, and engineers estimate that it will be able to haul 45,000 pounds pay load. That's a record for any airplane.

The XB-19A has been an aerial testing laboratory for the Army. Built experimentally, it has taught the Air Forces much that they had to learn about the handling and characteristics of heavy airplanes. Now it is out to establish cargo records.

Seattle's Last B-17

About eleven years ago the Army Air Corps had a terrific fight in Congress to obtain sufficient funds to purchase the first thirteen B-17 Flying Fortresses. Boeing Aircraft Corporation had built an experimental model, which crashed on its first cross-country flight. Congressmen said such a big airplane was foolhardy and was a waste of the taxpayers' money. The Navy, suspicious of Army plans for long-range bombers which might infringe on the Navy's job of protecting our shores, didn't help. But the money was eventually obtained.

(*Continued on page 15*)

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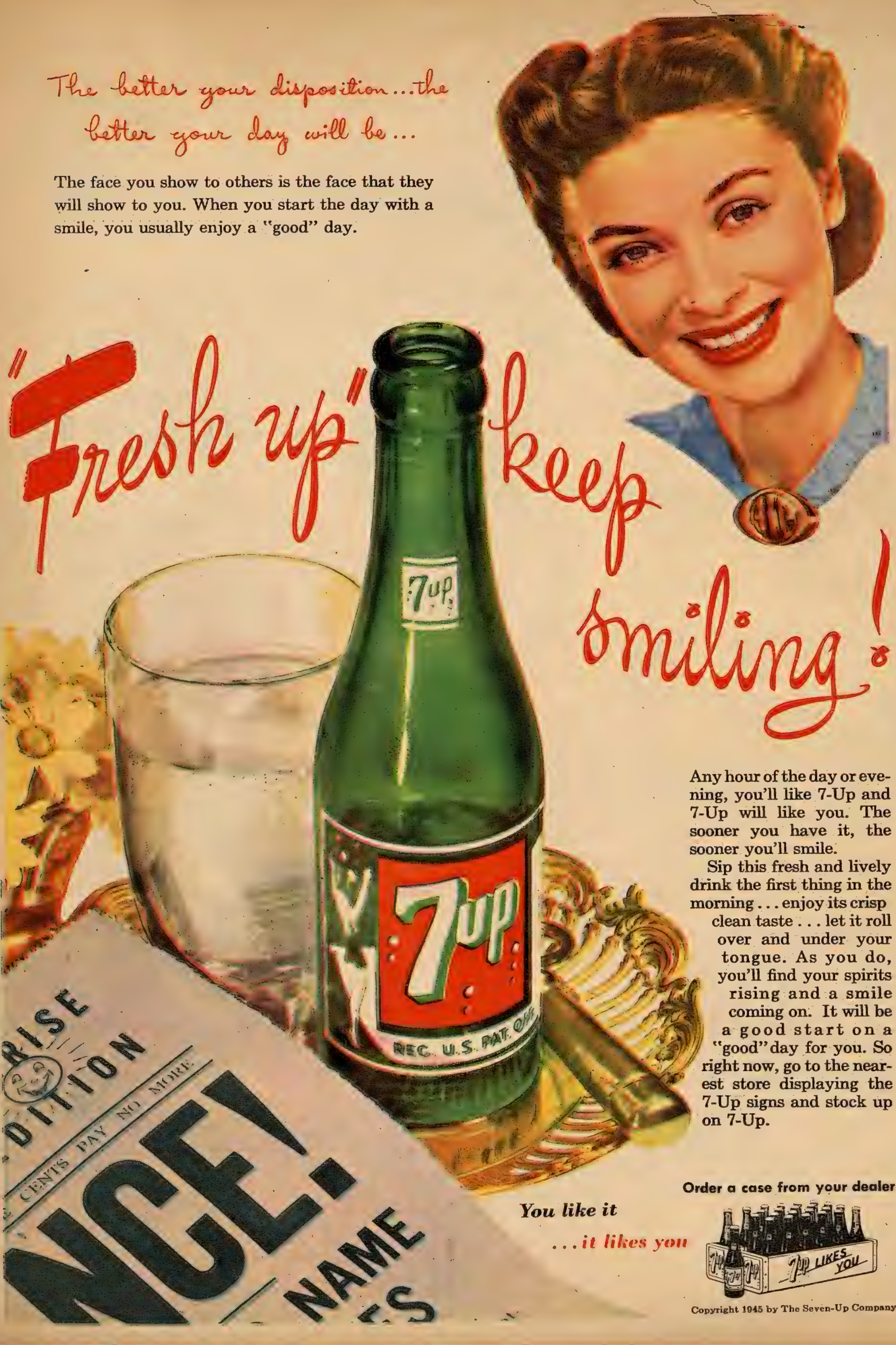
Filter COOLS the smoke... as it CLEANSES the smoke

THE changeable filter has a patented construction that keeps flakes and juices out of the mouth. Royal Demuth Filter Pipe is age-mellowed, carefully seasoned, exquisitely finished.

If your dealer is temporarily out of your favorite shape, remember that Royal Demuth Filter Pipes are in great demand by our armed forces.

The better your disposition . . . the better your day will be . . .

The face you show to others is the face that they will show to you. When you start the day with a smile, you usually enjoy a "good" day.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Any hour of the day or evening, you'll like 7-Up and 7-Up will like you. The sooner you have it, the sooner you'll smile.

Sip this fresh and lively drink the first thing in the morning . . . enjoy its crisp clean taste . . . let it roll over and under your tongue. As you do, you'll find your spirits rising and a smile coming on. It will be a good start on a "good" day for you. So right now, go to the nearest store displaying the 7-Up signs and stock up on 7-Up.

Order a case from your dealer

You like it

. . . it likes you

Copyright 1945 by The Seven-Up Company

(Continued from page 13)

On April 10 of this year the final B-17 rolled from the factory doors of Boeing's Seattle plant. It was the 6,981st Fortress built at Seattle since the original experimental Model 299. Of this number, 6,802 were built since Pearl Harbor.

Boeing will build no more B-17s. Its plants at Seattle and Renton, Washington, and at Wichita, Kansas, are now 100 per cent devoted to production of the B-29 Superfortress. But B-17s will still roll out of the Douglas-Lockheed pooling factory at Burbank, California.

It was an historic occasion in Seattle when number 6,981 rolled out the doors, for aviation in the Northwest has centered around the Fortress for more than a decade. Its production has brought employment to scores of thousands of workers, and the people of Seattle are proud of the world-wide record which this famous airplane has achieved.

But today it's a small-size airplane. It's hardly noticed on an airport on which B-29s and C-54 transports and other large models are parked.

Britain's Jet Plane, and Ours

The first jet-propelled aircraft of the United Nations to go into action against the enemy was a British jet airplane; but, ironically enough, the first action was not against enemy airplanes. Royal Air Force Fighter Command squadron used the British jet planes last summer against flying bombs launched by the Germans.

The plane is the Gloster Meteor, built by the Gloster Aircraft Company of Great Britain. It is powered with Rolls-Royce engines manufactured to the basic design of Air Commodore Frank Whittle of the R. A. F., who gets the credit for developing jet propulsion as a revolutionary method of moving airplanes through the air at unprecedented speeds.

The top U. S. jet-propelled airplane, the Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star, will be seeing action soon, probably in the Pacific, since this sleek and fast airplane is now in production on the West Coast. North American Aviation, Inc., will also build the P-80 at its Kansas City plant.

American Airlines Mileage

One of the major domestic air lines recently completed its 6,000th transatlantic crossing with four-engined Douglas C-54 Skymaster transports. In the twenty-nine months for which it has operated the service under contract to the Army's Air Transport Command, American Airlines has flown 37,000,000 miles, equivalent to nearly 1,500 trips around the world over the equator.

The air line hit an all-time peak in March of this year with 450 crossings of the Atlantic, and completed 4,164 in the year that ended March 31. American is one of four contract operators for the Army on the Atlantic, in addition to which the Air Transport Command operates a large fleet of its own planes.

Air Medal to a Civilian

The first living civilian pilot to be awarded the Air Medal is Herbert O. Fisher, globe-trotting Curtiss-Wright test pilot who made twenty-one round trips over the formidable Himalayan "rock pile" at the controls of a Curtiss C-46 Commando transport during flight research activities. The award was made by Lieutenant General Harold L. George, commanding the Army's Air Transport Command. Fisher is a native of Indianapolis and resides in Williamsville, New York.

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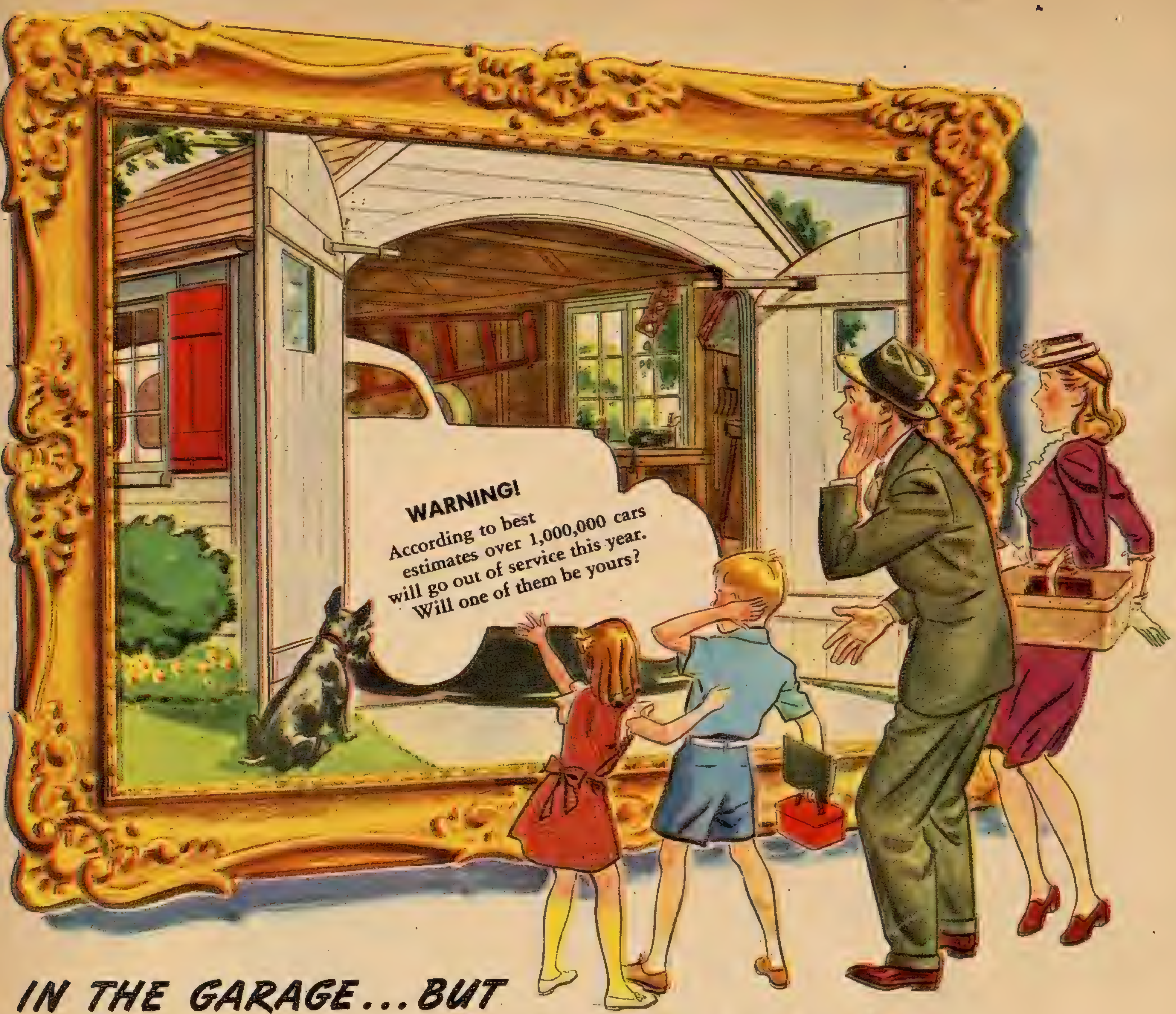
WARNING!
According to best estimates over 1,000,000 cars will go out of service this year. Will one of them be yours?

IN THE GARAGE . . . BUT

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TODAY'S the day! . . . for this car — and some 4000 others — to drop out of the picture. 4000 more go out tomorrow . . . and the next day . . . and the next . . .

What's the deadline for *your* car? That's up to you — and your Texaco Dealer! He's ready to do his best — to keep your car *in* the picture!

He'll go over the wear-out points where cars begin to die . . . he'll check up on gears, battery, radiator, tires, spark plugs.

He'll drain the crankcase and refill with the right summer grade of HAVOLINE MOTOR OIL or TEXACO MOTOR OIL — both insulated against excessive engine heat. He'll give the chassis a stick-to-the-job MARFAK lubrication.

Remember: Your car's in a race against *time.* Better drive it to your Texaco Dealer — *in a hurry!*

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

With the fighting over in Europe, there'll be no deadly idleness for men who wait for a ship home. Whether they want to play third base, tootle a horn, or go to college, the Army will keep them busy with its

Blitzkrieg on Boredom

By Morris Markey

V-E DAY.

Untold thousands of uniformed Americans in Europe suddenly left with nothing to do but wait—and hunger for home. All their fighting done, and little prospect of a quick return to home, the folks, and the girl friend—because every ship that can be spared will be racing for the Pacific, laden with the materials that stepped-up war will demand. This state of affairs could become a predicament, for bored and fed-up men sometimes get out of hand and raise hell.

But because the Army saw the problem coming even before it could guess the date, V-E Day will produce none of the idle hands that offer the devil his traditional opportunity. Instead, the Army has taken care of the situation with a three-ring program that for scope and downright usefulness may rank with its performances in logistics and attack.

Certainly it will be a far cry from the unimaginative piece of dullness that followed the other Armistice Day—the celebrated and roundly cursed G. O. 1. That one was brief: a full day of close-order drill, gas-mask drill, tactical maneuvers, cleaning and inspection of weapons—dismal labors that amounted, in the face of a defeated enemy, to so much nonsense. This time, truly, the program will be different.

Of course, these men who are no longer needed for war are not the entire AEF. Many troops must be assigned to occupy and control captured Germany and preserve order in liberated countries. Whole armies must be launched immediately upon an entirely new course of training, for they will be needed in the Asiatic war. But those who are tagged for demobilization but who can't be demobilized because they can't get home have occupied a large share of the Army's thinking.

This time, the inability to get home quickly is being turned into a sort of glorified European holiday which will include the costly pursuits of the peacetime tourist: fun, health, and enlightenment. The Army prepared its plan long before V-E Day seemed near. As early as last winter it was functioning in rear areas, and men and materials were ready to expand it over the whole AEF the moment fighting ceased. Here is the plan:

For soldiers in inactive areas, the Army has three distinct programs: (1) theatrical entertainment, music, and arts and crafts; (2) sports and games; (3) education, both elementary and advanced. And every G. I. must take part in at least one of them. He may make his own choice, and in fact he may divide his interests among all three. But the revolutionary factor is that he takes part *on duty time*. The games, classroom studies, or rehearsals for the show are not something extra to be done when the day's work is over. They are a part of the day's work—indeed quite the largest part, for these orders were prepared even before the Rhine crossing. When organized resistance collapses, inactive troops will have only the barest minimum of military routine and duties; all their remaining time will be devoted to Army Service Forces programs.

Sports look like the most popular element of the three-part program, since the Army expects about 75 per cent of all G. I.s in inactive theaters to choose athletics for at least some of their new "duty." Accordingly, several groups of civilian professional coaches were organized in this country last winter. They were formed into an orientation clinic which made their jobs clear to them, and were then sent to Europe. They will do little actual coaching themselves, but will teach men already in the Army—enlisted men and officers, chosen because of past experience or aptitude—the functions and methods of the athletic coach. In this way it has been possible to train at least one capable athletic director for each regiment.

The plan calls for competitive sports to begin at the company level (squadrons in the Air Force, batteries (*Continued on page 72*)

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Audience and actors alike revel in an all-G. I. special service sho

Local talent will get a chance to shine in the entertainment progra

Some men will find time to continue their education in Europe.

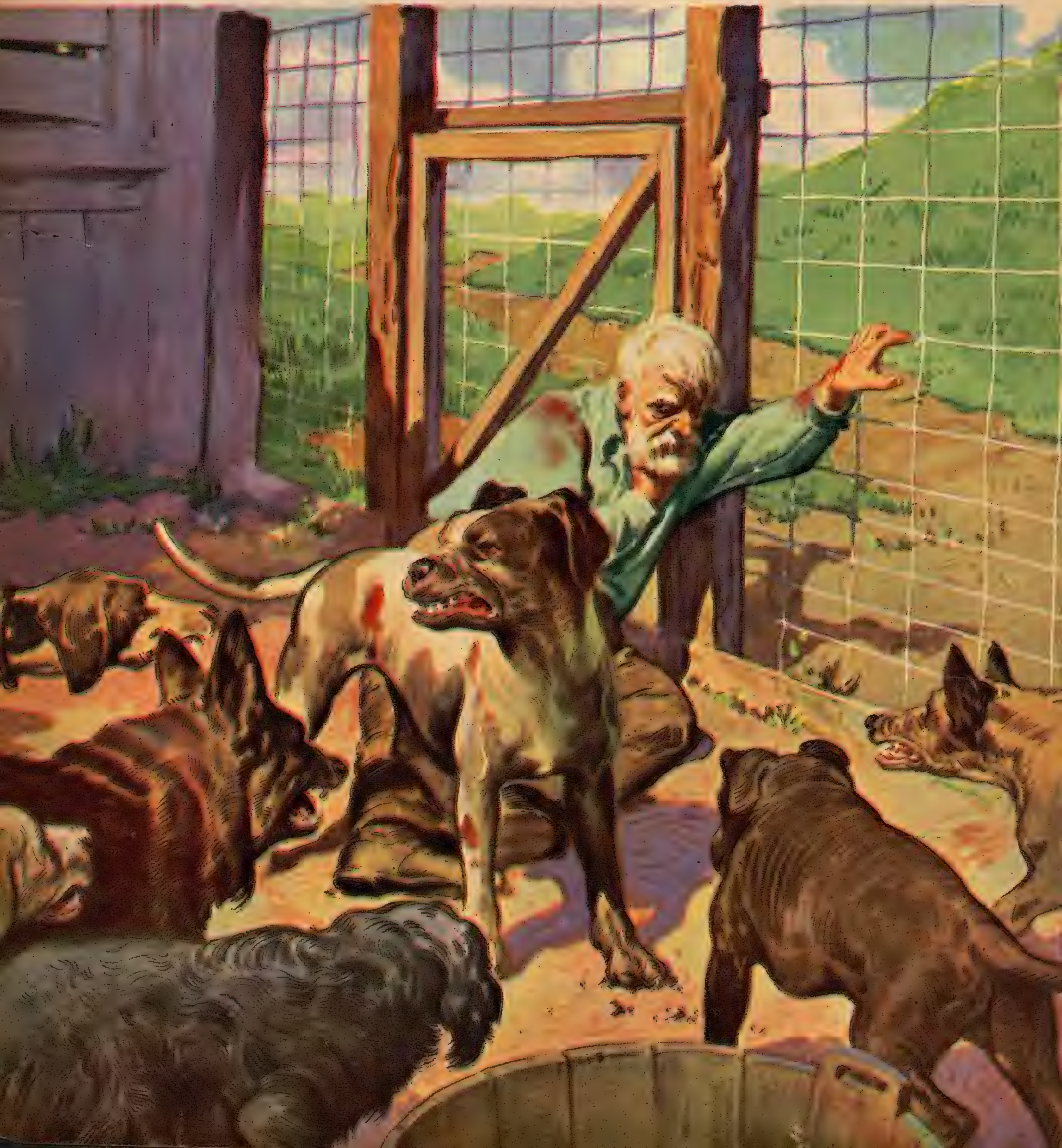
The sports program covers everything from ping-pong to baseball.

BY
R. WILKES HUNTER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Smithy's

Limpy straddled the old man's legs and snarled defiance at the pack. Smithy reached up slowly and locked his quivering fingers in the wire.



Dogs

This is a different kind of dog story. There's little of sentiment but plenty of drama in it. It may be too strong for some readers. But it's a story no one will forget

THEY passed like shadows along the dusty river road in the drowsy noonday sunlight of Australia. In the natives' carts rode the older women and some of the younger children. Men drove the carts and rode the lean horses. The young women and older children walked beside the carts, dogs spread out like skirmishers ahead, behind, and at the flanks.

Their clothing was an odd variety of cast-off garments, ill-fitting and often ludicrous.

The smaller children were naked and happy.

Far behind them limped a big-boned mongrel dog, holding high a crushed paw that had been caught in a rabbit trap.

He whined as he hurried eagerly to catch up, his worn pads leaving little damp patches of blood in the dust.

A rider stopped in the shade beneath a river oak and sat slouched in the saddle waiting for the dog.

The dog came over the rise and, seeing him, hurried forward eagerly.

He dismounted and the dog crept toward him. The rider made little soothing sounds with his lips, and the dog crept to his feet, belly in the dust.

The rider examined the mangled foot and the worn pads; his lips made soothing sounds constantly.

The dog whimpered and pulled back.

The rider sat on his heels and looked at the dog. Presently he walked to the horse, and came back with a wagon spoke in his hand. He stooped and fondled the dog with his left hand, rubbing the soft ears, where dogs love to be caressed. The dog licked his hand and trembled.

Suddenly the wheel spoke swung up and slammed down between the dog's ears with the sharp sound of wood on bone. The dog's forelegs stiffened, it fell forward rigidly onto its chest and throat. A scarlet trickle of new blood dribbled from the corner of its mouth. The hind legs collapsed, and the dog pressed close to the earth in complete laxity.

The man mounted slowly and rode on after the departing company.

The dog lay still while the sun climbed down the sky toward the western hills and the shadows of the creek oaks crept up toward it.

Then it quivered and made little slobbering noises in its throat. It struggled upright on unsteady legs, sniffed the ground for direction, and limped slowly down the road after the departing tribe.

SMITHY had a contract to dig out rabbits after the paddocks had been trapped out.

There wasn't much in it, but Smithy's wants were simple and it sufficed. Food, clothing, smokes, and an occasional alcoholic spree, the duration of which depended upon the size of his check.

His methods were as simple as his habits. He had a pack of dogs and a mattock. The dogs chased the rabbit on sight. The rabbit went underground, Smithy dug him out, and the dogs caught him.

Smithy swung the mattock steadily, edging along astride the burrow that was fast becoming a shallow trench as he followed the winding course of it in the sandy soil. This was the last burrow of the day, and he was near to the end of it. Already he could hear rabbits in the end of the burrow scratching and thumping in a last futile effort at escape.

The dogs sat around him expectantly, ears cocked, eyes intent upon the fall of the mattock.

He bent suddenly as his keen old eyes caught the quiver of a white tail, and hauled out a kicking rabbit. Another leaped from the burrow and started to run, and in an instant vanished under a boiling mass of dogs. Smithy hit the one he held sharply on the back of the neck with the edge of his hand, dropped it beside the mattock, and ran to salvage the other from the excited dogs.

He thrust the handle of the mattock into the end of the burrow, but there were no more; so he tied the pair with the others swinging from his saddle, mounted, with the mattock over his shoulder, and turned toward home.

The dogs trotted behind, tongues lolling, for it had been a hard day.

At the river crossing Smithy dismounted to drink. Man, horse, and dogs all drank together of the swift cool water, the dogs slapping the water thirstily with their tongues; the horses sucking in deep drafts and sighing contentedly.

Smithy's gnarled fingers wrung the water from his beard as he mounted and rode up out of the ford, swaying easily in the saddle. He turned into the dusty road toward where the dogs were crowding around an object by the roadside.

IT was a brown-and-white dog, coated with dust and dried blood. Its sides rose in barely perceptible breaths, its eyes were closed, and over one eye was a great swelling.

Smithy swung down stiffly from the saddle. His fingers felt the faint pulse of life, so he threw the brown-and-white mongrel over the saddle and rode on.

Smithy's place was an old boundary rider's hut, a relic from the days when the station owner supplied the nails and the boundary rider built his own hut from bush timber and roofed it with roughly cut shingles or bark.

One of Smithy's predecessors had added a room to the original building and roofed it with iron, but he had not built well, and a wall and portion of the roof had collapsed. Smithy had used the iron on the original cabin, whose stout hardwood slabs stood as firmly as when first erected.

The new roof and the dog pen were Smithy's sole contribution to architecture. The dog pen was his especial pride. Strength had gone into the building of it —and the initial motive had been security. Once Smithy put a dog in the pen, the dog stayed there until Smithy let it out.

The wire was good, strongly meshed sheep wire, and it was sunk two feet in the earth. The uprights were solid hardwood slabs from the disused portion of the hut. So Smithy's dogs stayed put.

Smithy unsaddled at the hut and dumped the saddle, with the rabbits still attached, on the doorstep. He put the dogs in the pen, belled and hobbled the horse and turned him toward the creek.

After tea he examined the injured dog. Might live, might die. If it died he'd have to dig a hole or drag it well away before it started to stink.

Smithy was something of a gambler, so he carried the animal inside and laid him on a bag in the corner.

He washed some of the blood from the wounds and rubbed mutton fat and sulphur into them. When he released the dog's head it slumped down on the bag again with such utter laxity that Smithy started to curse himself for a fool, and lit his pipe and puffed viciously for a while. Consoling himself with the thought that time would tell, he stamped outside to skin the rabbits and feed the dogs on some of the carcasses.

Before he went to bed he had another look at the dog. Its breathing was deeper, and Smithy went to his bunk satisfied.

WHEN he awoke to a new day the dog had its uninjured eye open and was feebly licking the mutton grease from its injured paw. He shut it in the hut and rode off to work.

The steady procession of the days slid by Smithy and his dogs, as the waters of the creek flowed by the pool where he drew water for the old tub in the dog pen.

The dog's wounds healed, but the lump over one eye refused to go down and the eye remained closed. The injured paw healed into a misshapen clubfoot.

Smithy christened him "Limpy," and he took his place in the pack. Smithy had a side line that had always been a source of profit. On moonlight nights, after tea, he would take from the rickety shelf over the fireplace three packages: strychnine, raisins, and small pins.

Then he would call Limpy, and together they would go out under the shade trees left sparsely upon the rolling hillsides.

He had developed a vague affection for Limpy. He was a companionable sort of animal and a lonely old man needs something or somebody to swear at.

When Smithy burnt his fingers cooking, or it rained so that he couldn't work, or he spoiled a pelt, or any old thing went wrong, he only had to shout "Limpy, you son of a ——!" and the dog crept to his feet, and yelped like a craven when he kicked or cuffed him, then tried to leap up and fawn upon or lick the hand of his god-who-could-do-no-wrong.

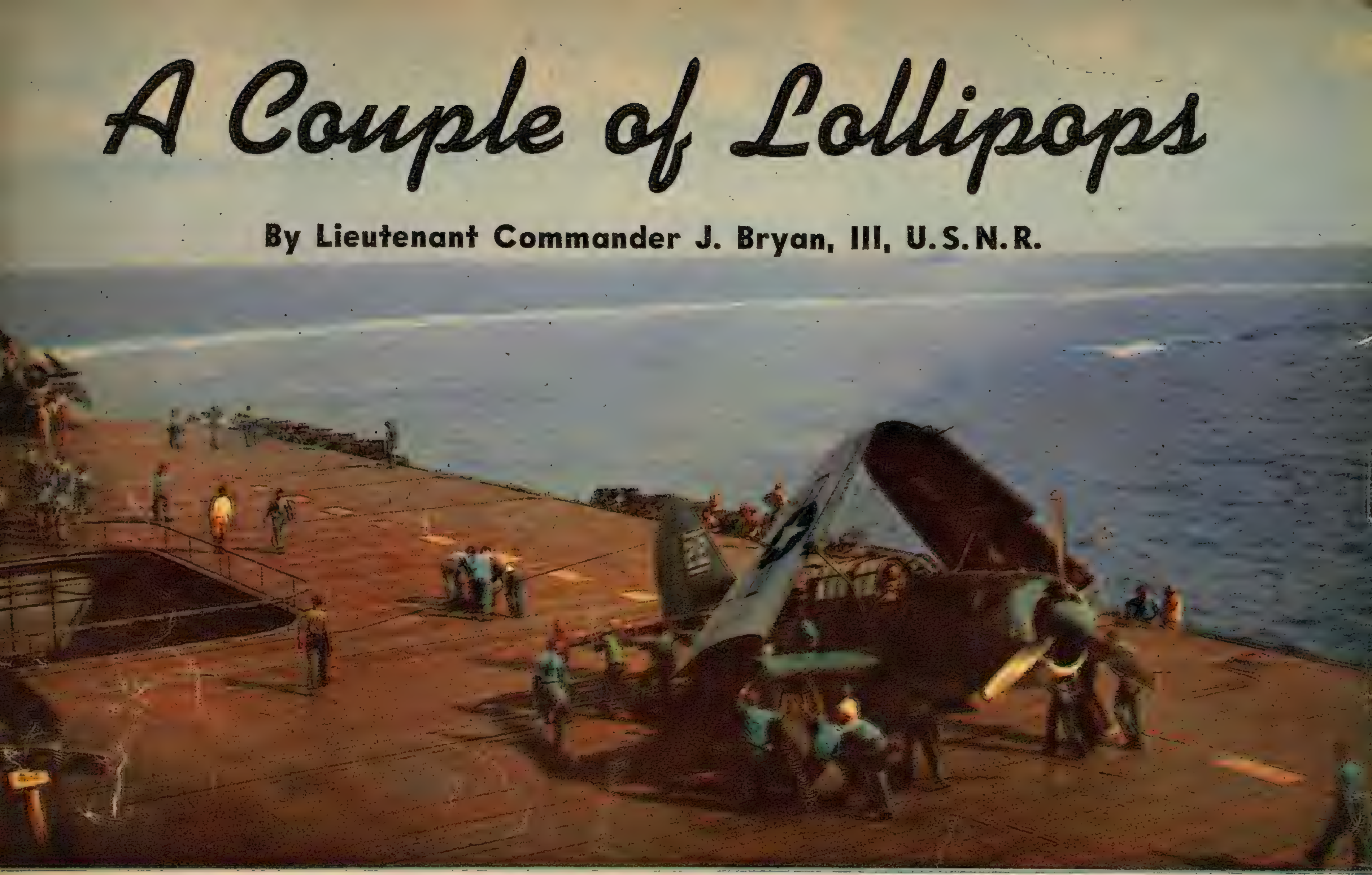
When they walked under the trees Smithy would reach up and pin a poisoned raisin at the height of a man's head. In the morning he would go round the trees and pick up two or three or maybe half a dozen possums. And compared to rabbit pelts, possums were real money.

These moonlight excursions were the high lights of Limpy's life. During the working hours of the day the handicap of his clubfoot kept Limpy tagging along far behind. Panting, hurrying to catch up.

(*Continued on page 60*)

A Couple of Lollipops

By Lieutenant Commander J. Bryan, III, U.S.N.R.



This is one of the truly "impossible" incidents of the war—a story that is half guts, half miracle—told just as it appears on official Navy reports

AIRCRAFT ACTION REPORT by Lieutenant (j.g.) Ernest T. Stewart, Jr., U. S. N. R., of Indiana, Pennsylvania, Air Combat Information officer of Fighting Squadron 3:

1. GENERAL.
    - (a) Unit based on USS FIGHTING LADY.
    - (b) Take-off: Date: 12 January 1945. Time: 1510.
    - (c) Mission: Attack shipping, aircraft, at Saigon. . . .

Statement by Lieutenant William B. McLeroy, U. S. N. R., of Douglas, Texas, a division leader of Fighting Squadron 3:

Eight of us took off, but my section leader developed engine trouble, so he and his wingman turned back. The rest of us rounded Cape St. Jacques and headed up the river toward Saigon, about thirty miles away. Visibility in the target area was good. From 6,000 feet I could see at least half a dozen ships on fire from earlier strikes. I picked me out a fat, fresh AK [cargo ship] and was just about to let her have it when I realized she was already resting on the bottom, so I held my bomb. A mile farther I spotted another AK, with camouflage netting over her bow. I was getting set to make my run when I saw that Bob wasn't with me. . . .

Statement by Lieutenant Robert L. Thienes, U. S. N. R., of St. Paul, Minnesota, Lieutenant McLeroy's wingman:

Just as Mac was getting set, there were two bursts of AA about 500 yards astern of us. I cocked up my port wing and looked down to starboard, trying to spot it. No luck. Then I looked down to port, and that's the last thing I remember.

I never felt the shell hit me, and when I became conscious again I didn't feel any pain—only a kind of numbness all over. But I knew I'd been hit, all right. I couldn't see the instrument panel. I took my left hand off the throttle and waved it in front of my eyes. I couldn't see that either. I couldn't even tell whether it was daylight or dark. I thought, This can't happen to me! I'm *blind!*

I was sitting there, panicky, when I realized all of a sudden that the plane was spinning down. Instinct or Navy training or something made me check the rudder controls. The left pedal was out, so I kicked it and pushed the stick forward. Then I realized I didn't know how long I'd been unconscious or how far the plane had fallen. I couldn't see the ground. For all I knew, it was only a foot in front of me. I jerked the stick as hard as I could and waited for the crash.

The pull-out mashed me down in my seat. I started to say, "Everything went black again," but everything was already black.

When I came to for the second time, the plane was climbing. The Lord had taken care of me in that dive, and I was absolutely sure He'd stand by me from then on. Right there my eyes cleared a little. I still couldn't read the instruments, but I could tell earth from sky.

I called Mac and told him I'd been hit and was heading for open water. I knew I'd have to land before I became unconscious again, and a water landing was my best chance.

Mac asked, "What's your course?" I reached for the instrument panel and felt my way to the compass and focused on it. The figures were fading in and out and jumping all round, but I thought I could read them. I told him, "One-four-zero."

Then he asked, "Where are you?"

I didn't know. I saw something that looked like Cape St. Jacques, but I was too sick to tell. My mind was all fuzzy. I couldn't think of the words to explain it. I guess I never answered him at all. . . .

Lieut. McLeroy (continued):

I was going into my run when I heard Bob say he'd been hit. I dropped my bomb—it overshot the damn ship—and told him to circle as soon as he reached open water, and I'd join him. A course of 140 degrees would take him south of Cape St. Jacques. I high-tailed it down there, but there weren't any other F6Fs around, so I went on the air: "All planes in Saigon area, this is Seven-One Lollipop. Have wingman badly wounded. Has anyone seen an F6F circling or making a water landing?"

Nobody answered. I started searching up and down the coast, and after three, four minutes I heard, "Seven-One Lollipop, this is One-Oh-Nine Stymie. An F6F is circling below me, about ten miles north of Cape St. Jacques."

I told him, "Send one of your planes to join up with him and start him up the coast, and I'll catch him."

I dropped my belly tank and gave her full throttle. . . .

Lieut. Thienes (continued):

I heard all that, and pretty soon I heard another Stymie plane say there was an F6F on his port wing. I figured that was me, so I looked out to starboard, and gradually I made out a group of planes. Somebody said there were nine of them in the formation, SB2Cs. I'd count as high as three, and then one of the three I'd counted would begin to dance and fade away, and I'd have to start all over again.

Still, my eyes seemed to be getting better. I hoped they were good enough to check my engineering instruments, but the needles wouldn't hold still and I had to give up.

I had straightened out on the Stymies' course, but I didn't know what it was. I knew we had approached Cape St. Jacques on a course of 240 degrees on the way to the target, and I assumed we were on our way back to the ship, which would be the reciprocal course—240 minus 180—but for the life of me I couldn't do that simple subtraction. The figures just swirled around in my head like confetti. I tried to read the course off my plotting board, but the writing was too small.

All this kept me so busy, I clean forgot I still didn't know where I'd been hit. I didn't hurt anywhere in particular—just this general numbness and dizziness and my screwy eyes. So, while I was cruising along with the Stymies, I began to feel myself all over—legs, arms, body, face. I couldn't find a wound anywhere. Then I happened to run my hand over the back of my helmet. It felt wet, and when I looked at my fingers, I could make out that they were red. I put my hand back there again. This time my fingers went into a hole.

I OPENED my first-aid kit and fumbled around for something I could recognize by the feel. The first thing I hit on was a tube of ammonia. I got my handkerchief out of my knee pocket and broke the tube in it and took a couple of whiffs. It helped clear up the daze a little, and I began to see a little clearer—not enough to read the labels on the small stuff in the kit, but I could spell out "SULFA" on a big package. I didn't know whether it was pills or powder; I just hoped. I ripped it open, and dumped some into my hand. It was powder all right, so I smeared it into the hole.

Just then I heard a Stymie plane call, "Seven-One Lollipop, are you about ready to take over your wingman?" and Mac answered, "I'll be there in two minutes."

I looked back and saw a plane coming up fast. . . .

Lt. William McLeroy shepherded the wounded Lt. Thienes back to the ship.

Lieut. McLeroy (continued):

I flew under the SB2C formation and when I was about 200 yards ahead of it, I gave Bob the join-up signal—bobbed the nose of my plane. I guess he couldn't see that far, because he didn't make a move, so I cut back my throttle and let him overtake me to starboard.

When he came alongside, I saw a big hole in his port wing and another in the port side of his canopy, just forward of his head. There was a big blob of blood on the canopy behind his head, and more blood around a rip in the back of his helmet. Bob himself looked stunned. His head was rolling on his neck, and he kept blinking his eyes. I wasn't sure he saw me until he called me and said, "Mac, let's go as fast as we can for Camranh Bay."

I said, "O. K. Fast as we can."

He dropped his bomb and belly tank in the water, and we took out.

He wanted to go to Camranh Bay. I knew Bob wasn't in any shape to make a water landing and get out of the plane, but I decided not to argue with him until I had to.

Sure enough, pretty soon he said, "Mac, I've got this big hole in the back of my head and I can't see very well. When we reach the bay, I'm going to make a water landing."

I told him, "Now, Bob, just hold what you've got, and we'll make it back to the carrier."

He said, "I don't think I can make it to the carrier. I've got this hole in my head."

"I understand that," I told him. "Just hold what you've got."

He said it all again: "There's this big hole in my head. I've got to make a water landing."

This time I answered him by hand taps. We'd been cluttering up the radio channels, and when you're right next to a guy, it's doctrine to hand-tap what you want to say—show him a fist for a dot, a palm for a dash. I hand-tapped, "Use your ammonia." Bob couldn't read it. He just kept nodding and blinking. Before I could repeat it on the air, he started talking again: "What do you think about one of those morphine syrettes?"

Morphine would make him dopier than ever, so I yelled, "Hell, no! Lay off the morphine! Break out your ammonia and sniff it!"

He said, "I've already done that and I'm still dizzy. I've got to make a water landing."

By now we had passed the bay without his noticing it. I just told him, "You're O. K., pal. You're doing fine! Stick tight and hold what you've got, and we'll be home in a few minutes."

It was going to be more than a few. The Fighting Lady was still 120 miles away. . . .

LIEUT. THIENES (continued):

The reason I was talking so much, I wanted Mac to keep answering me. Having something to concentrate on helped hold off the dizziness. Each spell seemed worse than the one before and took longer to pass off. I was scared a big one would hit me and I'd go out again.

Between spells, I thought of Ruth. She was the first thing I thought of when I became conscious after I got tagged, and from then on she wasn't out of my mind a minute. We'd only been married a month when I shipped out, but we'd already begun to plan our postwar home. I remembered how she'd made me promise to be careful. I told myself, "You've *got* to get back! You've *got* to! You've *got* to!"

I knew she was praying for me every day. It must have been her prayers and mine that had carried me that far. But soon I began to get dizzier than ever. Mac's plane was blurring and fading out of sight. The ammonia didn't bring me around. I said, "Mac, it looks like I can't make it back. I'm going to have to put her down in the drink."

"Don't do that," Mac said. "If you can't make it, bail out, and as soon as your

(*Continued on page* 84)

Lt. Thienes made a miracle landing though half-blinded from his wound.

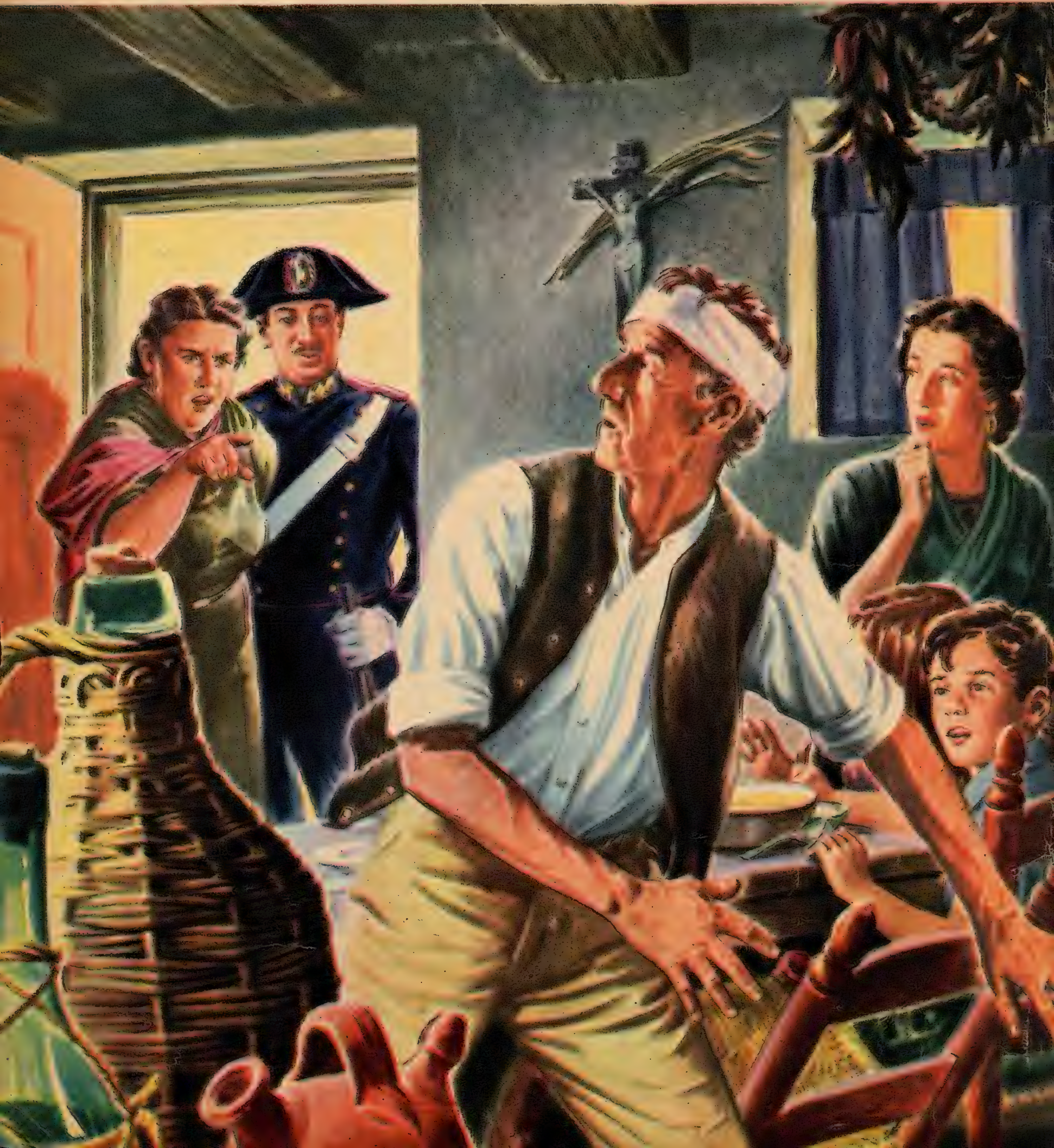
Dr. Voris, Thienes, and the Jap shell fuse they dug out of his head.

"You are going to die," the doctor told Uncle Attila.
And so the old miser decided it was time he began to live.
The results surprised everyone--Uncle Attila most of all

BY HANS RUESCH

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

She screamed tragically, "That's him! Grab him!" And before we had time to gulp, uncle was bolting.



The Prodigal Uncle

PROBABLY the most remarkable incident in the life of Uncle Attila, affecting him most lastingly, was when he learned that within forty-eight hours he would be dead.

At that time we lived on the peninsula of Sorrento, my mother and her three children, in an unpainted stone house in the little town of Montrecase. We were poor, but not respected, due mainly, I believe, to this uncle of my mother. His real name was Attilio Mattacurate, but everyone knew him as Attila. He was the best-hated man on both sides of the peninsula and all the way into the suburbs of Naples—a miser and a cad without extenuating circumstances.

I was eight when we went to live with him after my father's death; my twin sisters, Maria and Carmela, were two years my junior—and to us a man nearing fifty seemed half as old as time. And Attila looked more than his age, with his graying stringy hair, his tall, haggard, and incredibly skinny figure, his small sunken eyes and big rapacious nose.

It was whispered that he was making unlicensed loans at usurious interest. But he also had a legitimate business—trading in cereals. There was a streak of bigotry in him that ended where the donations began. But perhaps his most remarkable feature, besides avarice, was his resonant voice.

Mother tried to make us believe that he had taken us into his house out of plain goodness of heart. We knew better. Out of her hard-won earnings as an embroideress, she had to pay him rent.

The little people have their own ways of punishing those they dislike, and one day Attila found himself stigmatized. He was called a jinx. No sooner did the townsfolk of Montrecase see him approach than they would clasp their crosses and amulets, and when he talked to them they would keep their fingers crossed and mumble silent Ave Marias.

Of course, business suffered under this. But still, by keeping a watchful eye, leading a solitary life (he always ate alone), and denying himself everything but the barest necessities, Attila was able to put money aside, and in Montrecase, where everything was on a pygmy scale, he was considered rich. He kept his entire fortune in an iron box chained to the closet floor. The sacks of cereals were stored in the kitchen of our house, and after each sale he would run upstairs to his closet, holding the money in his cupped hands.

There were few people in Montrecase with whom he hadn't quarreled at one time or other and who did not hate him. For instance, there was Giacomone, who was a well-liked and amiable fellow.

For years Attila had a cubbyhole of an office in the plaza, until one day it occurred to him that he could save paying that rent by transacting his deals in Giacomone's café.

Though it was called New Italy, it had the same old flies and bespattered marble tables as any other café. The peasants gathered there in droves on Saturday, awkward in their stiff week-end clothes, their earrings glistening against their swarthy faces under the large-brimmed hats.

One bright morning Attila appeared carrying a huge sample box, settled down at a corner table inside, spread the box in front of him, gave up forty centesimi for a coffee, and waited for customers.

They came, shaking bundles of keys or carefully keeping their hands in their pockets, and Attila would pick up handfuls of rice, corn, beans, chick-peas, semolina, barley, and let the grains flow through his fingers. Then the haggling would start.

This went on for weeks. Attila's clients ordered nothing but large glasses of water, and when the telephone rang, nine times out of ten it was for an order of grains. Giacomone, a fat man of porcine appearance, watched these doings with growing irritation.

Giacomone stood it as long as he could. He grew sullen and a frown appeared on his brow. It was apparent to all that something was going to happen soon.

One morning a yokel stepped into the café and inquired for Attilio Mattacurate, Wheats and Grains. Giacomone, who was at the door, snatched the card that the peasant was holding, and discovered to his indignation that Attila was circulating business cards with the address and telephone number of the New Italy.

The crowd of nonpaying guests tactfully refrained from participating in the epic fight that followed. The others were split, despite everybody's aversion toward Attila. After all, the purchase of a cup of coffee entitled a man to some rights, like playing *scopa* or poker all day and discussing all the business transactions he pleased. Especially if he was a steady customer. And that Attila was one not even Giacomone could deny.

But his patience had ended. Without ceremony he grabbed his steady customer by the scuff and began to drag him out. Attila punched Giacomone in his big stomach. The good man, aided by the melancholy waiter, hit back, opening a gash in Attila's brow. At the sight of his own blood Attila gave the biggest howl ever heard on land or sea. Then he shuffled his withered shanks with desperate haste toward the police station.

THAT was exactly where Giacomone also was heading. Followed by a mob of cheering fans, the two men engaged in a race, as though Justice would give her palm to the first man who reached her portals.

The police commissioner was a debonair and disillusioned man. He spoke perfunctorily and suggested that the sons of the New Italy should pull together in times like these and prepare to fight the enemy abroad, not quarrel among themselves. He advised them to come to an amicable adjustment.

The two contestants vociferously resumed exposing their case. The commissioner flared up. In a voice that suddenly was a couple of octaves higher, he decreed that Attila might sit all day in the café, along with his display, provided he paid cash for his daily cup of coffee; but that he might not issue business cards with that address. And he added that if they didn't make themselves scarce before he could spit three times, he would have them both arrested for disturbing the peace.

Thus Attila and his sample box stayed on in the New Italy. But he developed a hearty hatred against Giacomone for preventing him from using that address on his cards, attributing to this fact the failure of his enterprise to soar.

As for Giacomone, he lost inches around the waist and began looking forward to a nervous breakdown. And it seems that he even contemplated poisoning Attila's coffee. But his friends dissuaded him, for it might make talk.

AS Attila began looking more and more like a specter, people would whisper to one another at the sight of his bloodless face and narrow shoulders, "He is pining for the earth. One of these days he'll wake up and find himself dead."

And one day he was carried home in a dead faint. He revived in bed but couldn't get up. He was too weak. In the days that followed he wouldn't touch food, worrying himself into a high fever about his business. Finally he consented to have the doctor summoned.

Of course an ancient hatred existed between the two men for I don't know what reason. But Dottore Filipponi was the only physician in Montrecase, and the ones from Sorrento charged more because their gigs were drawn by real horses that fed on clean straw, and sometimes even hay, instead of thorns and melon rinds like Filipponi's little Sardinian donkey.

It was shortly before dinnertime when my mother told me, "Giannetto! Uncle is short of breath! Go get the *dottore* in a hurry!"

Filipponi, a man of heroic proportions all buttoned up in a black suit, didn't live far away. He had just returned home and was unharnessing his donkey.

"Ill weeds don't perish," he said with conviction. "Not even a doctor could kill that old scoundrel."

Impervious to my pleas, he stepped into the kitchen. I tripped after him. He cut himself some bread and salami and poured himself some wine.

With full stomach he felt more charitable. "All right," he said at last. "I'll come for your mother's sake. She's a holy woman." He pointed to the ceiling with a piece of sausage. "Heaven will repay me for this," he promised.

We made several unsuccessful attempts to get the donkey out of his stall at that unusual hour. Although the stocky little animal was no taller than a big dog, he displayed magnificent staying power, and we had to walk. Filipponi's black bag looked ridiculously tiny dangling beside his bulky frame. By the time we arrived he was puffing like two locomotives.

Having the doctor in the house was an event nobody would miss, and the whole family trooped after him into Attila's chamber, including Donna Elisa, a neighbor.

(*Continued on page 58*)

Mac was a guy who shared a foxhole with me for five days—just another nice kid who got himself killed. But you can't write *that* to a dead guy's mother. What can you write? Except just . . .

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

"DEAR MRS. MACFARLAND"

BY LIEUTENANT WARREN RIPLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE

I LEANED back against the side of my foxhole and cursed. I cursed the war, the Krauts, and the thin stream of dirt that trickled down the back of my neck from the side of the hole. All in all, it wasn't a bad hole—as holes go, that is. Lord knows it ought to be good. I've dug plenty of them. But a foxhole, however you dig it, still has too much dirt around it.

Mostly I cursed myself—that civilized part of myself that told me I had to write to a dead guy's mother. The kid wasn't anything to me. Just a nice, average American who'd shared my hole for the past five days. Just a nice guy who got himself killed. There were plenty like him already dead, or going to die; it was stylish these days. I'd have another kid tonight to fill up the empty space. Maybe if I were back in an office I could think of something to say, but not here. What could you say to a guy's mother? I stared down at the paper. "Dear Mrs. Macfarland:" The result of two hours' work.

Dear Mrs. Macfarland:

I stood up in the entrance and looked out. It was a front-line infantryman's view from the Anzio beachhead, and it wasn't very interesting. The same view I'd been looking at for the past six weeks. You could have found the same scene in almost any state back home. Relatively flat land sloping gradually for about eight miles to a background of mountains. Good farmland dotted by stone houses in various stages of ruin. A few were hardly touched, some were totally demolished, but most had only three or four large holes in them.

The land itself was not particularly scarred. Here and there were bare patches where shells had torn up the even green blanket of weeds and grass; but on the whole, it didn't look very much like a battlefield should look. The signs of war were fairly well obliterated by weeds, even flowers. But it was a deceptive countryside, dangerously deceptive. Nothing moved, but there were thousands of men out there. Hidden men, waiting for the unwary to show his head.

Dear Mrs. Macfarland:

What's left of your son is lying in a small ditch about three hundred yards in front of my hole. I say what's left of him, because half of his head is missing, and he's very, very dead. He's been lying out there for the past ten hours because nothing moves during daylight on this front, and he happens to be in the middle of no man's land. That's what it looks like, I thought, but you can't write that to a guy's mother.

I'd only known Mac about five days when he got it. He joined us late one night and was assigned to my hole. "I'm Macfarland," he said, jumping down beside me. "Geez, is it always like this? All those shells going overhead?"

"Don't worry," I assured him, "they're going out. You'll know when they start coming in."

He crawled back into the hole while I blacked out the entrance. I joined him and lit one of my precious store of candles. Cigarette? Gee, thanks, he said. I looked him over in the candlelight. Lord, he was young! Couldn't be over eighteen. Most replacements were like that. Young kids just out of high school and three months' basic training. Scared, but eager to kill Germans. Germans who waited patiently to be killed and would miraculously come to life again—after the game. Germans who didn't shoot back. That was often correct, I thought grimly; they usually shot first.

He'd have a girl back in the States. He'd tell me about her tomorrow, complete with snapshots and a blow-by-blow description of the senior prom. She'd be different. . . . High-school kids! Why in the devil didn't they send us some men for a change? I grinned in spite of myself. The calloused veteran. The cynical old warrior. Hell, I was only twenty-one when I joined the outfit six weeks ago. I'd had a girl then too; still did, in fact, if some guy at home hadn't married her. But that was six weeks ago. Six weeks of fighting can do a lot to a man.

I BLEW out the candle, and we stood up in the entrance. "Better make yourself comfortable," I whispered, "we'll be here a long time. This type of war is fought at night. Nothing moves during daylight."

It was about five when I heard it. Just a slight coughing sound from Jerry's side of the world. "Duck!" I yelled.

"What's up?"

"That," I said as the ground trembled slightly from an explosion about fifty yards off.

"Gee," he said, "I thought shells whined when they came in."

"They do. But mortars don't. They just land—like that one."

They were really coming in now, all around us. We lay there in the dark, watching the entrance light up every time one landed. I was doing a lot of thinking. Not about my home and family, as characters do in books. Nor was my past life racing through my head as it's supposed to do when you're close to death. No, I prayed that God would let me get through this one, and cursed the Krauts in the same breath. I wondered how the kid was taking it. I could feel his hands trembling next to mine, but mine were shaking too. Some part of my brain was counting explosions, forty-two, forty-three—I don't know why I count in a barrage. Maybe I figure that while I can count, I'm alive. Some day I'll come up short probably. Dirt cascaded over us. "Lord," he said, "those bastards are liable to hurt someone if they don't watch out." I grinned; the kid was all right. He'd make a good combat man.

Dear Mrs. Macfarland:

Last night was Mac's and my turn for the nightly routine patrol. We assembled around midnight and received our mission from the C. O. "Pick up a prisoner. Don't get into a fight unless you have to, but bring back a Kraut—G-2 needs information bad. Any questions? O. K. Get going and good luck!"

There were ten of us. A lieutenant, a sergeant, and eight privates. It was a good night for patrolling. Enough light filtered through the clouds for us to pick our way, but not enough for the Germans to spot us. We started out single file down a small ditch, the lieutenant leading. Off to our right about half a mile two machine guns were having it out. We could see the tracers, bright yellow of the German crossing our red. After a hundred yards or so we left the ditch and walked through a gap in the wire. We were in no man's land now. Funny how much safer it seems on your side of the wire, I thought. At least you knew where the mines were.

"Spread out!"

The words were whispered down the line. We moved into a rough diamond formation, no man closer than ten feet to another. No point in having the same bullet get two men. Hell, no, I thought, make them use two. Five cents a man, step right up and pay your nickel. We moved on slowly, two, maybe three hundred yards, but it seemed like two miles.

A flare went up about four hundred yards to our right. We froze and followed our shadows down. Oh, God, here it comes! I thought as I lay there, arms covering my face. It was like daylight, a green ghastly daylight.

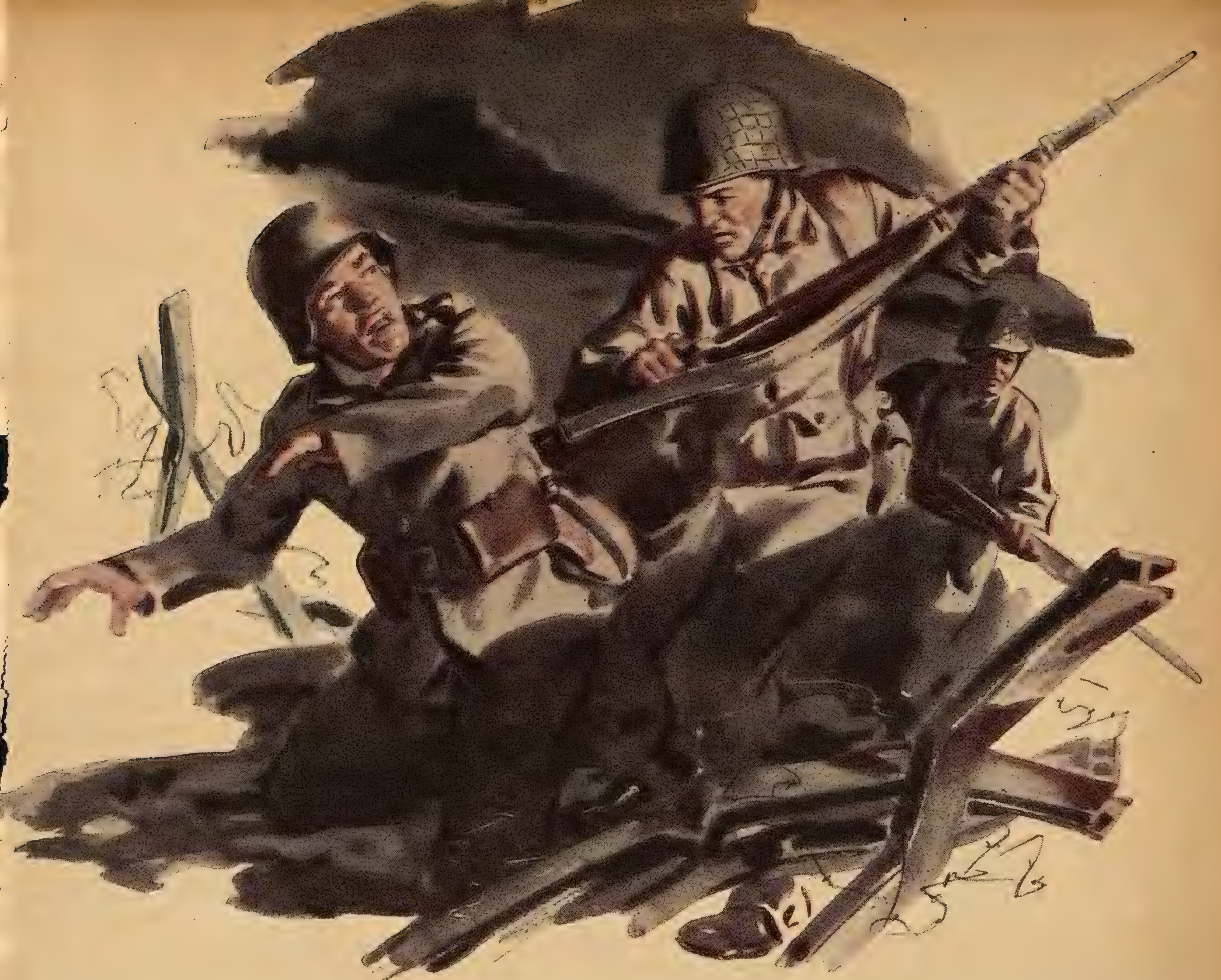
I fought down the temptation to look up and fervently hoped the others were doing the same. A man in olive drab is hard to see when he's lying down, but a man's eyes shine. A machine gun stuttered briefly. Then it was dark. We were moving again.

The diamond stopped and lay down. A shadow left us. There was a muffled clicking sound. The shadow returned, and we moved forward, closing in to file through the gap in the German wire, then spreading out again. We moved individually now, one man going a few yards, then another, taking advantage of every bit of cover. We were headed for a German outpost, probably manned by two or three Krauts. It was only a few yards away now, and we were crawling.

SUDDENLY shadows rose and dashed forward. There was a thud followed by a clanking sound as the man's rifle fell. Then we were coming back—more than had advanced. How easy! I thought. But we're not back yet.

We reached the German wire and found the gap without much trouble. Somehow Mac and I had the Kraut, on the tail end of the column. He was one scared superman, so scared he could hardly walk. I gave him a nudge with my gun to get him moving, and down he went on his knees, babbling German at me. Mac yanked him to his feet and kicked him a couple of times. That got him through the wire. But the damage was done. The rest of the patrol was far ahead, and the Krauts had heard us.

Up went a flare right over us. I started



He was one scared superman, so scared he could hardly walk. I gave him a nudge with my gun, and down he went on his knees, babbling.

to drop, but I changed my mind halfway down. We were dead ducks if we stayed here.

"Come on!" I yelled and started to run. I figured we had three or four seconds before their eyes got used to the light and they picked us up. I meant to use those seconds.

I knew there were plenty of shallow depressions and small ditches. Just a six-inch-deep ditch would protect us.

LUCK was with me. I spotted one. A machine gun opened up, and I dived into the ditch as bullets clipped the grass around me. The Kraut was right on my heels. Right on my neck, to be more exact; he damned near broke it.

He climbed off me, and I raised my head as far as I dared. "Mac!" I yelled. In answer a hand appeared. I grabbed it and pulled; Mac tumbled in.

"Hurt bad?"

"Legs," he said. "I can't walk."

I got out his aid pack, and the Kraut's, and bandaged him up. He'd been hit in both legs. One was broken.

"You're a lucky bum," I said cheerfully. "Probably get at least three months back in a hospital out of this. Nothing to do but eat, sleep, and look at the pretty nurses."

"Maybe," he said thoughtfully. "Look. I haven't been in this game as long as you, but I've learned a little. The Krauts know we're here. They're not firing now, because they can't hit us, but every time a flare goes out they wait three or four minutes, hoping we'll make a run for it, then light another. You and the Kraut carrying me would be too slow. Besides, we'd have to leave our guns, and the Kraut would run."

"Let him run," I said. "He's a damned nuisance anyway. Better still, let's shoot him, and the two of us make a try for it."

"No, the C. O. said G-2 needs information badly. That Kraut is information on the hoof, and you're going to take him back."

"Like hell I am! Do you realize, Mac, what will happen if you stay here? They know they've got us cornered. In about thirty minutes it will be daylight, and they'll work this place over with mortars. I know we'll need plenty of luck to make it, but it's the only thing to do, so let's get going."

"This is a special Kraut," he reminded me calmly. "And I know how you can get him back! As soon as a flare goes out, you and the Kraut start. You'll have three, maybe four minutes, which isn't enough. But as soon as they light another flare, I'll start firing. That will draw their attention to me, and they won't notice you lying flat—we hope!"

I thought it over. The kid was right. G-2 did need information, and his plan had an excellent chance of succeeding. Besides, I liked the element of my getting out of the mess we were in. I'm no hero. I'm human and I like living. But I'm not yellow either. If there were any chance of getting him back I'd take it, but there wasn't.

"O. K., Mac," I said. "You win."

"Good! Get the Kraut ready and take off when this flare dies."

I explained to the Kraut, as well as I could by signs, what we were going to do. He nodded that he understood.

"Mac, I—well, good luck!"

"The same to you. You'll need it, too. There goes the flare. Get going!"

We did. I pushed the Kraut as fast as I dared, and we were at our own wire when the next flare broke. We hit the ground and waited. A rifle began firing behind me, then a machine gun cut in, then silence.

The flare died out. I motioned the Kraut to his feet, and we started through the wire and back to the C. O.

I glanced at what remained of the kid, fast dimming in the fading light, then back at my letter.

Dear Mrs. Macfarland:

Slowly I tore it up. Maybe I'd write to her the next time we were relieved. The censor wouldn't let it go through for two months anyway—until the family was notified. By that time some poor devil might be trying to write to my mother.

THE END

After Franco, What?

PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR, EUROPEAN

Two men on the way out—Adolf Hitler and his henchman Franco.

Franco's number is about up. Who is going to clean up after him and unite Spain's opposing factions? Many astute people believe it will be Maura, who here gives his platform and philosophy

BY MIGUEL MAURA

As a democrat, I strongly disapprove of a dictatorship in Spain and would never support a government which, like the present one, did not submit to the will of a free people.

As a Spaniard, I could not bear to see my nation an outcast among nations; but under the present government that will be inevitable. Obviously, before many months there will be no place for a small totalitarian island in the midst of the triumphant democratic sea. Therefore it is obvious to me, as to nine tenths of the Spanish people, that the present government of Spain cannot last much longer.

But this change, like dynamite, must be handled with care. For Spain has not yet recovered from her bloody civil war. Many hatreds are still alive, ready to be fanned into another horrible war by a wrong move. Spaniards who know full well the terrors of war cry out for government by evolution, not revolution. And to that task I devote myself.

Of several proposed solutions to our problem of government, one has been the restoration of a monarchy. Time and time again the rumor has come from London that the British government itself suggested such a plan. But whether this is true or not, we Spanish know that this certainly is no time for a monarchy to attempt a return to Spain.

As everyone must surely know by now, monarchy has been one of Fascism's firmest props in Spain. The people of Spain have not forgotten for a moment that their last king, Alfonso XIII, always cabled his congratulations every time Franco won a major victory against the Republicans in the civil war.

Nor have the people forgotten that the present Pretender, Don Juan, was never neutral in this war and so strongly favored Franco that he volunteered to serve as an officer in his army.

In fact, it was the Monarchists, not the Fascists, who originally prepared our civil war. It was Franco's chief, General Sanjurjo, as typical a Monarchist as can be found, who started all the early uprisings before the war and who later in Portugal planned the very civil war that Franco led. Indeed, if Sanjurjo hadn't been killed in a plane crash just before war broke out, we might never have heard so much of Franco. Certainly when Sanjurjo first made his plans, Fascism didn't even exist in Spain.

And today, as from the beginning, the Spanish people see that monarchy works hand-in-glove with Franco. Take, for instance, Señor Goicoechea and Count Rodezno, both of whom now hold high places in Franco's government. In 1934 it was these two Monarchists who made a secret alliance with Mussolini for Italy's help in a war against the republic. The promised help, of course, came when Franco started his war in 1936.

Obviously monarchy has little to offer the Spanish people now. Even the Pretender, Don Juan, being well-advised, does not want to accept a crown that is merely handed to him by General Franco. He feels that monarchy, with its bitter history in Spain, could be re-established only through a decision of the people expressed in an election.

And if elections were held, at least six million members of the Republican parties and the three big labor parties would bitterly oppose the restoration of a king. And to Spain, where men and women have so recently died for the privilege of establishing a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, this would mean war.

From the Spanish point of view, therefore, an attempt to restore a monarchy at this time would merely touch off the powder keg. It would needlessly reopen an old wound which the people of Spain thought had been healed forever when the king was forced out in 1931.

Another possible solution to our problem is the return of the Republic, or the restoration to power of those who constitutionally are still the government of Spain—the men from whom General Franco wrested the country by force in 1939 at the end of the long civil war. These men were duly elected by democratic ballot and represented the majority of the Spanish people.

But though they had the confidence of the people as General Franco never did, their *immediate* restoration is as impossible as that of monarchy. This is a paradox which needs explaining.

What would be expected immediately of the old Republican government if it came back to power? Most certainly it could not logically take office again without condemning and executing all those who collaborated against it, from Franco to the meanest of his followers. It would mean a wholesale purge of the type France has just endured.

But Spain, unlike France, cannot afford the luxury of such a purge, just or not, without running the grave risk of civil disaster. And such a purge would be difficult to execute; a sizable army on Franco's side would be compelled to defend itself, and the old Republican Army is scattered to the winds. Troubles and hates would boil up from all sides. No strife we have seen since 1939 would compare with the violence and bloodshed that would result.

As for General Franco himself, he undoubtedly should and will leave Spain. To try him as a political criminal would, unfortunately, create violence hardly in keeping with our policy of peaceful conversion.

Therefore it appears that the only possible solution to Spain's problem is to put into Franco's place a transitional government, nonpolitical and businesslike, which could bridge the gap between the hated dictatorship and the democratic republic we hope will come.

I use the word "nonpolitical" to mean a temporary government formed by men from all parties who, like myself, had either an unimportant charge or none at all during the civil war and who have been neither directly influenced by nor influential in party politics. It has been possible to find such a group, and these men are ready and waiting now for the day when, in the interest of peace in Spain, they may take over temporary authority and establish law and order.

This government would have five major purposes:

1. To dissolve the Falange (Fascist) Party as a whole and remove its members

from administrative positions in the government.

2. To free from prisons and concentration camps the political prisoners, some of whom the Fascists have imprisoned without trial for more than five years.

3. To re-establish in their homeland more than half a million Spanish refugees, now adrift all over the world.

4. To bring to justice all Falangists who have actually committed *common crimes.* I do not mean, to try such cases on political grounds. But many outrages against the people, such as killings and thievings, have gone unpunished during Franco's regime. Such lawlessness cannot be tolerated in Spain any more than in any other civilized country. Such cases must come into court and be lawfully tried, lest the people take justice into their own hands.

5. At the end of this "peace mission," the provisional government would resign, turning the direction of Spanish affairs over to the duly elected administration, which would carry on from there.

The government will have as a copartner and, if necessary, a repressive one, the Spanish Civil Guard (police), traditionally nonpolitical, uncontaminated by the Falangists, and whose duty is and always has been to keep the peace for whatever government is in power.

Around this idea I have succeeded in getting the support of all the Republican parties and the three big labor organizations. They all desire peace for Spain and realize the wisdom of such a nonpolitical government. With their backing I hope soon to have openly united all Spain.

FRANCO'S perch on the political fence is so precarious at this moment that a little international pressure, almost any act which publicly showed Allied displeasure, would unseat him. If, contrary to logic, he does stay in power even after Germany falls, or if he utterly refuses to give up the government, violence is certain to follow. Too many refugees are now on the border ready to rush back into Spain to seek vengeance. Too many prisoners remain untried in Spanish prisons. Too many political prisoners have spent long years in concentration camps. Violence could not be avoided, and if Franco had to abandon authority in a disorderly manner, many killings would result.

Meanwhile it is highly necessary that a new regime be ready and waiting to step into Spain at a moment's notice, and that authority be transferred in a constitutional way—one government legally stepping out, another legally going in. The details of such a government must be well prepared, freely discussed, and widely advertised so that not only the people of Spain but the whole world as well will know the purpose of our mission and the attitude with which we will carry it out.

As all the world now knows, Spain was the first battleground of the European war. Here Germany and Italy made us the guinea pig of Fascism. Had they not lent Franco their aid, we would never have had him in Spain today. For the Spanish people were not deluded into Fascism; they swallowed it at the point of a gun.

To the Republic of Spain, which fought so long and so valiantly against Nazis and Fascists, the democratic world owes a debt of honor. Morally, logically, politically, no big democracy could oppose the restoration of the republic. It would be almost an insult to doubt that this debt of honor will be paid. I, for one, do not doubt it. Indeed, if it were not paid, the democracies would surely lose for several generations the sympathies and devotion of those millions of liberty-loving Spaniards who thank God that they are the majority in their country.

THE END

Miguel Maura, former minister, hopes to form a democratic Spanish regime.

WHO IS MIGUEL MAURA?

By Betty Milton Gaskill

FEW Americans have ever heard of Miguel Maura. Yet he is a central figure in a fascinating political situation which has largely escaped the eyes of a world intent on larger, more immediate events. The fact is that Miguel Maura may have better than an even chance of succeeding Franco in Spain, *if Franco is ousted.*

Remarkably, most Spanish-exile factions now think it will be unnecessary to make war on Franco. They feel that with Allied victory in Europe, international pressure will be enough to force Franco's abdication.

On this assumption, Monarchists who fled the Republicans in 1931 and Republicans who fled the Fascists in 1939 are seeking out their separate candidates for Franco's job. From London come repeated rumors that the Monarchists will try to restore the Pretender, Don Juan, whose father, Alfonso XIII, was dethroned by popular election in 1931. However, the Spanish people will probably insist on having a firm voice in their government. Heretofore, Spanish monarchs have been unable to adjust themselves to a people's rule, as have, for instance, British monarchs.

Meanwhile most refugee Spanish Republican leaders have lined up behind wealthy aristocratic former Secretary of the Interior Miguel Maura.

Maura, a middle-of-the-roader and peacemaker, is a compromise between Monarchism and Republicanism. Though a well-known Republican, he is a conservative and a son of a distinguished Monarchist prime minister who served the Spanish throne around the turn of the century.

Miguel Maura got Alfonso XIII safely out of Spain after the elections of 1931. But he is also the man the Republicans sent to Franco when they tried to make an early peace with him in the first year of the civil war. This was his only direct connection with the civil war, for he spent most of those years in France, where he manufactures hosiery. Many Spaniards, tired of war, feel that Maura's provisional government would be the least likely of all to stir up old antagonisms.

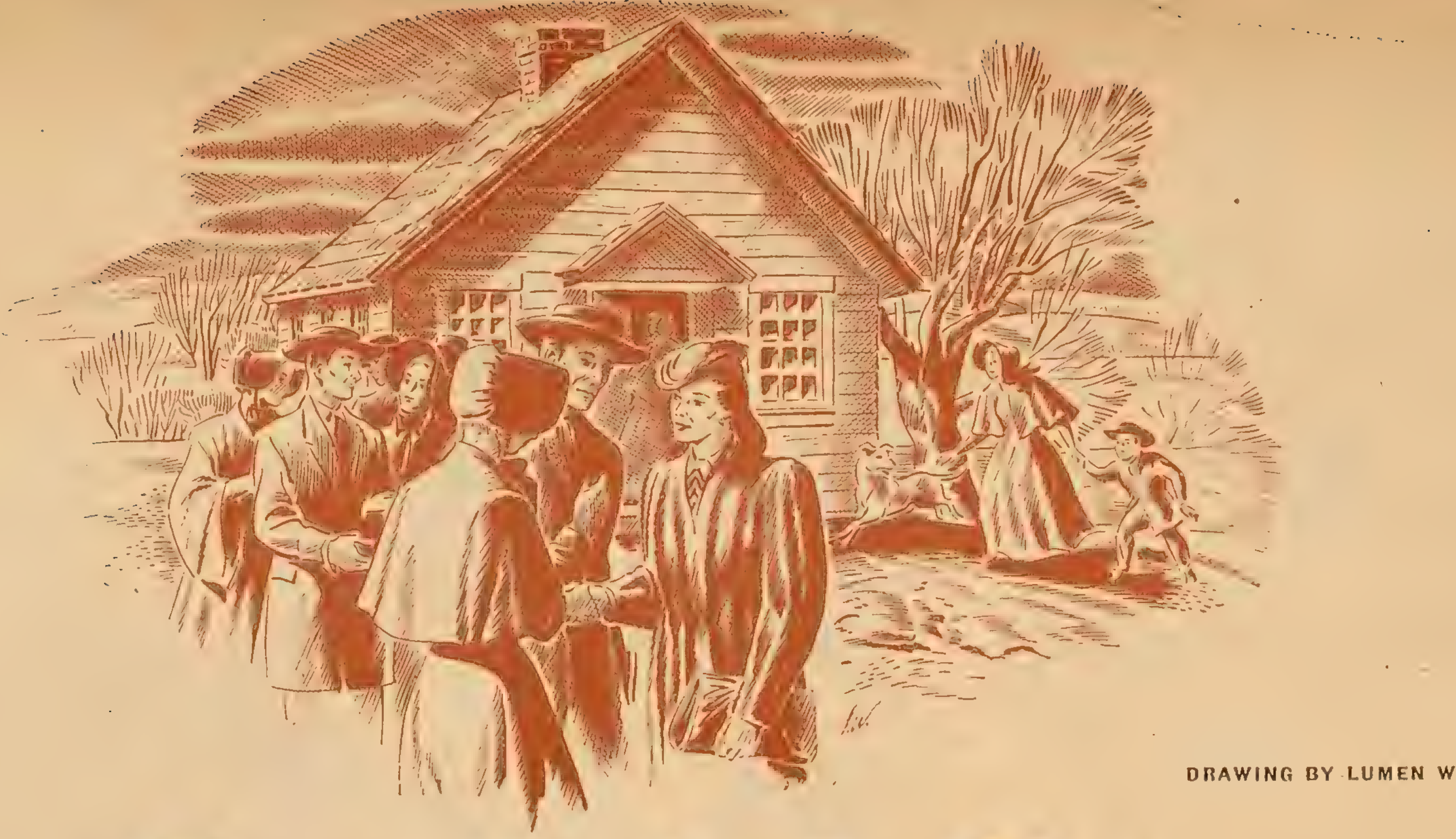
In France, more than a quarter of a million refugees are divided into as many as ten different Spanish Republican parties (ranging from conservative to Communist). Until recently, unity has been next to impossible.

Now all factions have more or less united themselves behind Maura's new provisional government idea, but since his government is to be free of politics, they will not enter into his proposed negotiations with Franco.

Apparently most factions have become convinced that Maura is sincere in wanting to be merely an "honest broker" among Spain's warring factions. They believe he is making an unselfish patriotic gesture as an interim leader who can bloodlessly transfer Spain from an authoritarian to a democratic state. Once that is accomplished, they believe he will be happy to bow out of the spotlight.

Inside Spain, due to Franco's strict censorship of the press, the people have had no inkling of Maura's plans, though by now the government is undoubtedly well aware of them. However, outside Spain, former President Martinez-Barrio, now in Mexico, has publicly given his blessing to the project. And former Prime Minister Juan Negrin, after a tour of Spanish refugees in France, has said that Maura's plan was apparently the favorite of all party leaders.

Only the Communists remain doubtful. They will apparently support Maura, but they want Franco punished, and Maura will not sanction a purge for fear of civil war. Admittedly, too, it may be difficult to catch Franco, for he has apparently prepared a haven for himself in neutral Ireland.



DRAWING BY LUMEN WINTER

Everybody Is Shy

By Dorothy Cocks

Most people are warm and friendly—under the surface. But we'd get along with one another a lot better if we showed it once in a while

TRAVELING can be a lonesome business—especially if you find yourself stuck over a week end in some town where you don't know a soul. Sunday morning at home is a cozy time, with coffee and the funnies and everybody sitting around in shabby slippers. But Sunday morning in the hotel lobby of an unfamiliar town can give anyone the horrors of homesickness. All those properly dressed strangers seem to be glaring at those same funnies.

"It can't be like this if you *live* in this place," I have said to myself. "There must be some nice people who live here and do pleasant normal things—people you'd like to be with for a little while." And so, to find them, in cities or towns or villages the continent over, I have dropped into many churches as a stranger hungering for a human touch. In church there is at least the solace of singing and praying and listening with other people.

In only one church in my experience have people beside me in a pew shaken my hand. I recall it as one of the most moving things that ever happened to me.

It was a wintry Sunday in western New York State. The cold and the general closed-up look of a small factory town on Sunday had made me feel unbearably bleak and alone. I dropped in at a little Quaker church. It happened to be my first personal contact with this most friendly and human sect.

A big round stove, for all its glow and crackle, hardly warmed the building. I was early, and I sat in the stillness and looked out the window at a hillside burying ground patchy with stale snow. My hands and feet were chilled. I was feeling terrifically sorry for myself.

But as people gathered for the meeting, one after another of them came and spoke to me, to welcome me and introduce themselves. One courtly man, speaking of the grim weather, said:

"It *is* an ill wind, but it has blown *you* into our meeting, so we are thankful for it."

When the meeting was over, the couple in the pew with me shook my hand and wished me comfort and health on my journey. I felt indeed on that morning as though I had been in the society of friends. Why aren't more churches, why aren't all people, more friendly in a simple, natural way?

Probably one of the reasons why bus travel is so popular is that bus riders are so darned friendly. Here are a lot of folks, complete strangers, all shut in together for a time, on their way to different destinations, rushing through a panorama of trees and towns and dark. And they talk about their jobs and homes, swap magazines, share sandwiches, hold babies for one another in the jolliest, friendliest way. They smile indulgently at lovers, giggle at drunks, and share the adventures of lunch wagons and rest rooms with almost complete unself-consciousness. The mere fact of being on the way somewhere together seems to be all the introduction needed. They are friends for the period they go jouncing along in the same direction. They part, exchanging kindly wishes for the rest of their respective journeys.

Certainly life is the dizziest bus ride of all. Here we are, all on our way to some unknown destiny, tearing through darkness or the merest twilight of understanding; knocked about by disappointments, tragedies, wars, and other thank-you-ma'ams of the road. And we find it terribly hard to speak to one another, even in church, where we meet before God; almost impossible to get under one another's skin, to know one another warmly and well in the workaday world outside of church.

In impersonal relationships we are all enormously friendly. A plea for "hands across the sea" and we gallop around gathering up tons of food, diapers, cookstoves, and vitamins to give to people we've never seen or thought much about before. We give money freely to the needy we never meet. Why is it so hard for us to give of *ourselves* to people we contact every day? Why, if we reach across seas so heartily, is it so hard to reach across the few inches it takes to touch a stranger? Why are we so shy in *this* bus?

THE war has made a lot of shy young men more understanding and companionable. The war has made a lot of strange women break down and become friendly. They show one another their servicemen's pictures with touching intimacy. Maybe if the war bumps us all around enough, it will open up a few cracks in our surface shyness.

Most people are warm and friendly enough under that forbidding glaze.

Why don't *you* start a custom in your church, or in other gathering places, of shaking the hands of the strangers beside you when they enter, or when you leave? It will startle them, no doubt, but by the time their fright of you is over, your fright of them will be over too, and you will find each other human and friendly underneath, I am sure.

THE END

Thanks to a woman with time on her hands, the Golden Rule now operates out of a New York office. Harriett Pickering calls it Common Sense Service. It's really

Helpfulness, Inc.

By Ruth Moore

A YEAR ago a New York woman got the notion that a lot of good turns were going undone in this harried world, and that doing them might make a highly satisfying career.

Having reached that decision, she made her first mistake. In the heart of busy Manhattan she installed a window sign reading bravely, "We Get You What You Want," and almost started a riot. Nylon-hungry women and housewives hunting down electrical appliances stormed the second-floor suite where she had set up shop.

Harriett Alexander Pickering, founder and director of Common Sense Service, had to explain over and over again that her office was no front for black-market dealings. She might be able to dig up a heating pad or an electric iron, if the need justified the search, but she had no pipe lines to private hoards of goods no longer on the open market.

But almost any other want under the sun, within the confines of propriety and the law, she pledges herself to try to satisfy. Since she started the novel service, she has found apartments for dozens of desperate home hunters, located hard-to-find domestic help, furnished baby-sitters, wangled hotel reservations, glamorized ugly ducklings, bought and sold used clothing and jewelry, and provided assorted advice and information to hundreds of inquirers.

The greater your need, the harder she tries, regardless of what fee you can afford. As a matter of fact, if your need is positive and your means negative, she'll accept your thanks as adequate payment.

A funny business? Well, so was Robin Hood's. He didn't set up shop in the good greenwood for personal gain. Neither did Mrs. Pickering start this curious project to make money. If she can make enough to pay the sizable overhead on her spacious office, she's satisfied.

Naturally, her methods hardly parallel the highwayman tactics of her legendary predecessor. Hers is a legitimate enterprise, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. Her services are at the disposal of rich and poor alike. But the principle that has kept the Robin Hood legend alive all these years is also at work here. She uses the influence and the shekels of the wealthy to perform myriad services for the less fortunate.

Do you need to raise some money in a hurry? Have you a brain child that nobody will foster? Do you want an entrée to somebody who may help you further your career? Finding the answers to questions like these is the primary purpose of Common Sense Service.

Mrs. Pickering feels she's doing a Christian service for mankind. "God's the boss here," she says quite matter-of-factly; "I'm just His office boy. If you have a mission and the faith to back it up," she says earnestly, "anything is possible."

Buying perfume for an archduke or trotting horses for a Maryland landowner may sound strange in this connection.

So also may such chores as having a dead cat stuffed for its sentimental owner, or finding and delivering a deodorized skunk to a prankish-minded tycoon.

BUT they belong in the picture. The revenue she gets from satisfying the whims of the wealthy enables her to carry on with her main objective—that is, helping the little fellow who doesn't know where to turn when he needs to locate a baby-bottle heater or promote an idea.

Families and friends of servicemen refer queer requests to this office in an endless stream. Can she find a book on tropical birds for a G. I. amateur ornithologist in New Guinea, a recording that's no longer available in the music stores, materials for puppet-making requested by a prisoner of war? She usually can, and no fees asked.

One of the most difficult requests from the military came from an officer on leave from his South Pacific station. Desperately he wanted an air mattress. And rubber goods have been hard to get since 1942.

Mrs. Pickering canvassed her friends and acquaintances, after exhausting all merchandising sources in and around New York City. Nobody had such an article. She wired her branch office in San Francisco, which picked up the search. When the officer sailed from the West Coast a week later, the air mattress was on the dock with the rest of his belongings.

Helping people to develop and sell their ideas is one of her pet projects. Song writers and playwrights whose brain children have got the cold shoulder from Tin Pan Alley and Broadway have appealed to her. When she can, and if they have talent, she tries to make contacts

(Continued on page 65)

PHOTO BY DAVE ROSENFELD

In her spacious office on upper Madison Avenue, Harriett Alexander Pickering dispenses advice, information, and honest help to all who stand in need of it.

Out Wher

The boys who build up Hollywood's charming screwballs seldom let mere facts cramp their style, and their imaginations sometimes explode in their faces. A backstage view of a lively profession

Hollywood corn—with a capital K. For her motherly performance in Roughly Speaking, Rosalind Russell is proclaimed the Ideal Mother of America.

THE committee of mothers sat primly in the office of Louise Randall Pierson in Warner Brothers' studio, waiting to honor Miss Rosalind Russell as the ideal mother of America.

The publicity man beamed, Rosalind wore her friendliest smile, and the camera clicked as the committee chairman presented the scroll. Unrolling its parchment length, Rosalind began to read: "'I, Robin Hood, do hereby proclaim . . .'"

There was an abrupt silence. Miss Russell, choking, fled to an inner office, where sounds like muffled laughter erupted from time to time. The committee, a trifle mystified, finally shook hands all around and departed.

Next morning, newspapers carried the story—with pictures—that due to her splendid work as the mother of five in the picture Roughly Speaking, Miss Russell had been voted the ideal mother of America.

That the committee had been recruited from local housewives was, naturally, not mentioned. Nor that the scroll was hastily picked up for the occasion from the studio prop department. But once more the public had been told that Rosalind Russell was appearing in a picture called Roughly Speaking.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is Hollywood corn. Hot, popped, and buttered by one of the 300 press agents of movieland. Their product, sometimes overripe, finds its way into our daily lives through newspapers, magazines, and radio. It has become as much a part of our lives as the radio serial, the comic strip, and the cartoon. It is not an unwelcome addition to the liveliness of our times, and is thoroughly enjoyed by young and old.

The Hollywood columnists, reporters, magazine correspondents, and radio gossipers who find themselves bracketed by the barrage, more often than not connive in its creation. For instance, during the filming of The Bride Came C. O. D., Cameron Shipp, publicity man on the Death Valley location, telephoned the studio that Bette Davis had been required to fall backward into a cactus.

Miss Davis, he reported, threw herself so thoroughly into her art that a doctor had painfully extracted forty-nine cactus needles from Miss Davis' punctured posterior. The story was theirs to plant as they chose.

Next morning Warners' publicity offices gathered together twenty members of the press and flew them to the scene to see for themselves exactly how this wholesale impalement occurred.

But the Hollywood office had overlooked one catch—there were no cacti in Death Valley. Surveying the rubber imitations scattered within camera range, the press chuckled, wrote their stories just the same, and the reading public had a paragraph of harmless whimsey.

Lest we give the impression that these enjoyable activities are the main occupation of studio publicity departments, let it be said here and now that they aren't. They represent rather the extra-curricular efforts of bright boys who know a good gag when they see one. After all, they should! They thought up most of them.

The business of Hollywood publicity, far from a hit-or-miss affair, is soundly and efficiently organized to service the press of the world. Studio publicity departments rank with production staffs in importance. Howard Strickling of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, George Brown of Paramount, Alex Evelove of Warners, Harry Brand of Twentieth Century-Fox, John Joseph of Universal, Whitney Bolton of Columbia, Perry Lieber of RKO, Don King of Selznick-International, Lester Kaufman of Republic, and other publicity department heads are men of integrity and judgment. Their staffs must display imagination, unending patience, and a feel for what will interest the public.

The Hollywood publicist labors to keep his star in print and, when scandal befalls, to keep him out. He is the unsung, unnoted actor behind the scenes, ready to bear the burdens or take the brunt, but never the credit. He is first to leap between the public and an erring star, to cover up as best he can. Regardless of who makes the mess, it's the publicist who cleans it up.

He writes the speeches delivered by higher-ups, and the articles that appear under noted Hollywood by-lines. Even his humor is lifted bodily and placed on the lips of other men.

It was Paramount's Bill Blowitz who created the whimsey that has passed from newspapers to anthologies. Speaking of sixty-four-year-old Victor Moore's marriage to a twenty-two-year-old miss, Bill wrote, "What's the difference? When Victor's 108 his wife will be 66." It was a Paramount producer who got credit for the crack.

But the purpose of this article is not to discuss the solid bread-and-butter work of the publicity people. Having given these gentlemen their due, it is much more fun to proceed to their zanier activities.

Quite often the corn even gets into the news sections of leading papers. The recent exchange of invective between Texas and Arizona found space in hundreds of papers over the country. The controversy arose when a captious Texas editor objected to David O. Selznick's filming his Duel in the Sun in Arizona instead of Texas, the real locale. State senators screamed defiance. Suits were filed, bills passed, feuds developed as state fought state. Back in Hollywood, the press agent who had started the fracas said only, "Be sure you folks down there get the name of the picture right." To fix the name of the picture and its star firmly in the public

the TALL Corn Grows

By SARA HAMILTON

mind is the objective of practically all press-agent stories.

The creation of H. M. Waldeck is a true example of press-agent ingenuity. The versatile and mythical Mr. Waldeck drove at least one absent-minded columnist into an early decline. Waldeck was the invention of two ace publicists, Harry Neimeyer and Dan Mainwaring. They cast him variously as a sheepherder in Montana who had been discovered carving the face of Olivia de Havilland on the side of a mountain; or carving a bar of soap into a miniature statue of Ann Sheridan, soon to appear in Shine On Harvest Moon. When the singularly gullible columnist visited the studio to see the statue, the boys hurriedly explained that the sun had melted it. Convinced, the columnist went on printing the Waldeck saga.

The story that broke up the act and sent the columnist to a rest home concerned Paul Muni and his beard room. Mr. Muni, the boys claimed, had added a small room to his Pacific Palisades home to house the whiskers, sideburns, and beards he wore in his various roles.

The columnist not only ran the story but next day telephoned to arrange an exclusive picture for his paper. Trapped, the boys huddled and came up with a honey. A terrific windstorm in the night had swept through the room, scattering beards from Santa Monica to Santa Barbara.

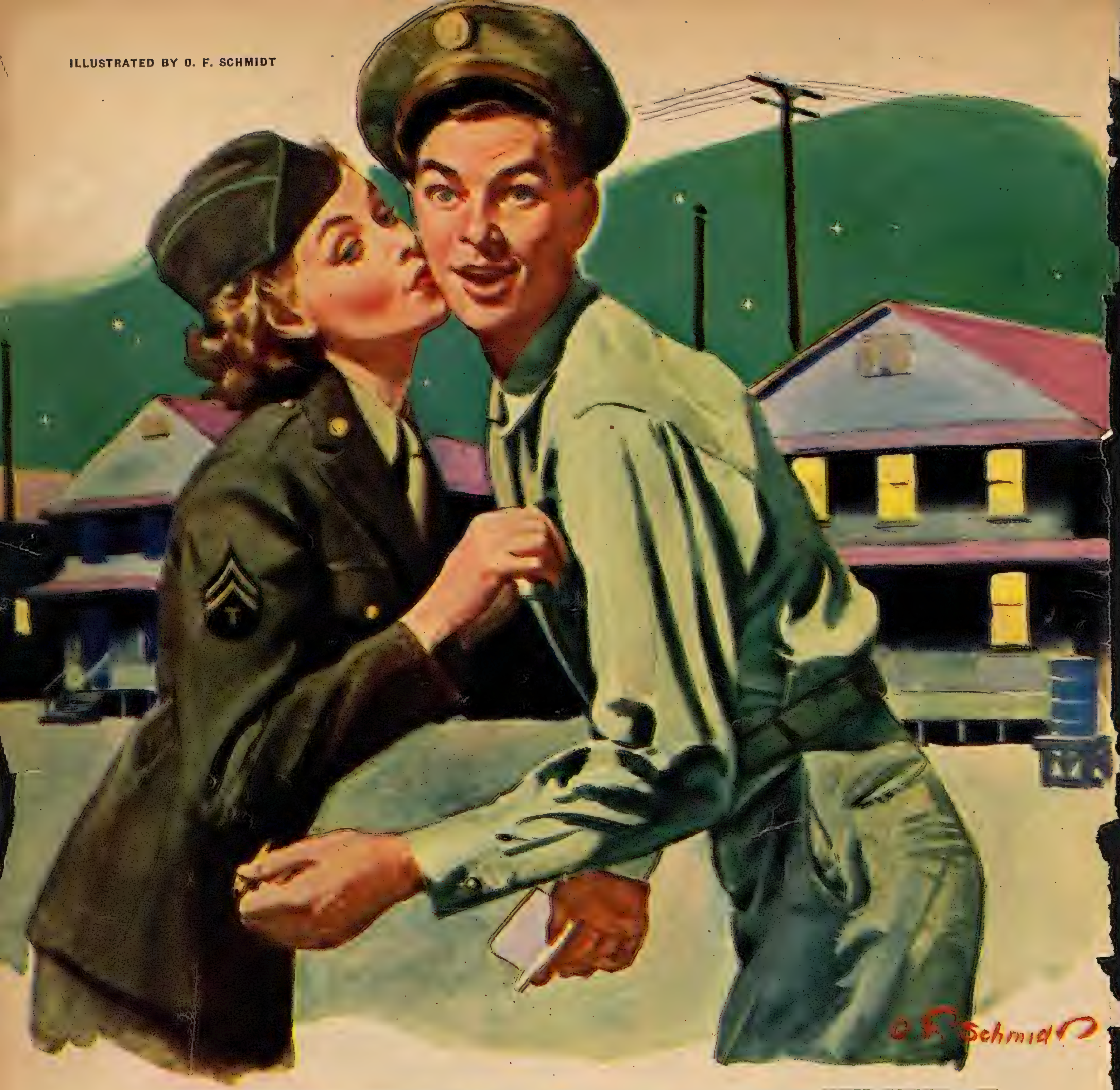
(*Continued on page 80*)

When Marie McDonald's photo in Yank drew complaints because it just showed one leg, "The Body" obliged with the above. (Below) Be-Kind-to-Animals Week seemed to be just made for shots like this one of Lassie and kindly Dorothy Morris.

Anything to catch your eye. Adele Jergens bids for attention with an eye-muff chart.

Be KIND to ANIMALS
APRIL 15-21
LASSIE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT



And suddenly penitent, or something, hanged if she didn't pull him to her by his shirt and lightly kiss him.

All for the LOVE OF ARLENE

C[illegible]ty of s[illegible]nd gears. He'd ranged far. He thought he'd seen about all the worth-while views. But that was before he rested his eyes on the redhead named Arlene.

"Oh-oh," said Chunk to Chunk.

Arlene was one of the WACs who ran the switchboard at Camp San Joaquin.

He had walked into the phone center to call up his mother, letter writing not being his style, and anyway Ma's voice was mighty good to hear. There the lovely one sat. Straight of back, round of forearms, khaki sleeves pushed up, lips curving spiritedly over the black horn that rose from her chest, she perched between four other Army girls, weaving long-distance connections with both hands.

"Chicago for Private Haczynski. Booth Five, please." . . . "Dallas for Sergeant Roswell. Booth Eight, please."

Chunk Jones got his name from his stocky build. He got his grin and his slightly flattened nose from past run-ins with life, some joyful and some just educational. He'd been a long-haul trucker between Sacramento and Salt Lake. He'd run h'isters in the Oregon woods, a power shovel in the copper pit at Ely, tractors on Shasta Dam. So he'd really been here and there.

But when he saw the wonder and glory of that redtop in Army tan pushing and pulling cords and building morale with both hands, his insides vapor-locked and his gears began to rip. When she swung her brown eyes to his washed-bandanna blue ones and said, "What's yours, soldier? I mean engineer?" he slued and skidded and went right off the bank. Finally he remembered. Yes. Mother in Elko, Nevada.

"Park and relax, engineer. I'll wake you when your turn comes."

He sat down among eighty other boots, half of whom were there to phone and the other half to look at the switchboard girls. Arlene was nice to everybody. She was laughing and sympathetic and quick-reporting by turns, even into that black horn. She was deft. She was graceful. Chunk's hair was supposed to be red too, but had bleached to sandy. Observing what their common badge did for her, he resolved never again to go out in the sun without his hat.

Over the top of a comic book, Chunk continued to watch Arlene. He didn't know at the time that her name was Arlene or that she had a name.

SPUDDER SMITH, with a quarter century of tromping Kern County's oil sands under his number fourteen boot soles, was forty-two when the Japs fell on us. He was six feet two, two hundred ten, plank-lean, cowcatcher-jawed, and drawing sixty thousand a year from Mammoth Petroleum. But he was strictly Spudder Smith. He never phoned to anybody if he could roar the message, or said it temperately if he could artistically cuss it, or fired a man in his life. He just took the faulty one around behind a derrick and beat the nonsense out of him. Such ways endeared Spudder to the rig builders, tool pushers, and bull gangs of the oil country, who know a man when they see one.

Spudder vaguely understood that he had a handsome office in San Francisco, with desk, chairs, rugs, a private secretary operated by push button, and "J. E. Smith, Vice-President, Production" on the door. But he'd never looked up those gimmicks. The secretary might expect him to dictate a letter. Not in the wildest flights could Spudder imagine himself dictating a letter. She might even ferret out what his baptismal middle name was, women being of a prying and trouble-making nature, and no living beings except his wife and his daughter Arlene had ever got that one on him. No, sir. No office life for James E. Smith. He stuck by flannel shirts, fifteen-inch boots, dust, the stench of crude, the creak of pumping jacks, and the language of vital men, and got out the oil.

There was one spot for Spudder Smith when the war broke out: the Army Engineers. He went around to enlist and they took one look and made him a battalion commander.

"MINNEAPOLIS for Private Peterson. Booth One, please." . . . "Brooklyn for Corporal Comiskey. Booth Seven, please."

It was thirty minutes before Chunk Jones got his line, but, long before the loud-speaker caroled "Elko for Private Jones. Booth Four, please," he knew he was a goner. He had his talk with Ma, but his mind wasn't on it. Twice more this same afternoon he returned and called Ma, to that good woman's mystification. He came back for another, but Arlene had gone off duty. He still didn't know her name.

The way he found it out was this: He was sent next day to battalion headquarters to fix an electric fan, though his specialty was heavy-duty Diesels, and there was that WAC talking to the major. Mighty chummy, too. When she saluted with a touch of impudence, and about-faced smartly, the major, who was a big moose with a big jaw, rumbled familiarly, "Good-by, Arlene."

Chunk Jones, working in a corner, said to Chunk Jones, "Oho. Hello, Arlene!"

Chunk's outfit stayed in Camp San Joaquin three more days. Chunk used to cover all the ground between Sacramento and Salt Lake City and back in that much time and he didn't let any century plants grow under him now. He put in nine calls to his mother. He said to Arlene, with each call, "Hello, Arlene." He walked home with her to the WACs' well fortified clubhouse—matrons inside, M. P.s outside—each time she went off duty. He bought colas and he squired her to the camp movie, and in the course of the fast-moving hours he asked her if he could think about her kindly and maybe tip over a few Japs in her name. She replied, Certainly. Dedicate his bag, if any, to Technical Corporal Arlene Smith.

But when, that last night, he asked her whether he and she couldn't sort of hold themselves prioritied to each other, on account of the red hair and everything, she regarded him long and thoughtfully and, with a little laugh, advised that he get clearance from her father. That, she said, was an old family custom of the Smiths.

"Where is he? I'll phone him now," said Chunk, a man of action.

Her eyes grew wide. "If I know pop, he won't like to be disturbed at this hour. Not by a thing like that."

"O. K. If it's yes with you, I'll write to him!" cried Chunk, and that was certainly going all out for a dame. "What's his name and where-at's he at?"

The look in Arlene's eyes turned to pure merriment and mischief. Maybe she loved the smell of battle—any battle. Maybe she didn't yet wholly know her heart and mind.

"You may address J. Ethelbert Smith, 101 Arroyo Avenue, Bakersfield," purred Arlene.

And suddenly penitent, or something, hanged if she didn't pull him to her by his shirt and lightly kiss him.

CHUNK JONES sailed into that letter, though the settings he found himself in were no help to literary composition. He tackled it in day coaches, railroad stations, a bus, a ferryboat, and a barracks in a place called Staging Area No. 5 of Embarkation Camp No. 4.

When Chunk wrote, his head went down close to the tablet, his tongue thrust out, his elbows spraddled, and his left wrist—he was southpawed—curled around the paper from the top and dragged the pencil along as if it were a log being h'isted over rocks and stumps. If people spoke to Chunk, he didn't hear; and if they jostled, he didn't feel. Men of his outfit figured he was writing to his girl friend and sent waves of sympathy his way. If they'd known he was writing to her old man, they'd have been more vocal.

"Mr. Smith, Dear Sir—Arlene says it's jake if I write [crossed out] deal [crossed out] negoti—[crossed out; couldn't spell it anyhow] write [restored] to you. She's the cream in my coffee. She's the sugar on my doughnut—"

Wouldn't do. Lacked something. Chunk crumpled the sheet and squared off again.

"Mr. Smith, Dear Sir—I am Harold B. Jones. I can fall, buck, yard, and load. I can scrape and bulldoze. I can rack and crowd a twelve-yard bucket. I can back

(*Continued on page 76*)

Only a redhead could get the two men in her life into a spot like this.

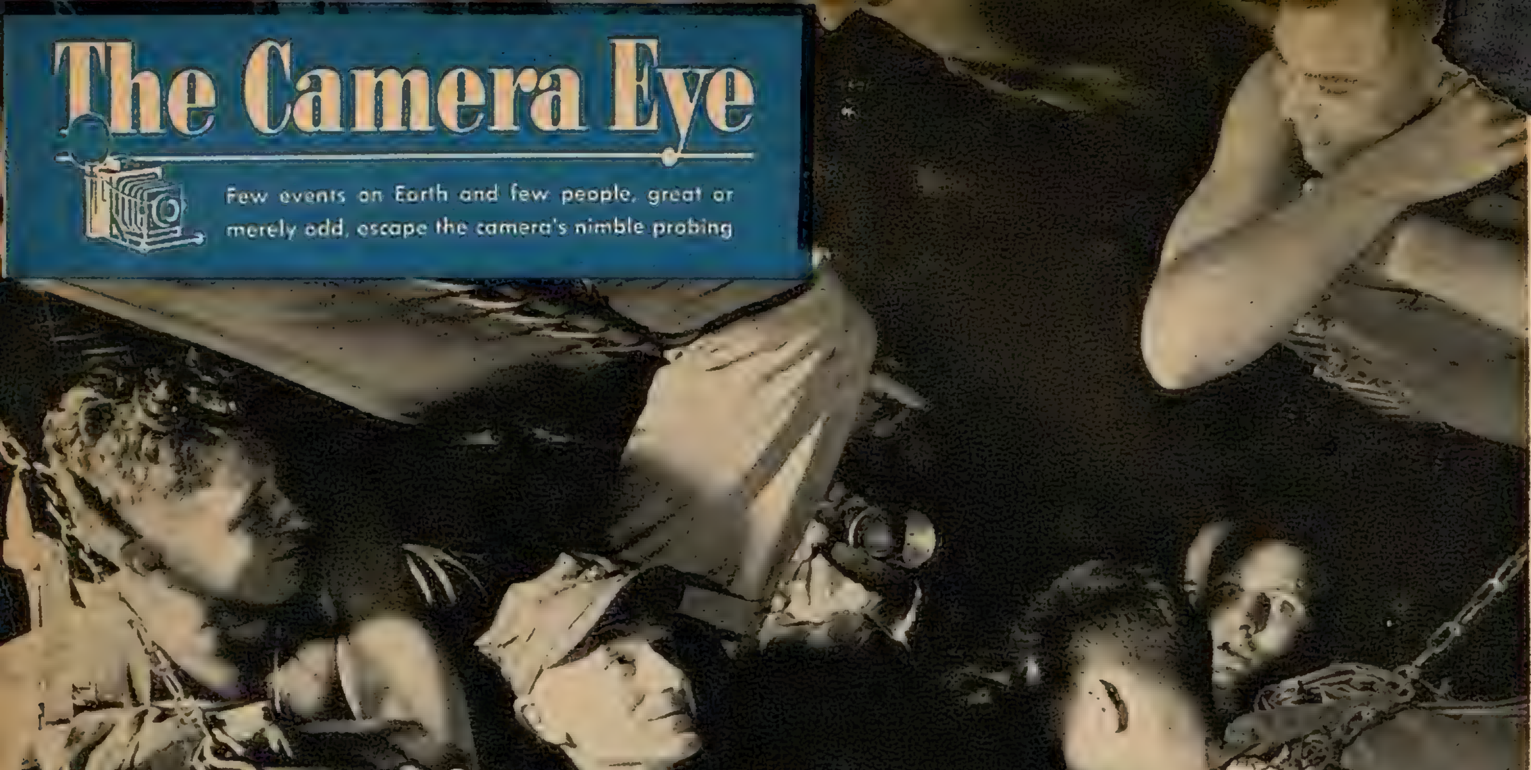
The hilarious story of two fighting men and a witchy

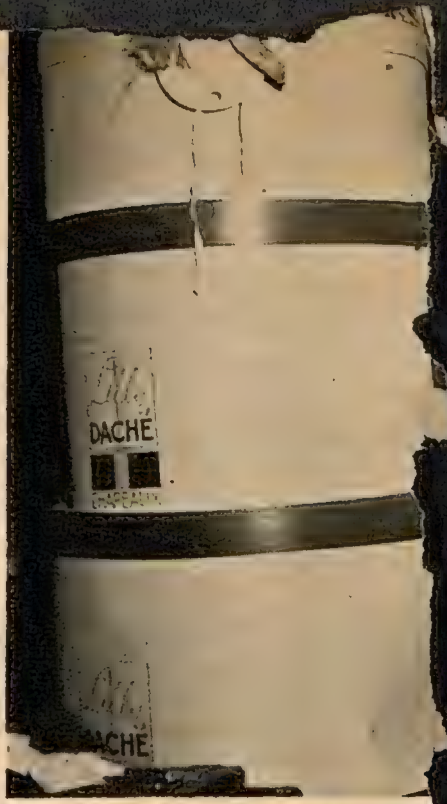
WAC who loved the smell of battle—any battle

BY NEILL C. WILSON

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

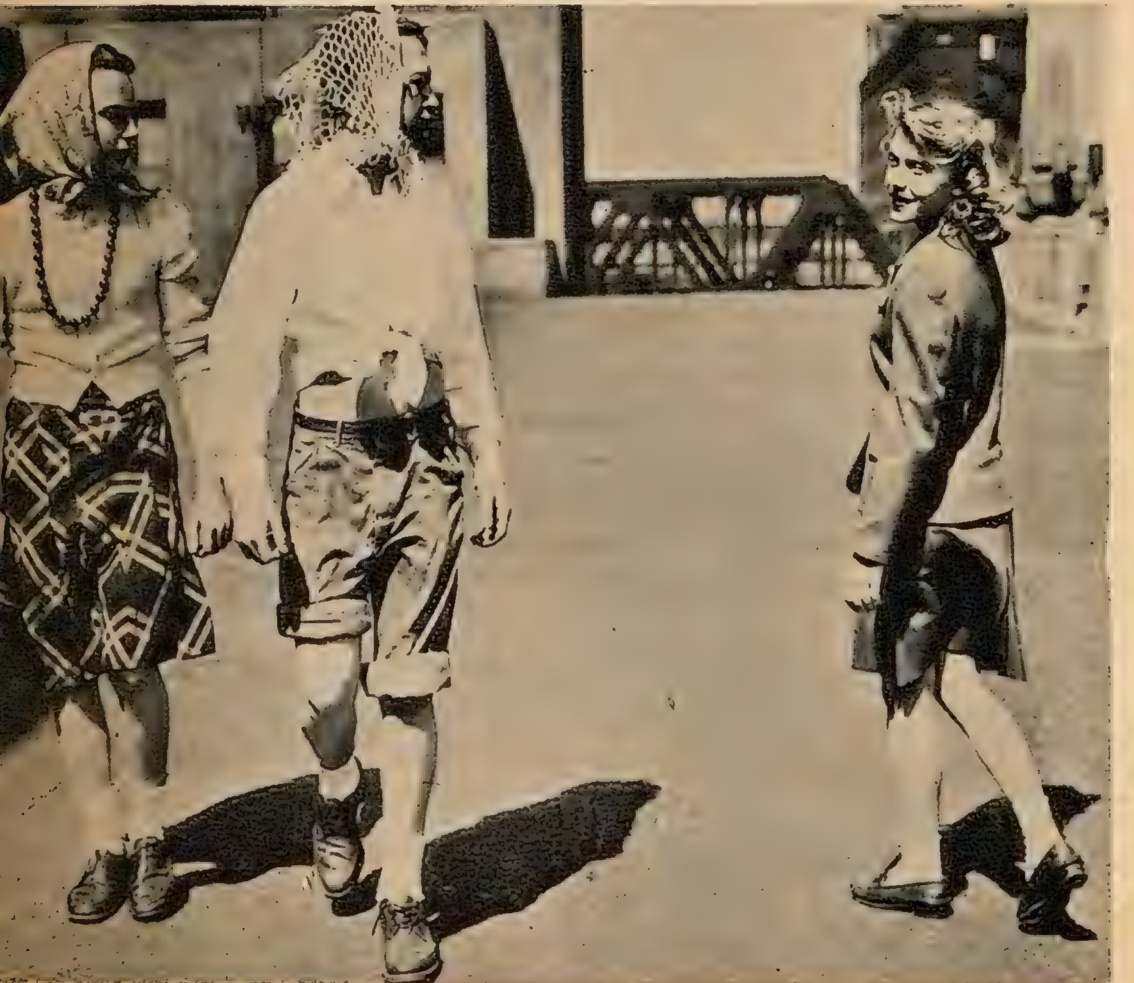




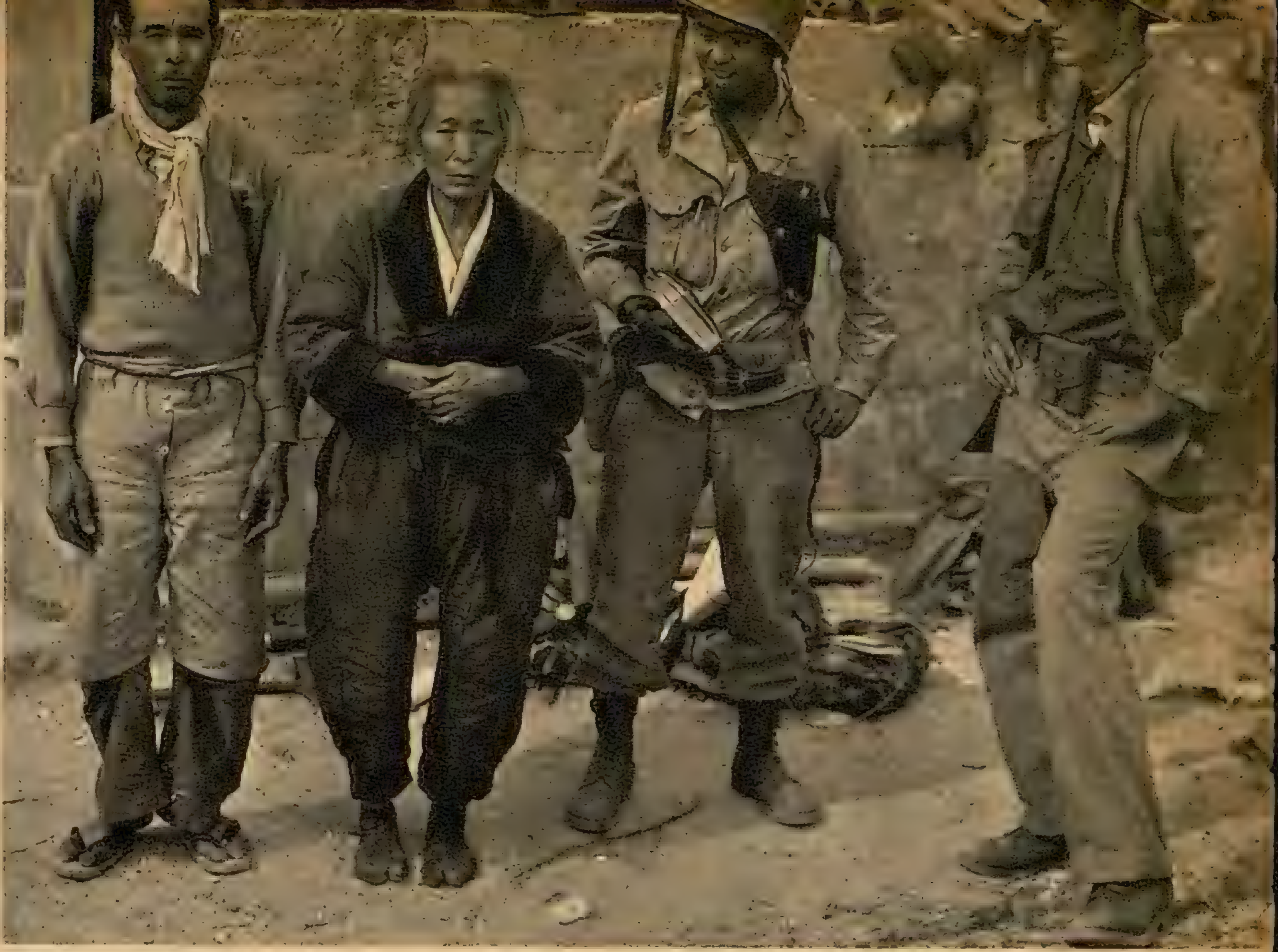
BLOWING HER TOPPER—In Chicago's Union Station, actress Maria Montez erupts after losing two costly hats. Husband, Lt. Jean-Pierre Aumont, glumly guards the remaining 19 pieces of luggage.

HE WAS TOPS—In a picture made only a few days before the popular correspondent fell under Jap fire, Ernie Pyle appears in a typical setting, chatting with marines aboard an Okinawa-bound troopship.

FOUR-MOTORED TAKE-OFF—One of quadruplets born near the English town of Great Missenden, this little lamb expresses his belief that spring is more than a season.

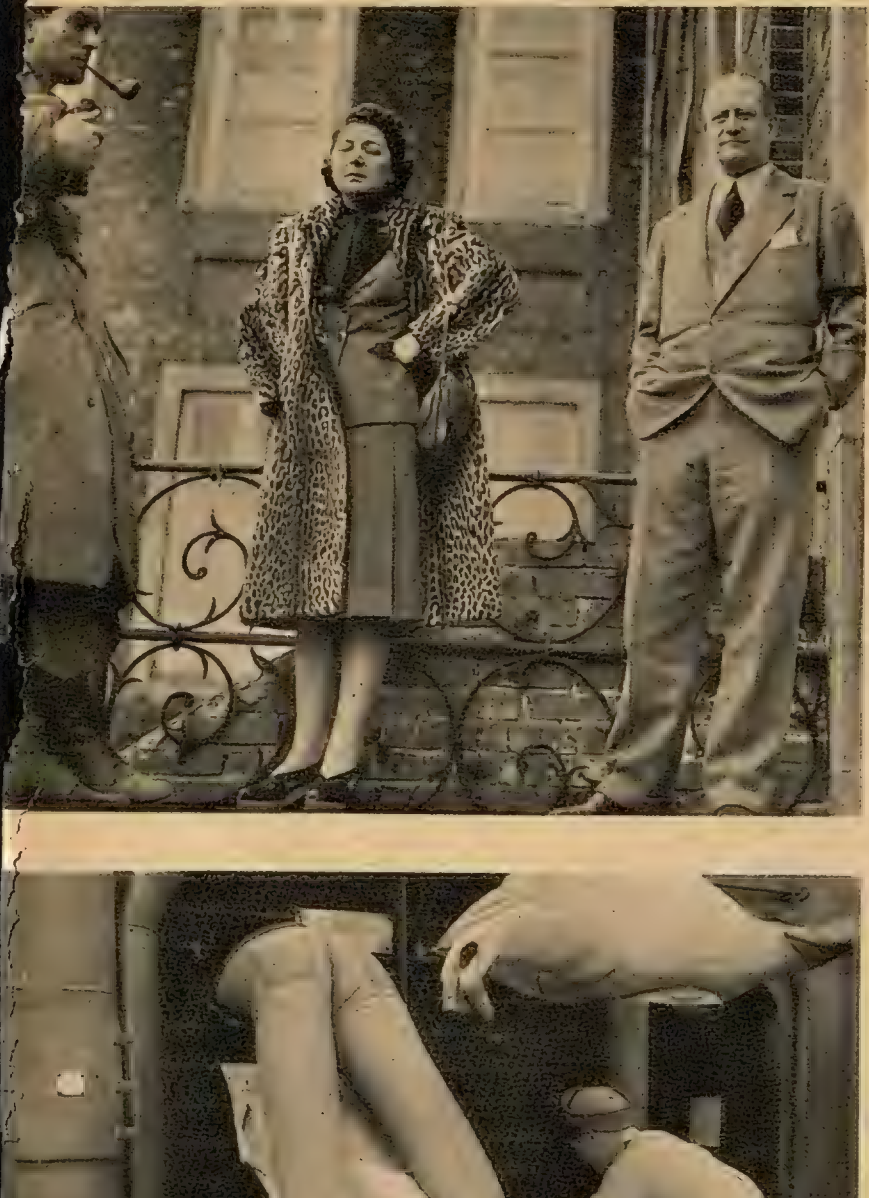


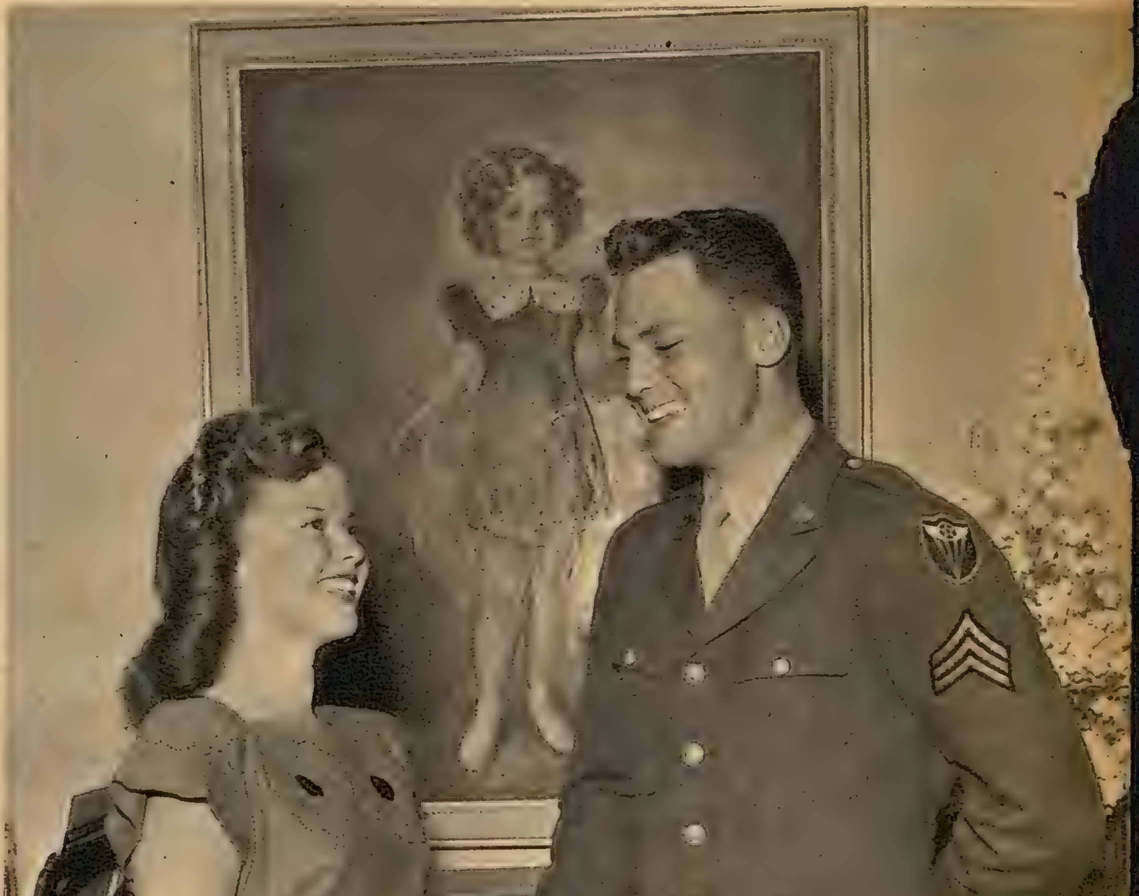
JUNIOR MESSES—Jim Carver and Roger Wilson of Evanston, Ill., High School dressed like this in scathing derision of bobby-sox fashions. Dorothy

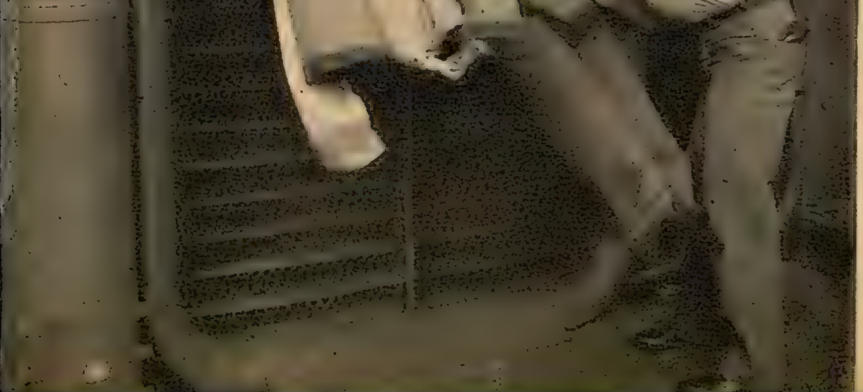


IS SHE BURNED UP!—When the U. S. Ninth reached Westphalia, Lt. Wm. C. Gibson of Revere, Mass. (left), asked Princess Arenberg, Queen Victoria's great-granddaughter, to vacate her 300-room palace. She disapproves.

STOICISM OR STUPOR?—The presence of Yank troops on Aka Shima in the Keramas, at Japan's very doorstep, fairly stuns this native couple.







NAVY BLEWS—This sailor aboard a U. S. battleship finds an ingenious way to dry his duds in a hurry by hitching them to the screen over the ship's airshaft.

TEMPLE BELLS TO RING—Recently engaged, Shirley Temple exchanges delighted grins with her fiancé, Army physical instructor Sgt. John Agar.

Chubby and cherubic, 250-pound Hugh
worked closely and effectively with President Truman on the Defense Investigating Committee. The partnership continues. Here's how Fulton came to be

Truman's Right-Hand Man

UNDER our system of Presidential succession, a man like Harry Truman steps instantly from comparative shadow into the blazing glare of public curiosity. Invariably, too, the spotlight focuses on his friends and associates. We tend to measure the new No. 1 man by those around him.

On his first morning in the White House, President Truman talked for a long time with round-faced, cherubic-looking Hugh Fulton. What they talked about they carefully kept to themselves. But the world, scrutinizing the new President's visitors, concluded that this thirty-seven-year-old lawyer with the look of a successful Wall Street broker would be Truman's closest adviser.

When he was making his reputation for fearlessness and forthrightness as chairman of the Senate's Defense Investigating Committee—the Truman Committee—President Truman had a working partnership with Fulton. The assumption that Fulton did all the work was wrong. They shared the job.

Fulton, chief counsel of the committee, and Senator Truman, its chairman, would meet almost every morning at eight in Truman's private office in the Senate Office Building. It was a cozy office as offices go, with the marble mantel and the walls fairly crowded with pictures of Truman's old Missouri cronies—including Boss Tom Pendergast, to whom the senator always gave personal loyalty.

Carefully the two men would outline the day's hearing. They would go over the evidence that Fulton's investigators had unearthed and then plot the line of questioning to be taken with the witnesses. Fulton's supreme gift was in making a case absolutely watertight. When he said it was buttoned up, it was buttoned up. Truman soon learned that, but he continued nevertheless to do the final checking and double-checking.

When Fulton first entered Truman's office, the senator's initial reaction was something like scorn. This young man with the pink-and-white face wore a derby hat, a little too big, that made him look even pinker and rounder. To a Missourian he had the air of a Wall Street slicker. The story behind that first meeting reveals the temperaments of both men.

Long before Pearl Harbor, early in 1940, Truman had made a speech in the Senate—a serious, carefully reasoned speech—pointing to the necessity for a watchdog over the spending of the billions that even then were beginning to pour out of the Treasury. In the other war, said Truman, we locked the barn after the horse was stolen. The investigations were held after the war was over—too late to stop the waste. Let's do it in advance this time, he said.

With Senate approval of his proposal, the Senator from Missouri started out to find a counsel who would carry most of the burden. Before he went down to consult with Robert H. Jackson, then Attorney General, he knew pretty definitely the kind of man he wanted.

"I don't want someone who will do a smear job, like the Dies Committee," Truman said. "And I don't want a man who will be nothing but a prosecutor. I want someone who can really dig into a mess and put the evidence together."

Jackson reflected for a moment. Fulton's name had come instantly into his mind.

"I think I have the man for you, Harry," Jackson replied. "His name is Hugh Fulton. But I hate to lose him."

Jackson had discovered Fulton in the Manhattan office of the then U. S. District Attorney, John T. Cahill. The Attorney General, like Senator Truman later, had been looking for someone to take on a tough assignment. A financial buccaneer named Howard C. Hopson had captured control of Associated Gas and Electric Co. and had pyramided it into a crazy structure that no one, not even Hopson himself, pretended to understand. Yet someone was going to have to find where the guilt lay. On Cahill's recommendation, Jackson named Fulton for the job and made him—at thirty-two—an assistant to the Attorney General.

Probing the ruin, Fulton displayed remarkable analytical powers. He made himself a kind of master detective of high finance to run down the thousand and one trails Hopson had left during his flier into financial piracy.

Hopson, enormously clever and resourceful, had a seriously atrophied conscience. But when he took the witness stand, Fulton led him straight down the road to the penitentiary. The young assistant to the Attorney General spun fine threads of evidence around belligerent Mr. Hopson until he was helpless. So tight was Fulton's case that the convictions were never appealed.

Jackson sent Fulton, then an assistant in the Department of Justice, to Truman's office. Afterward, when he had come to know Fulton's capacities at first hand, Truman admitted to Jackson:

"When I first saw him coming in the door, I thought you were playing a joke on me or had lost all your judgment."

The senator soon got over that first impression. Fulton talks rather slowly in a husky, rasping voice. You can see him think twice before he speaks. But when he does speak it is with knowledge and conviction.

Fulton's seriousness, his habit of concentration may stem from the fact that his parents were well along in years when he arrived. His father was David A. Fulton, a building contractor in North Baltimore, Ohio, where Hugh was born. The elder Fulton, of Scotch-Irish descent, served in the Civil War and died in 1916 at an advanced age when the boy was only eight. His mother, of Irish stock, died some years ago, aged seventy-six.

Able Hugh Fulton first displayed his abilities as counsel for the Truman Committee.

by

Marquis W. Childs

Hugh was uncommonly serious and preoccupied as a youngster and at the University of Michigan, where he got his A. B. (*magna cum laude*) and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Going on to the law school, he made other honorary societies and served on the Law Review. Little time was left for the usual "outside activities."

The bright young law-school graduate of 1931 got a bid from one of the great New York law firms, then Cravath and Henderson. The firm today is Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine & Wood (a name which a brash New Dealer once set to music), with connections reaching into many of America's greatest corporations.

These huge New York law firms are money-sweating behemoths that love to swallow up young lawyers fresh out of law school. But Fulton, laboring in the recesses of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine & Wood, showed marked resistance to obscurity.

ON one case Fulton met John T. Cahill, the most junior partner in Wright, Gordon, Zachry, Parlin & Cahill, another great Wall Street law firm.

For Fulton it was a significant meeting. Cahill was a rising figure. He had the friendship of Thomas G. Corcoran, the ebullient Tommy the Cork, then job-dispenser-in-chief to the New Deal. At that time the Cork was moving in and out of the White House with the greatest of ease.

Corcoran had come out of the same big New York law firm in which Cahill was to become a partner. In Washington, he began recruiting bright young lawyers in competition with the law corporations. Cahill was at Harvard law school with Corcoran and followed him into what was to become Wright, Gordon, Zachry, Parlin & Cahill.

In 1939, thanks in part to his friendship with Corcoran, Cahill was named U. S. District Attorney for the Southern District of New York, which is New York City. He promptly picked Fulton for his executive assistant in that important office. And when Attorney General Jackson was looking around for someone to handle the difficult Hopson case, Corcoran was one of those who recommended Fulton.

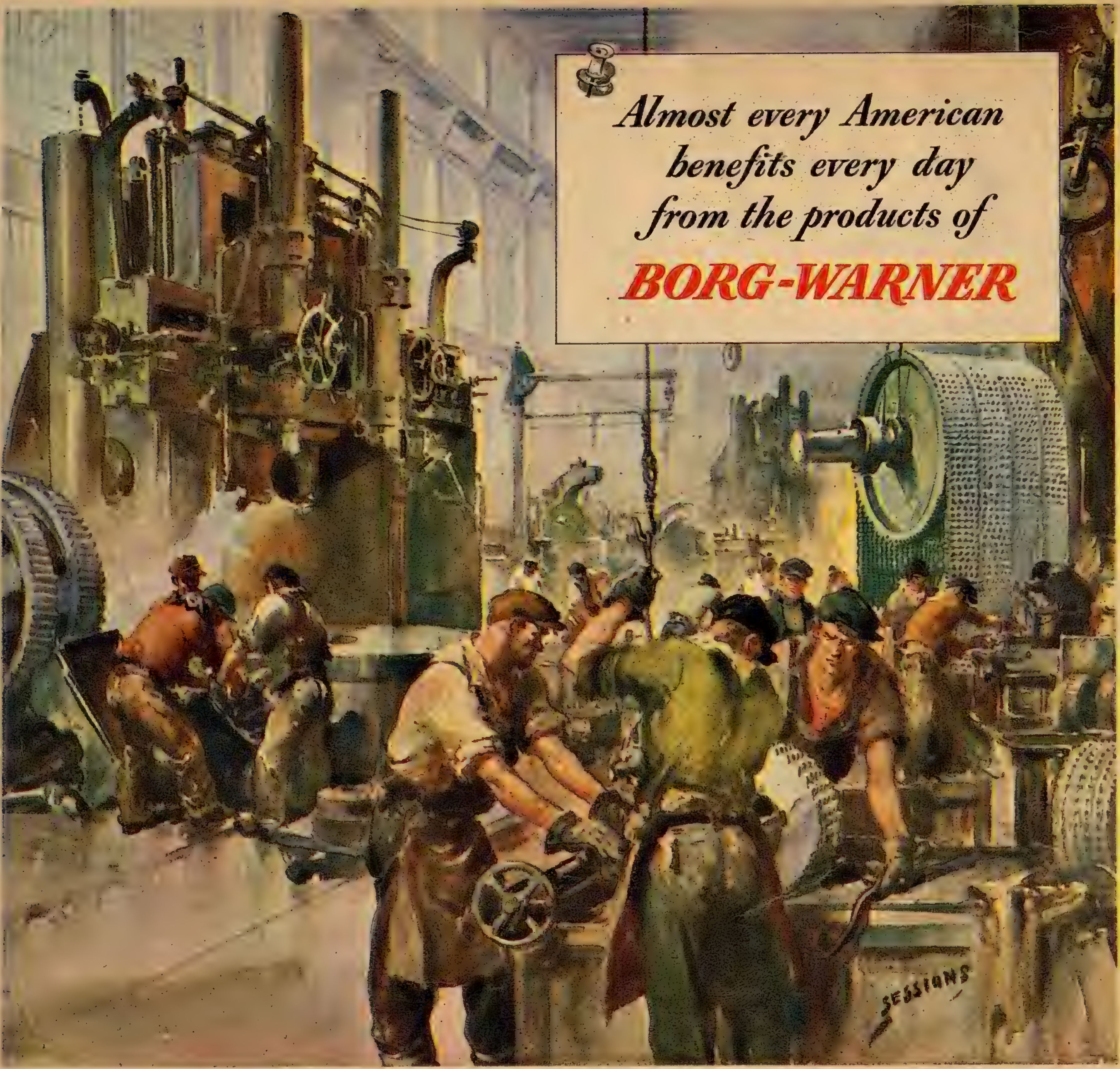
The legend of his close relationship with Corcoran has plagued Fulton. It arose on the dramatic occasion when Corcoran, at his own request, testified before the Truman Committee. He wanted to refute newspaper stories charging him with conducting in Washington—after he had left the government—a highly lucrative "influence business" with government departments in which many of "Tommy's boys" held key positions.

On this occasion Chairman Truman took

(*Continued on page 87*)

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTOS

Fulton, the keen young government lawyer, was Truman's quick choice for Presidential adviser.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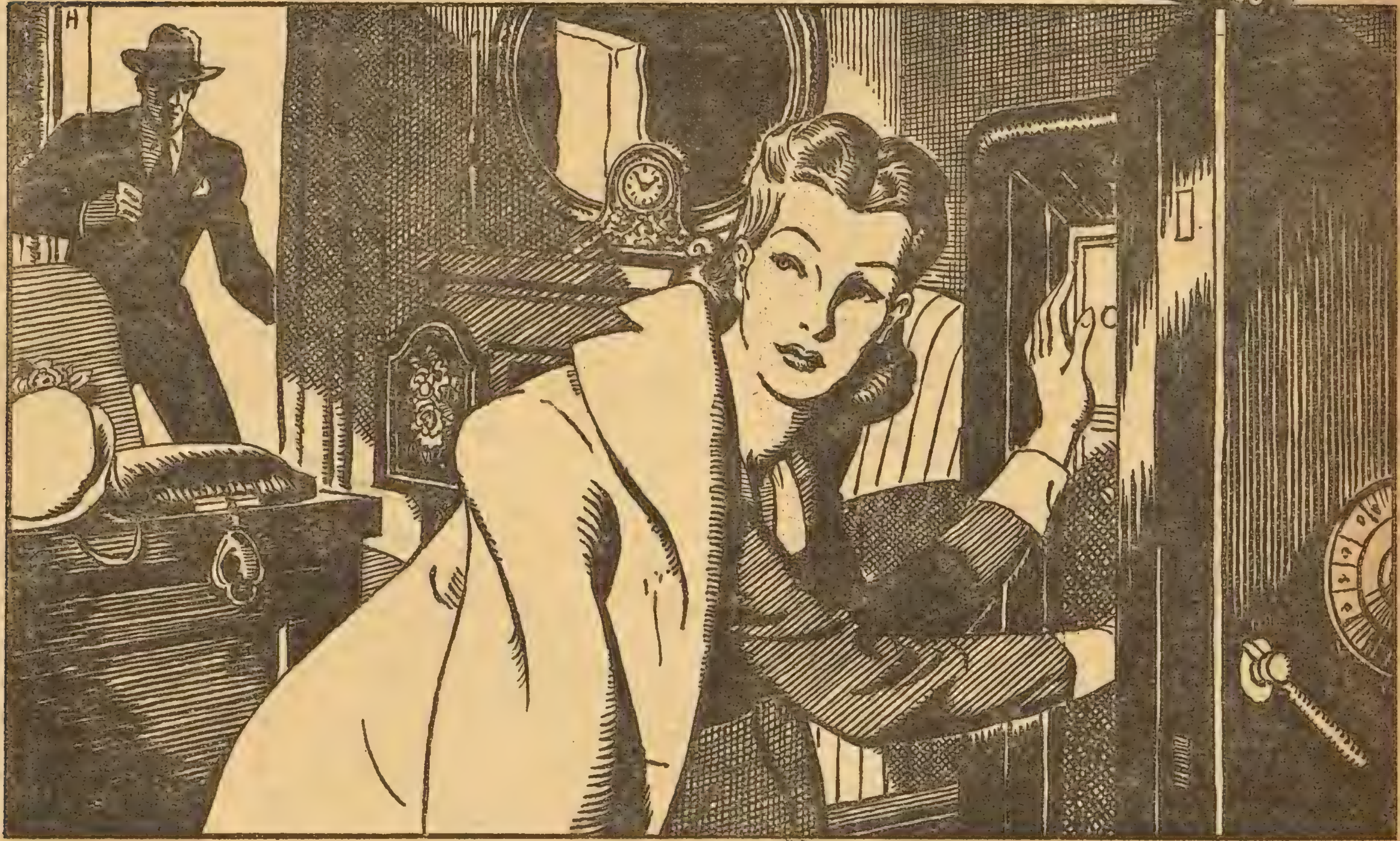
CRY WOLF

Mark Caldwell was either a cold-blooded murderer or a terribly realistic facsimile of one—yet Sandra had to share an isolated house with him, watching, waiting, matching wits . . . Cry Wolf is that delightful rarity, a sophisticated thriller.

BY MARJORIE CARLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING



SHE dodged agilely through the Harvard Square traffic, though the portfolio struck her knee smartly at every other step. The pleated skirt above the long slim legs swirled autumn-brown among the cars, eddying and subsiding like a bewitched maple leaf. She reached the safety of her street and fell into an easier stride. The twilight, unlike the permanent dusk of the Peabody Museum from which she had emerged, was punctuated with the late fall scent of forgotten bonfires and with windows whose glow was discreetly muted.

Sandra was almost reluctant to leave the street and start up the rambling walk that led to her grandfather's house. It was a famous walk, of course, and she had been reminded since childhood that its bricks were already warping with age when Longfellow had paid his first weekly visit. Grandfather, poor dear, was a bit of a snob intellectually. That judgment brought a smile to her wide red mouth and she burst into the house chanting at the top of her voice: "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807 to 1882! Give me an A plus, Dr. Marshall. Did you ever know me to remember exact dates before?"

Her grandfather's voice came with subdued petulance from his usual place by the library fire: "My dear Sandra, must you always greet me at night in some totally unexpected and absurd fashion?"

"Good for your circulation, darling." Sandra was unabashed as she crossed the room and kissed the top of his head. The fine-spun silver of his hair reached in groomed and shining vanity to his black velvet shoulders. "At ninety-two you should be annoyed at least once a day. Don't you think it's about time for at least one lamp?"

"I do indeed. Perhaps you would then observe that we have a guest."

Sandra paused an unstartled second, then switched on a lamp as a man came forward from the shadow of the bay window where he had been standing. He was blond, boy-

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ish, and intense. All these things struck her as she murmured an apologetic, "Oh, I'm frightfully sorry."

"Sandra, this is James Caldwell Demarest, son of a former student of mine."

She shook hands—students generally expected that—and added resignedly, "You'll stay for dinner, of course?" They always did. Sometimes she thought that at one time or another her grandfather must have dined all of Harvard Yard. But young Mr. Demarest shook his head.

"No." He said "no" on an odd, breathless note. "Thanks just the same. I simply wanted to consult your grandfather on a personal matter."

"Well, then, if you'll excuse me." Sandra pulled her scarf from sleek bronze hair and turned to leave the room, but Dr. Marshall halted her.

"Don't go. We want your advice, Jim and I, on a rather strange situation."

What's he up to now? Sandra wondered suspiciously as she seated herself. In her experience, Edward Copley Marshall, even at ninety-two, was very apt to be up to something.

"This lad Jim is named for his father," her grandfather began, "James Demarest, now deceased. His mother was Ellen Caldwell, also deceased. Jim and his young sister are therefore wards of his maternal uncle, Mark Caldwell."

"Wards?" Sandra raised polite eyebrows. "I hadn't thought you so young, Mr. Demarest."

Dr. Marshall was irritable. "Don't quibble. His sister, who is only seventeen, is still a ward. Jim, of course, is his own master—except as far as his inheritance is concerned. I'm coming to that. The Caldwells are an immensely wealthy family, all of them. Or were," he cackled suddenly, "before this fellow Morgenthau began picking pockets. Jim's mother left him more than two million dollars, and his sister about half that amount."

These were astronomical figures, and Sandra sat calmly under them. Now, if her grandfather had mentioned one thousand, all that she would need for the five months of the field expedition to Mexico . . . Her eyes dreamed.

"The trouble is this," her grandfather went on sharply. "According to his mother's will, Jim receives only an allowance until he is thirty or married. He wants control of his capital now, but he's just twenty-four."

"Well, that's simple. Why don't you get married, Mr. Demarest?"

The young voice replied hoarsely and gloomily from the shadows to which its owner had retreated. "I've been engaged. My fiancée broke it off with hardly a word of explanation. I have reason to think my uncle was responsible."

"Why should he want to break up your engagement?"

Dr. Marshall moved suddenly. "Really, Sandra, concentrate! As soon as Jim marries, his uncle will lose control over two million dollars."

"But you said the Caldwells were all wealthy."

"So they are. But Mark Caldwell is a scientist."

"Oh," Sandra nodded. That answered her question. No scientist knew anything about money except that he needed a lot of it and never had enough. Never. "What's his line?"

"Chemistry. His laboratory's in the house. He's doing some government work now. Very hush-hush, you know." Jim Demarest's voice sounded a bit sullen, as though she had side-tracked him.

She caught the tone and her voice was gentle. "I gather you only have suspicions of your uncle. Time generally clears up such things."

He came forward then into the lamplight and his hands were clenched.

"There's such a thing as giving time too much rope. I've been turned down by all the services here—a foot damaged when I was a kid. Just the same, I'm pretty sure I can enlist in Canada. But I don't dare. I literally don't dare go away leaving Uncle Mark in control of my money. Now, if I married before I enlisted . . . It's for advice on this that I've come to Dr. Marshall. I was young when my father died, but I remember him speaking of your grandfather again and again. And I'm beginning to have more faith in my father's judgment than in my poor mother's."

THERE was a silence and then Dr. Marshall spoke mildly: "It may sound a bit impractical, Sandra, but it's Jim's idea that he should marry some respectable young woman under a verbal agreement that she will divorce him after six months for desertion. You see, he really would desert her immediately after the ceremony. For this assistance in helping him gain control of his own money, Jim proposes to settle ten thousand upon this young woman at once, from his allowance."

Sandra's lips curled a little satirically. "Rather an ample allowance. Wicked uncles must have changed since I read fairy tales. Where are you going to find this paragon of respectability and cupidity? Through a matrimonial bureau?"

"That's where I come in," her grandfather said. "To advise him on the young woman he should select." His tone was complacent, and Sandra burst out laughing.

"You fraud! Do you entertain dashing damsels all day while I grub in the museum?" Then she stood up and her face sobered. "Don't think I'm unsympathetic, Mr. Demarest, but I'm afraid I can't be very helpful. So if you'll excuse me, I think I'll brush up a bit before dinner."

Dr. Marshall raised a slim hand. "What more do you need to know, Sandra?"

A sense of uneasiness gripped her and her tone was curt because of it: "Well, really, grandfather, why doesn't Mr. Demarest consult lawyers? Surely his uncle has to render regular trustee's reports! The whole thing sounds so foggy and fantastic and early Victorian." She smiled maternally at the young man. "Go ahead and enlist and forget this marriage business. I'm only twenty-two, but take it from me, any girl who'd marry a stranger for such mercenary reasons shouldn't be trusted half as much as you'd trust your uncle."

James Demarest nodded slowly. "I've thought of that," he said. "That's why I didn't canvass any casual acquaintances but came to your grandfather instead." He hesitated. "Perhaps the right type of girl could think of it this way: that if I died in the service, she had helped to make my sister independent. For Julie will be my principal beneficiary." Sandra's face was still noncommittal, and he went on: "May I change my mind and stay for dinner after all? Perhaps this evening you'd let me give you a little more rounded picture." His eyelids were heavy now, as though he were suddenly tired. "Through circumstances beyond my control I have no real friends, but my father told me that no one ever left this door without having been helped."

"Of course you can stay and tell me about it," Sandra said. And then added with a twinkle, "I must warn you about the way grandfather helps people. It's by seeing to it that they do exactly as they want regardless of convention or morality. That's why everyone leaves here as happy as a cricket and then spends a lifetime wondering how he could have gotten into such hot water after such excellent advice from the eminent Dr. Marshall!"

Her grandfather ignored that. "By the way, Sandra, you haven't spoken of it lately, but I was wondering today. . . . Is it this month or next that the field expedition to Mexico starts out?"

THE next night Sandra brought a glass of hot milk to her grandfather's bedside and set it down with a thump on the table. For once she did not gaze away as he adjusted his teeth in a furtive little scurry, but glared at him.

"Mr. Demarest just phoned and wants to see me alone tomorrow," she announced. "I won't have you throwing me at his head, do you hear?"

"He asked you to call him Jim."

"I'm tempted to call him all sorts of things. You too. Why are you encouraging him in this crazy scheme?"

"His mind was all made up before he saw me," Dr. Marshall defended. "You know that. He's the most intense, determined youngster I've ever seen." He punched the pillow to bring his head higher. "Sandra, he's going to marry someone."

"Well, it won't be me!" Her ungrammatical defiance brought no correction and she sat on the edge of the bed and stared at him curiously. "Grandfather, does money mean so much to you? It doesn't to me."

He closed his eyes. "Then you are a fool," he said quietly. "If I had had money for my private research fifty years ago, I'd have been another Pasteur, instead of a doddering crock living on the fringes of the university's generosity."

"Darling, you're famous!"

"Famous for theory, not proof. Proof takes money." His mouth twisted ironically and he opened his eyes. "I have never wanted nor acquired money by illicit means, Sandra. Your marriage to Jim would not be illicit in any way. . . . No, wait a moment. A young man wants his inheritance, is entitled to it. And a certain young woman could use ten thousand dollars to secure her future and her career. No personal relationship is involved."

"You seem to be sure Jim's story is true."

"Some of it is, at any rate. I've made extensive inquiries today. The money is there all right, and it goes to Jim and his sister, as he says. But I'm a bit dubious as to whether his ideas of his uncle are correct."

"You made inquiries? What's Mr. Caldwell like?"

"Which Mr. Caldwell? I find there are two. Senator Charles Caldwell, fifty-one, formerly a corporation lawyer, now a rather substantial prospect for higher political office. The Supreme Court, no less. The uncle to whom Jim refers, another Caldwell, is much younger than his brother. Only thirty-six, I believe. He's the trustee."

"What's he like?" Sandra asked again with a little premonitory stir of uneasiness.

"A chemical genius apparently. Professor Langdon speaks of him with positive reverence. A certain government official has asked the university to allow Caldwell to use its every facility and, if need be, with utmost privacy. Of course he has an exceedingly well-equipped laboratory of his own, though no one's been invited to visit it lately. War work."

Sandra looked thoughtful. "He doesn't seem to be any more likely as an embezzler than the senator. Yet when Jim went into more detail last night, he almost had me convinced." She went on: "It seems odd that if Jim is determined to get married, he wouldn't go to someone he knew, whose background he knew."

"He has already been jilted very abruptly by a young woman who was a part of his circle of friends. Obviously he is anxious to go outside that circle to avoid humiliating gossip. And if it is true that his uncle did break up his engagement, all the more reason to pick a strange young woman who couldn't be approached by Mr. Caldwell."

Sandra nodded uncertainly. She stood up, and going to the window, lifted it to release a night moth. A dried leaf blew in and rustled dully against her hand. She picked it up and looked at it absently. Yes, it would be winter soon, with grandfather cooped up in a drafty house instead of sunning his old bones in Florida. Winter soon, and she herself patiently classifying and sorting in the museum while other graduates were gathering material and experience in Mexico. Mexico—what would they find in Mexico?

IT is such a placid landscape in comparison with Mexico's, Sandra thought as she watched the New England April unwind slowly along the train windows. Her usually fair skin was a smooth deep tan, scarcely lighter than her hair, so that the other passengers, stealing surreptitious looks, became conscious of their own pallid just-after-the-winter faces. Yet Sandra would have been pale, except for the tan. She felt pale. Those months in Mexico had been memorable, yet she shouldn't have gone. How could she have forgotten that grandfather was ninety-two, and that even a mild cold could strike disastrously at that age?

Was he really safe now, as they had assured her? Her heart shook a little as she thought of him lying there in the little Florida bungalow. Even as she had crossed the plane gangplank, she had almost turned back. But she hadn't, because of him. If he had been well enough to have been told what had happened, he would have ordered her to go. It was part of the pact that he, as well as Sandra, had made with Jim. After all, it was Jim's money that had kept grandfather alive, that was keeping him alive.

Now she had to face alone a situation that at best would be awkward; at worst, tragic. The clipping she held in her hand was ordinary enough in its contents. It simply announced that James Caldwell Demarest, aged twenty-four, had died at his uncle's home, Willow Miles, in Reed's Crossing, after a brief illness. Funeral services, attended only by the immediate family, would be held Thursday; flowers omitted, by request.

"He is survived by his sister, Miss Julia Demarest, and by his two maternal uncles, Mark Caldwell, eminent scientist, and Senator Charles Caldwell, recently mentioned in connection with a Supreme Court vacancy."

No mention that James Demarest had been married nearly five months. No mention that he had enlisted in Canada. Had he given up the idea, or had he been taken ill while on leave? What had happened to his plans? What had happened to that apparently airtight will that he and her grandfather had so painstakingly prepared? She had a copy in her capacious handbag. Could it be that Jim had never deposited the original with a bank or attorney? And, in any event, why hadn't he told his family, his uncle, of his marriage? Wasn't that the whole point of his marriage?

Her mind kept running like a squirrel in a cage. Let's see. If Jim hadn't married, his inheritance would have automatically gone to his sister. There again, Julia's uncle had complete control of her capital until she married or reached thirty. The conditions were even harder in Julia's case. If she married without her guardian's consent before her thirtieth birthday, all but a modest annual income would go to the Caldwell Research Foundation.

The train sighed and halted, and Sandra rose. She caught a glimpse of herself in the car window. Smart black suit with a hint of beige ruffle at the throat, a shade repeated in the loose gloves; an expensively demure hat. Not bad at all, even if a ruffle at the throat together with her slanting eyes made her look a bit like a prize Persian. A pity her mouth wasn't Persian, little and mewing and sleek. But it always betrayed her with its width and candor.

FAR down the room into which the butler showed her she saw the man, saw the closely cropped brown hair and the even browner hands which supported his forehead as he bent over some papers on his desk. The rugs were soft and deep, and Sandra moved across the space almost convinced that he was as yet unaware of her presence. Even as she thought this he rose and, touching a chair which faced his, stood looking at her gravely as she advanced the last few steps.

This was Mark Caldwell, the man who, if Jim had been right, would prove her bitter enemy. He was tall, she noted, for he loomed over her, and she herself was more than five foot six. He was slim too, with the broad-shouldered leanness of a man to whom athletic activity has been as automatic as breathing. But it was his eyes that held her, for they were a startling slate gray in the duskiness of his face, and they were eyes that held a knowledge and a disillusionment beyond his thirty-six years.

"We are in mourning here at Willow Miles," he said quietly, "so I assume your business is important. Please sit down."

Sandra hesitated a second after seating herself and then blurted out the words as she had rehearsed so often on the train. "My maiden name is Sandra Marshall," she said, "but my married name is Mrs. James Caldwell Demarest. I'm your nephew's widow."

For a long moment the room held silence, a silence charged with ominous vibrations. Sandra saw in the man's eyes—and she had nerved herself to see that look—an expression of shock, a quick anger beneath which her own eyes held steady. Then he looked past her, and his words, when he did speak, conveyed no emotion beyond that of a polite incredulity.

"That's a most interesting statement," he said. "Perhaps our mutual condolences might be postponed until I hear more of the facts."

"I came here to give you the facts," Sandra said just as quietly. "Where shall I start?"

"At the beginning. Take your time. I shan't interrupt."

Her first decision to throw all her cards on the table, confront the man defiantly with all Jim had suspected, had been instantly discarded when she actually met Mark Caldwell. It would be foolish to show an antagonist of this type that she knew him to be such. After all, Jim's eagerness to secure his inheritance, and her own Mexican opportunity would be sufficient reasons for their hurried marriage, at least as plausible as a good many of the war marriages nowadays. No reason to put this man on guard against her immediately. So while she told the broad facts she omitted all portions of the explanation which had to do with Mark Caldwell himself.

When she had finished, he said, "So my ward married you because he wanted to come into his money immediately, and with his marriage my control over his inheritance would terminate. Isn't it a bit odd that he didn't come to me and ask for an advance of any amount he wanted?"

"Is it odd?" Sandra repeated innocently. "If you were legally bound by the clauses of the will, you could hardly have made him any large advance without violating your trust, could you?"

MARK threw her a swift doubtful look but made no more comment on that score. "I presume you brought your marriage certificate with you."

"Here it is."

For a moment there was only the sound of the parchment rustling in the man's brown hands. Then he looked up. It was a direct, mildly astonished look. "If I'm not mistaken, you must be the granddaughter of Edward Copley Marshall. A great man, one of the foremost scientists of his day."

"Yes, my grandfather."

"Well, Mrs. Demarest, we may as well be frank with each other. Of course you'll assume, and rightly, that I must have the record of this marriage checked. But according to you, it was solely a contract of convenience. It was no real marriage?"

"No," inaudibly.

"According to my sister's will, Jim's sister would have inherited from him automatically if he died unmarried. Things are a bit changed now. Do I understand that you intend to claim a widow's rights?"

"I shall claim the rights left me in his will," Sandra said.

"He left no will."

"I don't know where the original is, but I have a copy." She drew it from her handbag and watched him study it. His face was expressionless. "You see, it doesn't change things much, after all, does it? In spite of Jim's marriage, his sister gets the bulk of his money. The only difference is"—she gazed blandly out the window—"I am executrix until Julia is eighteen. Then she'll have it with no string attached, unlike her own fortune."

For the first time his courteous veneer cracked and he exclaimed almost explosively, "But this is only a copy! No signatures!"

Sandra was plaintive. "I do hope we find the original. Otherwise I'll have to claim entire rights, and then go through the boresome business of turning most of it over to Julia when she's eighteen. The important thing is to follow out the spirit of Jim's will, isn't it? And fortunately we can do that legally, whether his original will turns up or not."

He said abruptly, "Suppose we leave the inheritance question for another time. The funeral is tomorrow. You'll stay over for that, of course?"

Sandra simulated astonishment. "But I have nowhere else to stay." It was true enough, she thought defensively, for she had rented the Cambridge house. How could she hope to get at the real state of affairs unless she could stay here, at least a few days? She must talk to Jim's sister. Perhaps, after all, Jim had been wrong. As little as she had known him, she had seen that Jim was high-strung, sensitive to a fault, in spite of his charm and very real generosity. Two men could hardly be as temperamentally opposed as this uncle and nephew.

"This estate is not your husband's," Mark Caldwell said a trifle dryly; "but please allow me to be your host until Jim's affairs can be straightened out. You'd probably like to go to your room now, for dinner's to be served rather early tonight."

CONSCIOUS of a great lassitude, almost an indifference, as though the graph line of her courage had dropped suddenly, Sandra slipped into the black crepe, gave the bronze hair one last gleam with the brush, and went down.

The room where Mark Caldwell was waiting was small, really the breakfast room, she noted, catching sight of gaily painted chairs and an open fire. He turned at her entrance and smiled.

"The family's so small now, that Julie and I choose to eat here generally," he commented. "A bit more cheerful than the state dining hall." As he spoke, a small flaxen-haired cyclone burst into the room, spun by Sandra, and braked in front of Mark. An imperious hand thrust a letter under his chin.

"Do you see this letter, Uncle Mark? It's my letter! Mine, do you hear me? And you opened it! That's a federal offense and I could have you arrested!"

Mark grasped her shoulders lightly and swung her about to face Sandra. "We're not alone, Julie. This is your sister-in-law, Sandra Demarest. Jim's widow."

"But I didn't know he was married!" She hardly seemed to acknowledge Sandra's murmur. "Neither did you, Mark! You can't tell me you did."

"I'm glad to know you, Julie." Sandra finally made herself heard. "May I call you that?"

"Of course. I'm stunned, I'm speechless! Welcome to the family, Sandra. You're going to live here, of course?"

Mark got a word in there: "Calm down, little one. Mrs. Demarest has had a rather trying day. And dinner's waiting."

Julie flounced into a chair and pressed the buzzer as he seated Sandra. "Now look here, you're not going to get rid of me like that. May I ask what right you have to read Ronald Manning's letter to me?"

"I wouldn't be bothered to read it. I simply wanted the young puppy's address."

"Why, may I ask?"

"To tell him you're not in the field for proposals for a few years."

Julie spooned her soup furiously. "I suppose you expect me to spend my life stuck in this rotten old village, miles away from everything!"

"Not at all. How's Mexico, one of these days?" He shot a look at Sandra. "Your sister-in-law can give us all the tips on where to go. I'm afraid my only experience there has been painfully tourist. By the way," he added deliberately, "may I call you Sandra? It's a bit more natural, under the circumstances." As Sandra nodded rather stiffly, he grinned. "Julie calls me Uncle Mark only when she's annoyed with me, which is nine tenths of the time. I hope you won't punish me that way."

"Would I have any occasion to punish you?" she asked coolly.

"You might." Their eyes held each other for a second.

When coffee was served, Julie jumped up. "Let's take it upstairs and have a gabfest, Sandra," she suggested. "Mark always likes the laboratory after dinner anyway. By himself."

Mark said mildly, "I thought maybe you two would join me tonight."

But Julie shook her head. "No. I never had a sister before, and we can't get acquainted with you around." On the stairs she said in a stage whisper, "Let's go to your room, do you mind? I'm so crazy to hear about everything, but we'd never get rid of Marta. She's my old nurse and the housekeeper now, horribly hard to snub and running in and out of my room all the time."

Half between amusement and embarrassment, Sandra found herself marshaled rather than conducted to her room. Once there, Julie snapped the lock and plumped herself on the floor beside the fire.

"Were you terribly in love with Jim? Tell me everything!"

Julie's volatile, childish manner was evidently habitual, and yet somewhere behind those china-blue eyes, Sandra thought she could see a tired, unhappy look. Young as Julie was, she might be a girl difficult to deceive. Sandra drew a long breath and, as prosaically as she could, retold her story as she had given it to Mark. If Julie asked for more, Sandra would tell it.

"You haven't said how Mark took your news. I'll bet he wasn't too happy," Julie said.

"Why should he be?"

Julie looked around, a quick nervous glance. "Perhaps I shouldn't say anything, but, after all, you're Jim's widow, aren't you? The last time he was here, months ago, he was awfully bitter against Mark. He'd just announced his engagement and he told me Mark was against it. Then the engagement was broken off. I've often wondered if Mark did it. I could guess why he'd want to. There's the money, you know. He's doing some frightfully important work for the government."

"Then the government is probably staking him."

Julie said dryly, "Government money isn't generally shelled out until an invention is completed and proved, is it? Maybe Mark wanted to hang on to Jim's capital until he could be sure his invention would be profitable. Maybe he's even spent some of that capital."

"You're simply guessing."

Julie's eyes flamed. "I have a pretty good reason to suppose I'm right. I'm seventeen now, old enough to have some friends of my own age. All my life I've been brought up with governesses. I'm supposed to go to college this fall, but whenever I've mentioned it, Mark has been vague as the dickens. My application isn't even in."

"But, Julie, all that isn't so terrible."

"Well, there's something else. Mark took me to a dance a while ago—quite a departure for him—and I met a man there—Ronald Manning—and we're keen about each other. He came to call on me twice, and then Mark said I couldn't see him any more, that I was too young to be interested in men."

"Your uncle's a little old-fashioned," Sandra admitted.

"Old-fashioned! He's only thirty-six and he's traveled a lot, while I was shut up here with a bunch of stuffy governesses. I'm not asking to get married, though goodness knows I may have to elope to get out from under. You know what I think? I think Mark doesn't want to give me any chance to get interested in any man! He wants to use my money as well as Jim's!"

"YOU'RE making him out a monster, Julie," Sandra said quietly, though her heart was beating at a rapid rate. "Was Jim ill long?"

"Only three days," the girl answered. Then tears flooded her eyes. "I wanted to see him so badly, and I never did until he was gone. He came late one night and I was sure I heard his voice in the library. But when I went down, Mark said Jim had gone to bed ill. He was worse next day. They put him in the laboratory that night and I wasn't allowed to go near."

The laboratory, Sandra had observed, was a wing at right angles to the length of the house. Its inner wall, which faced on a courtyard, had neither window nor door. Directly under the windows of the wing ran a canal that disappeared into a culvert under the stable land. Its depth, blackness, and turbulence perhaps deserved a more dignified name than canal, for the water looked still untamed. Whoever crossed it would have to do so by means of the narrow iron bridge that ran directly to a small door set in this western wall of the wing. The line of windows, great plate-glass affairs, obviously lighting the laboratory, was set high above the door, and not a single balcony or even gutter pipe broke the prisonlike expanse of the wall.

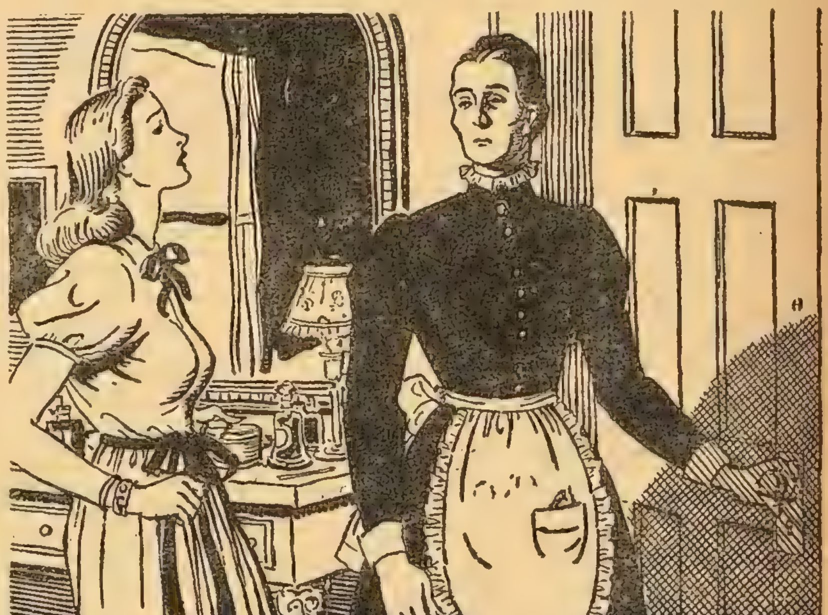
The wing was about as approachable as a moat-guarded castle, unless one had a key to the small door at the bridge, or to the heavily padded door into the upstairs corridor of the house.

Sandra was casual. "Will you show me that wing tomorrow? I'd like to see where he was when he was living."

Julie's eyes were round and shocked. "Oh, I couldn't! No one goes in there ordinarily, except Mark—and Becket, of course, to clean up. He's really the butler now, but he's been with uncle years and he takes care of those rooms himself. But I can show you Jim's own rooms, the ones he always used. Would you like to see them now?"

"Tomorrow, please. I'm fearfully tired."

When Julie had gone, Sandra undressed slowly and tumbled into the great four-poster. With eyes staring into the darkness she went over and over the day's events.



With an impulse she couldn't afterward explain to herself, she jumped from bed and, switching on the night light, slipped into a negligee and thrust her slender feet into small satin mules. It was after midnight, she noted swiftly. She'd go down and sit beside Jim's coffin until dawn. Someone, even a very selfish, egotistical someone like herself, could wait it out with him.

The great hall below was dimly lighted. Even though the whole household was very evidently abed, she disliked going through Mark's library. There must be an entrance from the hall into the room where the body rested. She found it quickly and opened the noiseless door. Shaded lights were burning in the room. For a long time she stood beside the coffin. Almost against her will, her hand moved out, pulled back the silk net which lay over it. With that obscuring softness gone, every line in the face looked sculptured. Even the heavy lashes seemed fastened there by skillful fingers.

She bent closer. That scar above his eyebrows—it seemed more livid than in life. How could that be? Closer and closer she leaned, then, on a quick indrawn breath, stretched out her hand, touched boldly the cheek, the lashes, the firm chin. There was a chair near by, and she sank into it before her knees should buckle under her. . . . The body that lay there tricked out in the panoply of death was no body. It was an image in wax.

Shaking with cold and shock, she fled up the stairs to the warm safety of her own room.

DURING the brief funeral service the next afternoon Sandra sat with bowed head and expressionless face. Her mind was working swiftly enough, yet to no purpose. Come on, Sandra, if you're convinced, walk right up there. Walk up and demand to touch that face if you're so sure.

Who was it said, "Sometimes it's easier to die than to make a scene"? True enough.

It was like swimming in the lethargic grip of a nightmare to watch that lid close. It was too late now. Too late. She was conscious that Julie had gently touched her arm, and then that they were entering a limousine.

As they came up the steps on their return from the private vault on the estate, Mark spoke to them in a low tone: "Sandra, would you and Julie come into the other room and speak to Mr. Davenport? He's the lawyer who's handled the legal end of Jim's affairs."

But at the door of the drawing room he allowed Julie to step ahead of them and laid a detaining hand on Sandra's arm. "I've told Davenport about you," he murmured, "and he's anxious to know if you've said anything to Julie about the will business." Sandra shook her head, and Mark looked relieved. "Good. Everything's so uncertain that there's no use stirring her up about things. Davenport knows of several Boston banks where Jim may have kept a private box besides the one we knew about. But it will take a bit of doing and a good deal of red tape."

As he came forward to meet Sandra, the lawyer gave her one quick glance, then looked away, even as he spoke. "A granddaughter of Dr. Marshall. H'm, very nice, very nice indeed. Please accept my sympathy for your unfortunate loss." The words were as casual as though he had offered her a box of candy. "You're staying on here?"

"For a day or two."

MR. DAVENPORT frowned at Mark. "Only a day or two? Really, I can hardly accomplish anything very satisfactory in anything under two weeks; even a negative report."

Sandra said quietly, "The Cambridge house is rented now, but I'll send you my Boston address as soon as I know what it is."

For the first time Julie showed some interest in the conversation. "Why can't you stay on here?"

Mark said, almost reluctantly, "Yes, why not? At least for a couple of weeks. Perhaps by then Davenport's office will have some information for us."

Julie slipped a hand through the lawyer's arm. "Davvy, don't you try to do Sandra out of Jim's money." Her voice was jocular, and he patted her hand.

"Couldn't if I wanted to, little one, because your uncle Mark is the financial brain. I'm just the legal beast of burden."

A few minutes later, after some perfunctory conversation, Davenport left. Sandra thought with acrid amusement, That's the only reason we had to meet. Mark wants me to stay on longer, and he had to use Mr. Davenport to manage it. And Julie. But he put on a good show of not giving a hoot himself. Why does he want me to stay? Is he getting suspicious that I'm suspicious? She felt a little chill, as though some reverberation reached her from those moments in this very room the night before.

She had just two weeks to find out whether Jim's money had been fraudulently used, and whether Jim himself had been liquidated when he had discovered the fraud.

The next week slid by serenely, even with a sort of contentment; as though it had been entirely lifted from the context of past and future and must be accepted for itself. Mark took the two girls on at tennis several times. Julie in shorts didn't look a day over twelve, her hair bright in the spring sun and her eyes as blue and untroubled as a mountain lake. Once Sandra, following Mark's look, knew suddenly how he had loved the child Julie who had once given him unquestioning affection and who had never threatened his financial sovereignty. She could guess back to the years when he had still believed in his own integrity because it was yet untried.

That evening Julie begged off from the usual threesome at rummy. "I'm going to climb into my pajamas and catch up on my radio listening." She drifted from the room.

Mark and Sandra played absent-mindedly. When Sandra had won the game and pushed back her chair, he made no motion to rise, but sat there, shuffling and reshuffling the cards. "Sandra," he said suddenly, "what did you come here for?"

For a moment Sandra was tempted to be frank. Come on, his eyes seemed to be saying, let's match confidences. Tell me what's troubling you. I can straighten it out. Sandra picked up a cigarette and thought, As soon as it's lighted, I'll tell him. Now that he held the match flame for her his eyes were even nearer, more insistent.

Then Julie returned and perched on the arm of Sandra's chair. Her blonde curls spilled over the shoulders of her Chinese lounging robe. "Before I park for the evening, Mark, I just thought I'd tell you I hope I don't get the scare I got last night."

"What was that?" His voice was even, but his expression was definitely annoyed at the interruption.

"Something woke me up. A sort of scuffling noise, and it seemed to come from just inside the door to the laboratory wing. And then—I wouldn't swear to it, but it sounded as though someone cried out, just once."

Mark threw back his head and laughed. "One of your annual nightmares. There's not a soul in that wing now, and you know it."

Julie insisted. "First some feet kind of shuffled. It didn't sound like just one person. And there were little thudding sounds as though people were wrestling and hitting the door once in a while. And breathing noises."

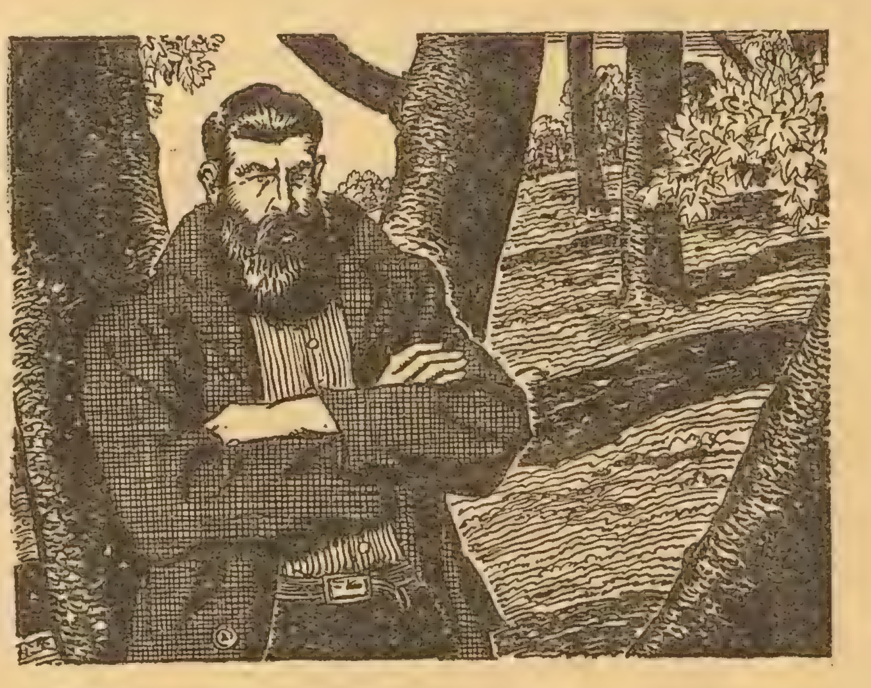
"You couldn't hear all that from your room," Mark said sharply, and now the smile was wiped from his face.

"No," Julie said slowly. "I sneaked out into the hall and listened near the door. I heard what sounded like a low cry or exclamation or something. Not a scream."

Sandra couldn't conceal her interest any longer. "Did you hear anyone say anything?"

Julie shook her head. "No. The door is almost soundproof."

Sandra felt her pulse pounding. What if Julie had come in even a few minutes later! There was no candor in Mark's eyes now. They were veiled, opaque.



"Isn't that weird! What do you suppose it was, Mark?" Her tone, she thought, showed just polite interest.

"I'll tell you exactly what I think it was, but Julie won't like my explanation." His regained composure even had a touch of amusement in it. "I think she had a nightmare."

Julie stood up. "I don't know," she said uncertainly. "Well, good night again."

"I'm going to turn in, too," Sandra said swiftly.

"So early?" he asked, and she nodded without looking at him. One narrow escape was enough.

SHE spent the next day in her room, alleging headache, but planning to go down to dinner. She would put on the bronze-gold taffeta. It made her look sophisticated, and she felt an urgent need for that confidence. Hair high and the barbaric Mexican earrings . . . there! Even Mark's eyes couldn't abash the bland creature who looked back at her from the mirror.

She went to Julie's door and knocked. Julie was sitting on the window seat, her face a distorted frown, her heels kicking the woodwork viciously. She jumped up at Sandra's entrance. "Why, you don't look ill at all! I've been so bored all day! no one to talk to, nothing to do. It only needed a funeral to make this house the last straw! Don't look at me like that. You know I adored Jim, but everything's so beastly. I could jump out a window."

Sandra smiled, but inwardly she was despairing. Did she dare trust this mercurial youngster who was sometimes a languorous-eyed sophisticate and sometimes a tantrumy selfish imp? Didn't Julie confide too readily, forgive too easily, to be told a secret that might mean life or death? But after all, if it were Julie's life or death too?

"Listen, Julie," she began. "You said sometime you'd show me Jim's old room. How about now? Or would that just depress you more?"

"I'd love to. I was just ugly because I was lonesome."

Sandra found herself shivering as she stepped across the threshold. It was a large room, a combined bedroom and study, as cheerful and ordinary and crowded with conglomerate objects as are the majority of rooms in which a male has lived from hobbyhorse days through college years. Beyond it was a bath. The place was neat now.

"Looks like a barracks," Julie said discontentedly.

"I suppose everything's been cleaned out of his desk?"

"Yes, but all his old snapshot albums and other stuff of that sort are probably stuck away in his closet. I'll look for them if you like." Sandra nodded and continued to study a crew picture. It was difficult to trace any resemblance between the man she had known so briefly and this young face squinting against the sun. Julie threw open the closed door and gasped.

"What a mess! Well, I suppose Marta thought Mark and I would want to go over things. Here are the albums." She yanked so vigorously at the dusty books piled on the high shelf that she was almost submerged by an avalanche of them. She perched on the arm of Sandra's chair.

"Look! Isn't this one a scream?"

"Is that Mark?"

"Yes. He's grown quite a bit thinner these last years. Used to be on the stocky side. You know he was fullback in college and his nickname was Hurricane. Here I am with him. I was only ten then."

"He seems to have done his share of sticking around with you youngsters," Sandra murmured. Julie shrugged.

"Oh, Jim and I used to be crazy about him. But as soon as Jim was old enough to be a little independent, Mark made him feel the apron strings all right." She sighed. "I really think Mark did care about us when we were little and he didn't have to worry about our money coming to us. Money! Sometimes I'd like to tell him to take the lot and I'd get out. But when he looks at me a certain way, I'm just dough. Then he talks me around and we start the vicious circle all over."

Julie stood up and began pacing the floor with her long swaying stride. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. She leaned down and seized Sandra's hands. "Oh, Sandra, don't let him talk you around. Between him and Marta I haven't drawn a clear breath until you came. I haven't had a chance to tell you before, but I was locked in my room last night. That wasn't a dream. Why did they do that? It frightens me. Something terrible has been coming closer ever since Jim died. I feel it, I feel it!"

SUDDENLY she flung herself down and buried her head in Sandra's lap and burst into tears. Sandra's voice was soft but imperative: "Julie, keep a stiff upper lip."

Julie struggled to her feet and tried to smile. "I'll try, honestly. Will you pick up these things while I bathe my eyes?" She hurried from the room. Sandra gathered the albums together. She felt thoroughly discouraged with the only instrument to her hand—an adolescent, excitable child, an adorable spitfire. It was a heavy responsibility she was taking on herself to fill that receptive mind with a new and terrible puzzle. Yet it would be a great responsibility to leave Julie in ignorance.

She crossed to the closet and swung the heavy books one by one to the high shelf. Tall as she was, it was still a task, and she leaned against the wall with one hand while with the other she shoved the volumes back so that they wouldn't slide to the floor. As she did so, the wall gave beneath her hand.

What she had taken to be a solid wall was merely a door connecting two similar closets, a door which had a high shelf on each side. Since the unlocked door opened the other way, her weight and the weight of the books had made it swing open. She felt for the knob and pulled the door shut again. Then she returned to Jim's room.

It had windows on two sides, and from one she could look diagonally across to the laboratory wing. This room adjoined the wing. So it followed that the second closet into which she had almost fallen belonged to a room in the laboratory. It seemed hardly possible that with all his precautions Mark should have left the farther door of that closet unlocked. It was almost too much to hope. Did she have time to try it now? She entered the closet again, and pushed carefully against the inner door. It swung open. The farther closet was pitch dark, but she felt for the key to the connecting door. Now it was in her hand. Should she keep it? No, that would be too dangerous. She knelt down and slipped the key under the edge of the straw matting.

"COME on, Sandra," Julie urged when they had finished dinner that night. "Let's have another shot at Jim's albums."

Mark looked genuinely disappointed. "No gin rummy tonight? Or how about letting a mere man join you up there? I dote on albums."

Julie shook her head and blew a kiss at him as they walked into the hall.

In Julie's room Marta was engaged in sorting and mending lingerie. Julie interrupted her impatiently. "Let that wait until tomorrow," she said. "You can go now for the night. I won't want my hair brushed."

"I could do the clothes in the other room, Miss Julie," Marta pointed out. "And you know there's not a night been missed brushing your hair."

"I shan't want you again tonight," Julie repeated, and Sandra saw that she was keeping her temper with an effort. Marta moved to the door, her expression unchanging. Julie followed her, very deliberately removed the key, and held it up in front of Marta. "Let's keep the key on this side of the door after this, Marta. Good night."

"Good night, Miss Julie—Mrs. Demarest." Marta left, her face still imperturbable.

Julie locked the door and turned with a flushed face. "Doesn't that prove the door was locked last night? If Marta didn't know anything about it, she'd have asked me what I meant. Old Stony-face!"

Sandra looked at her dubiously. "Perhaps you shouldn't have said anything. Now they know you're on your guard. Well, there's no use worrying about that. Julie, I'm going to put all my cards on the table for you tonight. Maybe I'm wrong to do it. But right or wrong, if I do tell you, you'll have to promise you won't do or say anything without talking to me first. Agreed?"

Julie's eyes were very round. "Of course. Go ahead."

There was a long silence. The words caught in Sandra's throat, and she searched her mind for some sign, some intuition that these words—irrevocable after they were spoken—should nevertheless be said. Yet how could she hesitate to use any means to safeguard Julie? So in a steady voice she told the girl what had been buried in Jim's coffin.

Julie's voice was husky with strain and horror. "I can't believe it, I can't! Sandra, what are we going to do?"

Sandra stood up. "Let's find out right now if the closet to the laboratory room is unlocked. We can pretend to be looking at the albums. One of us can watch the corridor while the other is in the closet." They crossed to Jim's room.

"Which of us watches?" Julie's eyes burned with an eager light.

"You. I'll go through and see what I can find. Cough if you hear anyone coming. Toss me the matches." Sandra pushed open the inner door of the closet. A dim glow filtered through from Jim's room, but she almost extinguished that by closing the door until an inch was left which would let her hear any warning cough from Julie. Then with trepidation she struck a match. Her pulse beat high as she laid a hand on the knob of the farther door. Slowly it gave. Silently she closed it and re-entered Jim's room.

"He's alive, Julie," she asserted. "We've got to believe it. And now we know the way is clear to make sure. Go to bed and get some sleep if you can. But be ready for me sometime between two and three in the morning. I don't believe they'll try to lock your door again tonight. But make certain. Lock both the doors yourself and take the keys out. I'll tap just twice on your bedroom door."

SANDRA didn't dare try to take a nap because she was so tired that the alarm clock might not waken her. So she shampooed her hair, manicured her nails, and then tried to settle down to a magazine. Finally she looked at her watch. Quarter past two.

She opened her door quietly. The corridor was empty and she slipped across it quickly to Julie's bedroom and tried the doorknob. Good. Julie had taken her advice and had locked the door. She gave two quick light taps on the panel. There was no answer. She knocked again. Still no reply. She didn't dare rap any louder. So she knelt and put her lips to the keyhole.

"Julie!" The room beyond remained silent as a grave. Her hand brushed down the door and suddenly met an obstruction. She gasped. About two feet from the floor a small padlock had been placed where it was least conspicuous. Sandra rose to her feet, her mouth stern, and tiptoed down the hall. Yes, there was a padlock on the door of Julie's sitting room too. Why hadn't Julie roused the house when she had found she was locked in again? Without giving herself time enough to lose courage, Sandra slipped down the hall and into Jim's room. She opened the closet resolutely and pushed against the farther door. It had been locked from the other side.

Her first disappointment gave way to sheer fright. What if Mark were listening on the other side of the door right now? She hardly knew how she got back to her room. Though she had been so tired before, all sleep had left her now. But she undressed and lay there in the dark. Suddenly there came a sharp tattoo on the door. Sandra stifled a shriek. The sound came again, more peremptorily. Finally she found her voice.

"Who is it?" she called huskily.

"It's Mark." His voice had a strange harsh note in it. "Will you please dress and come out as quickly as possible?"

When she opened the door the corridor lights were blazing. Mark was leaning against the wall, and his color had so ebbed that his usual tan had become ivory. He looked at her and his eyes were vacant wells.

"Sandra," he said, "you have a great deal of courage, and you'll need it. Julie has met with a terrible accident."

"How terrible?" Sandra's voice was a mere whisper.

"She is dead."

Sandra pressed her hand against her mouth. He was watching her closely, and she dropped her eyes before that haggard face.

"Apparently she tried to climb from the balcony outside her bedroom window by means of a sheet rope. The rope broke. The terrace underneath the window is stone."

This was all a nightmare, a dream of horror. What did it matter what she said?

"You devil," she sobbed, "you killed her!"

In a single motion Mark had gripped her wrist and bent over her. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"I meant what I said. You locked her doors. If you hadn't, she wouldn't have tried this."

He released her wrist. "Maybe I was to blame," he said dully. "I only meant to keep her from running away with Ronny Manning. I had reason to think they were planning an elopement."

And that's a lie, Sandra said to herself viciously. You know very well, Mark, that you'd fixed it so Manning wouldn't dare go near Julie again. She broke into hysterical laughter. "Wise of you! So much better for Julie to be killed than to elope!" Then she steadied herself. "May I see her?"

"No. We're waiting for the doctor. In such cases there are formalities. But you can go to her room now and see how it happened."

The room was strewn with clothes and lingerie as though Julie had packed a suitcase hurriedly.

Mark said, "She threw her suitcase down first. It's still there, smashed open, of course."

Sandra stepped out on the little iron balcony. She leaned over the railing. The gray false dawn made the terrace visible. A dark shapeless object lay there. Near it was the twisted line of the second sheet which had unknotted from its mate, and at a little distance the suitcase spilled its contents on the stone.

"Here's the doctor now," Mark said. His voice had regained its customary control. "I'll have him leave you a bromide if you want. Or perhaps you'd rather sit out the rest of the night with me."

Sandra watched the dimmed lights of a car swing up the drive. "I want to hear what he says."

Mark followed her silently down the stairs. In spite of the judgment in which she held him, she felt a queer brief pity. He hadn't been able to conceal his indifference to Jim's fate, whatever it had been, but now his suffering face testified that he had made a terrible discovery. He had discovered that he had killed something he loved.

They went out on the terrace. Marta stood with folded arms beside that little crumpled heap; Becket, the butler, at a respectful distance.

"Is she disfigured, Marta?"

"No, ma'am. It—her neck was broken."

Mark had met the doctor and two other men in uniform. The four were coming toward Marta, their voices hushed. Sandra walked over to the suitcase. She deliberately tried to concentrate on it. She mustn't go to pieces. Two dresses, step-ins, brassieres, toilet articles, pajamas, and several slips. That's odd, she thought. Julie had scorned slips in favor of brief little petticoats. And that object at Sandra's feet was the remains of a cold-cream jar. Sandra bent, then straightened up with excitement. It was her own! Julie had borrowed it several times, but it was incredible that she would have appropriated something which she knew had belonged to Sandra's mother. Sandra had told her that, when Julie admired its silver top.

However Julie had died, it wasn't because she was trying to elope. Someone had wanted it to look that way. Someone else had packed the suitcase. Mark, of course. Marta would have known better than to put in the slips or the jar.

"Perhaps you'd better go in now," Mark said suddenly. "They are going to take her away for a few hours."

"Is there going to be an inquest?"

"The doctor I called is the coroner," he said. "Now that he's made his examination there won't be any more formalities of that sort. Please go inside."

SHE stepped through the French doors into the library and closed them behind her. She felt sick, but she set her teeth firmly into her lips as she sat down in an armchair in a dim corner.

Suddenly she was leaning forward, staring through the window. Perhaps only from this odd angle of the room could she have seen that shadow silhouetted against a tree far down the driveway—the shadow of a huge bearded man—waiting. His immobility was terrifying, as though he concentrated and symbolized all the horror that had culminated in these last hours.

Sandra opened her lips on a scream that was never uttered. Instead her head fell back against the chair.

When she opened her eyes, full daylight was in the room. Had she fainted? And why? The bearded man didn't even raise any echo of fright in her mind now. She glanced at her watch. Nearly seven. If she were going out on the terrace again, it had better be at once.

The flagged stones beneath her feet were slippery with dew and the first drift of misty rain. From the terrace dipped a stretch of lawn toward the stables and garage, but beyond that she could see the black ridge of the seemingly endless forest. A day or two ago that forest had been green gold, brimming with the first wine of spring. Now it lay inert, seemingly frozen again into its winter immobility. She looked about her.

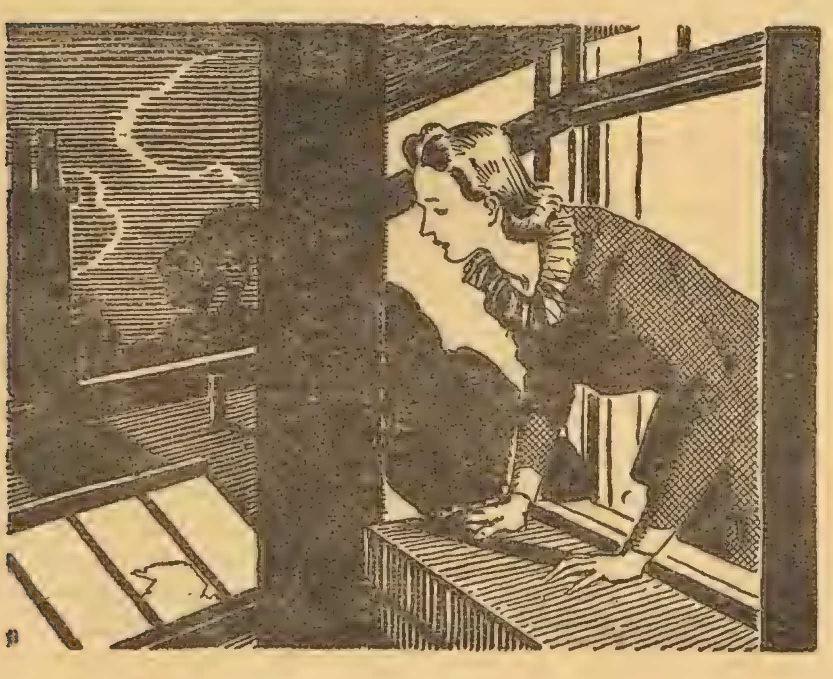
That crumpled pathetic object was gone, of course, but the sheet, the scattered clothing, the broken suitcase still lay there. Since the coroner was satisfied—Sandra's mouth set tightly—there could be no possible objection to her handling anything.

She retrieved the silver top of her cold-cream jar, for she had so pitifully few mementoes of her mother. Then she turned back into the house. At her bedroom door she hesitated. Such a terrible silence from those rooms across the way. She saw that the padlocks had been removed. She entered her room and lay down.

THE rain had settled to a steady downpour when Sandra awoke early in the afternoon. Perhaps the lashing torrent against her windows had finally awakened her. She yawned, stretched comfortably, and knew by the rested serenity of her body that she had slept well and dreamlessly. She knew, too, from the sadness that hung over but did not blur her thoughts that her mind had recovered its delicate balance between a frenzied tenseness and an unnatural indifference. She realized, shamefacedly, that she was actually hungry.

She rang for a tray, and when it came disposed of the fruit cocktail, the creamed mushrooms and toast, and two cups of coffee. Then she pushed the table aside and curled up in her chair with a cigarette. It was time to consider quite a few things calmly.

In the first place, Julie had not been trying to elope. The cold-cream jar and the slips settled that point for Sandra. Then it followed that her neck had been broken either in her own room or somewhere else. It could hardly have been an accident if it had happened in her own room. Then she thought of the padlocks. Marta or Becket must have placed them sometime during the evening. Perhaps Julie had heard the first one being attached and she had stolen through into the other room, slipped out, locked the door, and made her get-away before the second padlock had been placed. She might then have thought of investigating for herself the closet in Jim's room. That door, which Sandra had found locked after her talk with Mark that evening, might have been open when Julie found it. The child had gone into the laboratory and had been discovered! That was why the closet door was now locked!



If she could only get into the laboratory! She had heard Mark say he would be in town during the day, making funeral arrangements. . . .

With decision Sandra threw off her negligee and dressed in a warm tweed suit and heavy boots. A little felt hat crushed down over her eyes would be some protection against the driving rain. She pulled on her gloves and left the room.

Becket bowed as he swung open the heavy doors of the vestibule and assisted her down the first step. The doors clanged to immediately, but Sandra wondered if there were eyes which followed her progress. When a curve of the drive took her out of sight of the house, she cut across the rolling lawns and the farmlands of the house so that she might approach it from the back, from its western exposure.

In ten minutes she came to a stop beside the brook which acted as a miniature moat for the laboratory wing. It was not until she happened to step back a pace that she noted an odd fact. The ground around her was strewn with glass, thick opaque glass with jagged edges. The pieces were mostly large, as though the material had not shattered easily, and some of them were exactly square. Of course. It was the glass of a skylight. Someone had swept the broken fragments from the flat roof of the laboratory.

Steadying herself to a reasonable pace, Sandra made her way back to the house. She mounted to the third floor. At the end of the corridor she stopped at a window. Breathlessly she listened. There was not a sound from any of the rooms. Only the servants slept on this floor, and they would all be downstairs at this time.

She pushed open the window. About two feet below her was the flat roof of the laboratory, and there, discernible in its whole area, was the rectangle of the skylight. Its glass was broken over an area about three feet square. She swung herself out of the window and found the firm roof beneath her feet. Then she approached the skylight.

The room beneath was dark, and at first Sandra could distinguish nothing. Then, as she knelt down and peered over the edge, she could see a portion of a large divan. Dared she call? No. If Jim were there they would never leave him alone unless he were unconscious or gagged.

Could she get into the room? Only by jumping, for the sides of the skylight were so jagged with glass that she could not swing from them. The divan was providential. She would count ten; at the end of that count she would jump.

". . . eight, nine." She jumped.

For a moment she sprawled on the couch, then hastily stood up. At the same moment her arms were gripped tightly by someone who had moved from the shadows behind her.

"Is it your practice on rainy days to jump through skylights for your necessary exercise?" The voice was Mark's.

"I hate and despise you." Sandra spoke dispassionately.

"We'll talk in the other little room. It's getting so dark now, I can hardly see your face."

Then, with the swiftness that characterized many of his actions, he whirled her around several times. When his hands steadied her again her head was dizzy and her eyes had lost all sense of direction. But she made no comment and suffered him to keep his hold upon her as he led her across a pitch-dark space. When they had moved out of the radius of the skylight, bulky shadows confused her straining eyes. Then they paused and she felt the grip on her arm slightly relax.

"I shall have to blindfold you lightly now, I'm afraid, as we are going to pass through a room which at the moment holds some of my business secrets. It will only be for a moment."

Sandra submitted. She did not even resist when he clasped both her hands in one of his behind her back, and propelled her gently forward. Silent as was the surrounding space, she had a conviction that they were not alone, that eyes were observing their progress. Was one pair of those eyes Jim's, imploring?

DOORS closed quietly behind her. Presently they were descending some stairs. Then she was seated on a couch and Mark removed the bandage.

"I'll turn on the lights shortly," he was saying, "but perhaps we could come to a better understanding as we are. Why did you jump through that skylight? I had been watching you for some minutes, but I couldn't believe that you were actually going to attempt it."

Her voice held a convincing tone of mixed shame and defiance. "What I did wasn't out of sheer curiosity. I was strolling around the place, trying to get some of the cobwebs out of my mind when I saw a man going across the bridge to the door of the laboratory. A bearded man. I thought you were still in town, and I decided to tell Becket about it."

"Go on."

"But when I walked right up to the brook I saw a lot of glass around, evidently glass from a skylight. So I thought I'd look out the third-story windows and get a little more data before I reported to Becket. You know the rest."

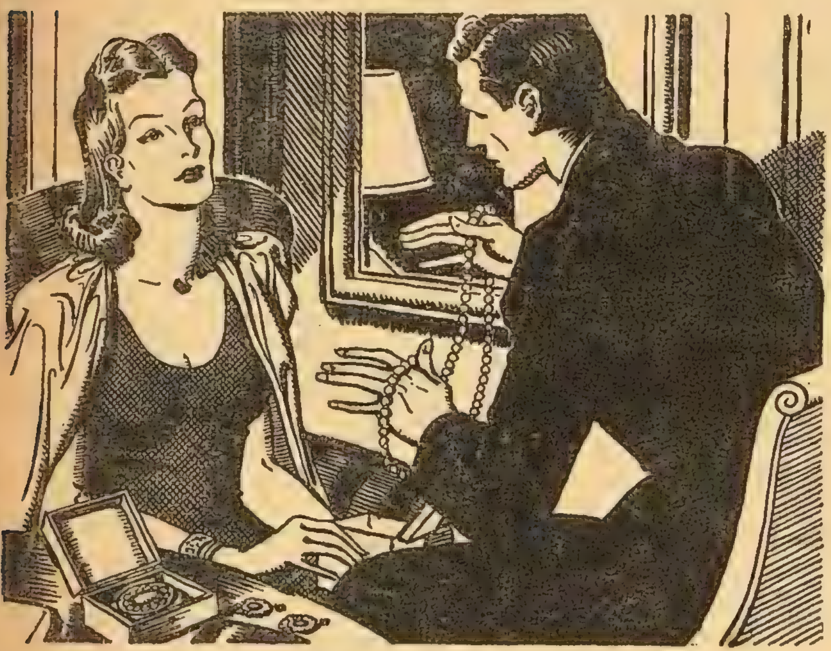
"Rather foolhardy, weren't you, jumping unarmed into a dark room after a possible burglar?" Mark's voice was dry.

"I judge from your being here that it was you I saw, after all."

"It was I." The response was a little too quick, she noted, and felt a little thrill of triumph. Then the bearded man *did* have free access to the laboratory, and that part of her story had passed muster for a time.

"It's been a frightful day," her voice was half a whisper. "Do you think you can forgive me and let me go to my room?" Mark's hand tightened on her arm.

"I'm going to kiss you, and for that kiss you can go free for a time. After all, your story is a bit thin in parts, isn't it?"



"You wouldn't try to humiliate me on this day when Julie has just died. There are decencies."

"Are there?" His tone was tired and sardonic. "I've forgotten. There has been so much death and so much tragedy. But you, Sandra, you are going out into the world very soon with your little pockets properly lined and your pretty eyes on the lookout for more prospects. Somehow I don't think your lips will remember long."

He turned suddenly and she found herself in the grip of his arms, felt her head bend back under the pressure of his lips. They touched her hair, her cheek, her neck. Just as suddenly she was released. Half crouched as she was, she heard Mark's footsteps stumble across the room, heard a door open and close.

Her questing hands touched a table. There was nothing on its surface but a lamp. She searched up its base for the button, and pushed it tentatively. Light sprang beneath the amber shade. She was standing in her own room.

IN less than twenty minutes, Sandra saw, she must confront Mark at dinner. She showered and dressed. She started to leave the room, then turned back to pick up her mail. Three letters. The two from Florida she skimmed through, then laid them aside to be read more thoroughly later.

Grandfather was stronger, that was the important thing. And he had seemed quite satisfied with the explanation that Sandra's temporary absence was due to the fact that the Mexican material must be classified. The doctor's brief note confirmed the nurse's more voluble letter.

The third letter was in a strange hand. She glanced at the signature and the paper shook a little in her fingers as she read:

"My dear Mrs. Demarest:

"We leave Camp Devens tonight, so if I'm to say anything at all, this is my last chance. When Mr. Caldwell explained why I should wait a few years before seeing Julie again, his reasons seemed good at the time and I accepted them. Now I'm not so sure and I'm frankly shifting the burden of doubt to you. I'm not breaking my promise of secrecy—only cracking it a little! If Mr. Caldwell had been less obvious in his suspicions of me in the role of fortune hunter, certain questions as to his own honesty might not have arisen in my mind, so I make no apologies on that score.

"I am concerned for Julie's sake, but she told me she trusted you. In all probability you are aware of the whole situation, as I, unfortunately, am not. If you are satisfied, forget this letter. If you are not satisfied, I suggest that the woods near the three hills on the estate might bear some reconnoitering. It's curious to see a trail of chimney smoke from a deserted portion of the Caldwell estate. To see it three days in a row. You are Jim's wife and you have certain rights which I have not.

"Please forgive me if my worries and suspicions are unfounded. And, in any event, destroy this letter. I wish I could send my love to Julie, but I've got to keep that part of the bargain at least.

"Sincerely,

"Ronald Manning."

The bargain? What bargain? What had Mark offered Ronald if he would desert Julie? Well, it didn't matter. Money, probably. Money to bank against a return from the service. And yet, wasn't she condemning Mark without reason? This letter might merely represent the malicious venom of a disappointed man.

AFTER dinner, Mark stood up quickly to forestall Sandra's departure. "Please don't go yet," he said. "I have some things to talk over with you, or rather to give you."

She looked at him steadily. "I can't imagine what."

"Come and see."

Sandra shrugged and preceded him into his study. He went to the little safe in the wall, removed a large square box and set it beside her on the couch. Opening it, he flung back the lid of the inner receptacle. Inside were a number of velvet jewel boxes, some of them rubbed and faded with age. One by one he opened them and set them out. Sandra would have been less than a woman if her eyes had not sparkled, but still she made no comment. Then Mark spoke, and she saw that he was ill at ease.

"These would have been Julie's if she had lived. They are yours now. You are the last woman in the family. You were Jim's wife."

"Would Jim have inherited Julie's estate?"

"If she had died first, yes."

"Does that mean," Sandra asked, feeling her way carefully, "that I, as Jim's widow, inherit her estate?"

"No." Mark's voice was grave. He didn't meet her eyes. "If Jim died unmarried before he was thirty, Julie was to inherit. If she were not living, the estate was to go to specified endowments and charities. On the other hand, if Jim left a widow, the widow was to receive one half the estate, and the other half was to be used for the same endowments. If Julie died unmarried before she was thirty, her estate was to go to Jim. If he were not living, it would go to the same endowments as I have mentioned."

"Who is going to benefit from the endowments?" Sandra asked, and saw a flush start under Mark's tanned skin.

"A New York church and a Western university. There is also provision for a chemical foundation."

"And you, I suppose, are executor of this foundation?"

"One of them."

Sandra rose.

"Well," she yawned, "I suppose Mr. Davenport, when he comes, will explain this all a bit more clearly. In the meantime, I can't see why these things," she swept her arm indifferently behind her, "are mine."

"They would have gone to Jim's wife," Mark was stubborn. "I want you to take them now."

Sandra's lips curled icily. The bribe. I'll have plenty of money now, through Jim's inheritance, whatever twists and turns Mark tries to make. So he's doubling back on his tracks with jewelry. He's even willing to marry me if that will keep me quiet.

Her tone was prosaic enough as she changed the subject. "Is the funeral service at two or three tomorrow?"

"Three." But as she turned toward the door, his hand went out uncertainly.

"Listen, Sandra. When I think of what I said and did in the laboratory, I could cut my throat."

"Perhaps it would be a good idea if you did," Sandra agreed pleasantly. She walked out, leaving him standing by the jewels.

For another few days the funeral would lend propriety to Sandra's stay. But could she endure those days, even for Jim's sake? Endure that conflict of hatred and infatuation that roiled her mind during every encounter with Mark?

ON the second day after the funeral she walked into the dining room for lunch and seated herself, after a brief nod to Mark. That morning she had located the three hills from an upper window. She gave bare pretense of listening to his desultory comments, until one amazing sentence tore through her concentration.

". . . and so, my dear Sandra, this house will shelter only ghosts, for the next few years at least. And a damnably unpleasant old house it is, too," he added affably.

"What did you say?" she asked slowly. "I wasn't listening. It was rude of me, but I was thinking of something quite important."

"The letter from your young man, perhaps? Tut-tut, you told me you had no prospects. Yet it was an interesting handwriting, very. Quite unscrupulous. If I were you, I'd refuse any offer of oil wells or matrimony from such a hand. Don't blush."

She was hot with anxiety. Mark must know Manning's handwriting.

"I was just saying that I've had about enough of this beastly place. Even Becket and Marta pine for different fields. My present experiments are about completed and I'll have to do a bit of traveling and writing the next few months. I'm going to shut this place up and leave a couple for caretakers. Perhaps I'll sell, who knows? It's lonely here without Julie."

"And Jim."

"And Jim, of course." There was a pause.

"When do you expect to shut up the house?"

"In the next day or two. I'm going to spend this afternoon sorting my papers. Shan't have to move anything except my papers, because I'm putting up at my club in town for a bit. Of course it will be some time before the estate affairs can be wound up. You'll want to be in the vicinity of Boston until Davenport can wind up your affairs, so I may see you occasionally, if you'll let me."

In a day or two! In a day or two she must find Jim or call the police, or both. "I don't blame you for wanting to get away from the house. I've hardly been able to endure it myself," she said. "I believe I'll take a long walk this afternoon. My packing won't take an hour."

"I'm almost tempted to go with you."

"You've just said you had heaps of work to do."

Mark looked troubled. "There are hundreds of acres of wood beyond here," he warned her. "You could easily get lost for some time."

"Oh, I shall keep to the bridle paths. In fact, what I mean by a long walk won't be your idea of one."

Later, when she started off at the beginning of the winding bridle path, she looked back. Mark was entering his study door by the terrace. Had he set someone on her trail? At any rate, she must take the risk.

After a time she crossed a brook. The terrain beyond had evidently been burned over once, and between the charred stumps had sprung hundreds of saplings, already hazed over with confusing green. Creepers tore at her feet and hands, branches snapped back into her face, the ground seemed corky and soggy. Still she pushed on, her eyes anxious on the setting sun, the scarf which bound her hair damp with perspiration.

She reached the summit of a knoll, and her heart slowed to an almost frightened beat as she saw before her two hills. Where was the third? Then she laughed at her own stupidity. She was standing on it.

She could see the clearing below. The silver arc of a brook which trickled through it indicated the most likely site for a camp. A new access of hope sent her almost running down the slope. Ahead of her was a spread of bush that her eyes and presently her hands told her was wild blackberry. Momentarily it obscured her view of the clearing. It was but a moment's task to bind the scarf about her face to protect it from the reaching brambles. She plunged ahead.

Suddenly her whole body felt a tremendous blow which hurled it back and threw it helplessly into the waiting tentacles of the prickly branches.

For a moment Sandra lay dazed. Then she opened her eyes cautiously. Absolutely nothing was visible to account for her accident. She rose unsteadily, thrusting her scarf into her pocket, and stepped forward, this time cautiously. There before her was a high closely woven wire net, a fence that would give before a blow but which would return it in kind and with interest. Racing downward, as she had been doing so recklessly, the strong wire had thrown her back as a racket returns a tennis ball.

Sandra studied the fence. Accurately contrived and of an expensive type, it was an odd thing to discover in this wilderness. It was the one thing needed to convince her that Jim was confined behind it somewhere.

After a search she found a branch of sufficient strength to lay against the barrier, and climb along it to the top. She swung herself to a sitting position on it and let herself down, hanging on by her hands. Then she dropped.

The clearing extended out of sight to the right and left, and through it ran a small turbulent brook which directly in front of her had been widened into a pool. At the edge of that pool sprawled a long low cabin. A light bloomed in one of the windows.

Sandra approached the cabin cautiously. Suddenly she threw herself flat on the ground. She had heard a woman's voice:

"Please hurry with your swim. I've got your supper almost ready."

"Two shakes and I'll be back." That answering voice—could it be Jim's? Sandra stood up and stole forward to a shadowed corner on the porch. Below the railings of the veranda she crouched and saw the man outlined darkly against the pool's reflection. She stared. It *was* Jim.

She brushed a hand across her eyes and looked again. Jim was moving toward the pool, and close behind him, sauntering easily down the steps, was the huge bearded man whom she had seen through the library window. As Jim waded into the pool, Sandra watched his follower settling himself on a rock close to the water's edge.

"Not too cold, Jackson," Jim said. "Why not try it?"

"Better not stay in too long, Mr. Demarest. Oh, I know the doc's all for it, but it's April, not August."

"I won from you last night, and that gives me an extra ten minutes in here. I'll call Mrs. Laidell as witness."

Jackson rose. "Then I guess I'll eat my own supper."

Jim waved assent and dived from the springboard.

Sandra scrambled up and hurried around the back of the cabin, avoiding the glow from the kitchen windows. At the far edge of the pool she stooped behind a sheltering clump of bush and tugged at her heavy boots. When they had been removed she thrust them, with her gauntlets, coat, and scarf, into the depths of the bush.

SHE'D waded out until she was only a few feet from Jim. She sank deep into the water, spoke in as clear and low a voice as she could.

"Jim, don't make a sound. It's Sandra!" There was a startled cessation of his flailing arms. She hurried on. "Keep swimming around me. Why are you here? I'm staying at Willow Miles with Mark. I went there as you told me to, looking for you. How shall I get you out? Swim to the outer edge of the pool. I'll meet you there."

He was there before her, peering at her through the gloom.

"Sandra," he said, then added slowly, as a child might stumble over a forgotten lesson, "You're Dr. Marshall's granddaughter."

"Something more too, Jim. Your wife."

"So it's really true. I thought it was just one of those odd dreams I have so often, ever since my accident."

"What accident?" She seated herself cross-legged on the ground and motioned him down beside her.

He shook his head. "I don't remember. I don't remember much of anything these days. When I'm stronger it will be different, of course. How did you get here?" His tone was almost petulant. "It's quite important for me not to see visitors until I'm much stronger."

Sandra stared at him through the twilight. To guess what lay behind Jim's condition didn't comfort her any. Probably a car accident; obviously a concussion and ensuing amnesia. How convenient for Mark! So convenient that he might have planned it.

"Are they kind to you?" she asked.

He was surprised. "Of course. Why shouldn't they be?"

"Jim," she said quietly, "I'm your wife. You do remember that now. You must trust me. I want you to leave here at once. But Mark won't like it and we don't want to have trouble with Mark, do we?"

He said hurriedly, "No, we don't want to have trouble with Mark. Perhaps I'd better stay here."

"You can't stay here. Isn't there some path out to the highway?"

"Yes." He pointed to it.

She scrambled to her feet. "Then come on." He stood up, and in the dimness she could see his fingers go to his lips irresolutely. "You must," she whispered. "Jim, Mark has had you declared dead! There were funeral services for you only a little while ago!" She waited for his horrified reaction. But his voice had only a chuckle of sly admiration.

"Good old Mark's always up to something. Inventor's mind, you know. Though he didn't really invent that. Remember Tom Sawyer and his funeral?"

Sandra's voice shook. "You mean you were at your own funeral, hidden somewhere?"

"I wasn't actually there," he said and added fretfully, "but I'd naturally know about my own funeral."

Only the most tragic shock could wake him, it was evident. She couldn't shield him from it any longer.

"Then I suppose you know of Julie's death too. I suppose you know she was killed accidentally." Her tone underlined the adverb contemptuously.

Suddenly Jim was gripping her shoulders with a strength that bruised.

"Julie's dead? Julie's been killed? Mark?" For the first time his voice was stripped of its vagueness.

Even as he spoke there came a hail from the cabin and Jim called back, "Coming!" Then his voice dropped again. "Get me a file from the tool shed and drop it in the forsythia bush by the gate to the boulevard. I'll get it somehow. Then I can break the lock on the gate that leads to the highway. Jackson and I walk there afternoons. I'll throw a note over the gate, into the bush on the other side. Look for it tomorrow, if you can."

Another hail from Jackson, and suddenly Jim had dropped her arm and was gone. She listened to the muffled sound of his strokes across the pool.

IT seemed hours before she got back, tired and disheveled, to Willow Miles. Becket let her in, and Mark was waiting in the hall.

"You found your way home! I thought you were lost in those woods! Where were you? What happened?" His words stumbled over each other.

"You must have been worried," she said. "So was I, to tell the truth! I wandered off the bridle path to pick some pussy willows that I thought I saw at a distance, and I got into some sort of copse of saplings that seemed to go on forever. By good luck I finally hit the boulevard. I was so twisted by that time that I walked up it a long way in the wrong direction before a car came along."

"I was worried sick. I thought you were lost," he muttered. "Roberts and I have been beating the bridle paths ever since dinnertime. No mishaps at all? But I can see you're all right."

Sandra could see now the extent of the relief he felt. It wasn't relief at her return, she realized, but at his conviction that she hadn't blundered into his secret. . . . If she could only count on another twenty-four hours of security.

Now his characteristic wry smile was set securely in place again. "Don't get into any more trouble. But we'll be able to leave tomorrow."

Sandra tried to conceal her dismay.

"Marta and Becket will stay until the last minute, but the remainder of the staff will go in the morning," Mark went on.

"And you?"

"I'm taking the roadster right after lunch. I'd offer you a lift, but I shall be stopping along the way and don't know when I'll land in Boston. I've a dozen errands in Belsford first, digging up carpenters, caretakers, all that sort of thing."

Sandra hesitated. "If you don't mind, I think I'd rather take my time and go in town with Marta and Becket." He nodded, and did not seem to find it odd that she was prolonging her stay to the last minute. Doubtless he felt that Marta and Becket would be efficient guardians, Sandra reflected as she said good night to him and went upstairs.

SANDRA stirred and moaned as her traveling clock began a subdued whir from under the pillow. Six o'clock. She forced herself to stagger out of bed and to the window.

The day promised to be clear, she saw gratefully. The whole success of Jim's plan depended on his taking his usual afternoon stroll toward the gate near the boulevard, and a pouring rain would doubtless make Jackson balk at the prospect. She shivered and climbed back into bed, only a few minutes, she promised herself.

It seemed but a moment or two later that she awoke for the second time. Sleep-sounds had become translated into the reality of a heavy luggage truck throbbing beneath her window. She sprang up and, looking out, saw that a last trunk was being expeditiously lifted to an already crowded lorry. She gasped. By the activity outside and by the full daylight, she realized that it must be nearly noon.

"Are you ill?" Mark asked solicitously, when they sat down to a hot lunch. "You look a bit pale."

"I got fearfully overtired yesterday," she admitted.

"I know. That's why I wouldn't let them wake you." Presently he spoke again, settling back with his cigarette. "Marta and Becket will start covering furniture as soon as we're through here. They'll be at it all afternoon, so are you sure you want to wait for them? Even though I can't take you to Boston, I could run you down to the train."

Sandra shook her head. "Because of my escapade yesterday, I haven't even started packing. Marta can do my room last. I won't be in her way. I suppose they're going before dinner?"

He nodded and rose. "You'll have to wait for your regular dinner until you reach Boston. I'm leaving very shortly. Here's my address. You can reach me easily, if you want to." She made no reply and he went on. "Davenport expects to get in touch with you any day now. Where shall I tell him?"

Sandra pondered. "I'll have to let you know later."

He frowned. "I wish I knew right now. I hate to see you simply vanish into the blue, even for only a day or so."

Her tone was light. "That's where I came from, and much to your annoyance, as I remember."

There was a silence. His tone was hesitant when he spoke again. "Sandra, aren't you going to say good-by to me?"

"Good-by," Sandra said pleasantly. He stared down at her a moment, then turned and left the room.

Fifteen minutes later, from the balcony over the hall, she watched the roadster whirl down the drive, and saw Becket hurry back into the house. Three hours later she stood in the great lower hall with Marta and Becket and their suitcases. Sandra had a steamer trunk. Marta regarded it dubiously, and said:

"The car'll be crowded pretty close with all these things, unless the trunk goes on the top, and that'll ruin the car. Becket, you take the luggage and Mrs. Demarest along and I'll go by train. You can drop me at the station."

"I should say not," Sandra protested. "I'll go by train myself. I'd really prefer it. I can take my luggage by train for that matter."

"Don't think Mr. Caldwell would like it," Becket's velvety voice spoke for the first time. "He told us to take Mrs. Demarest right to Boston." His eyes rested on Marta significantly, but she only sniffed.

"If Mrs. Demarest says it's more convenient for her this way, that's all there is to it. We can all squeeze into the front seat as far as the station. Guess you could stand being crowded just that few minutes, ma'am?"

Sandra nodded and saw that the man's face relaxed. Evidently his chief objection had been to leaving her in the vicinity of Willow Miles.

"We'll wait till your train comes, Mrs. Demarest," Becket announced when they arrived at the station. "Only twenty minutes." But Sandra shook her head, rejoicing as she did so at the impatient frown on Marta's face.

"You're both tired and there's no need for you to wait. It's dark already and you haven't had your dinner. Good-by, Marta. Good-by, Becket." She left a bill in each hand, and turned on her heel and entered the tiny station. The station agent cast an indifferent glance at her.

"Can you tell me where I can get a taxi?" she asked.

"Ain't any. Folks around here use their own cars. But if you're going up the line there's a bus that runs every two hours," he admitted reluctantly. "Where was it you said you was going?"

Sandra thought hastily. "Clear Valley."

"Whyn't you phone 'em? They'd come after you."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! I'm just a friend of one of the maids." His look became at the same time personal and more lofty.

"Well, as a matter of fact, it's an hour before the bus comes by. But I tell you what. My brother delivers milk and cream up to Davis' estate every night 'bout this time. He's got a Ford truck. He'd take you most of the way. He's loading up now."

Before the last train came roaring through to Boston, Sandra was rattling her way along the boulevard in company with a smaller and much more voluble replica of the station agent.

SHE bent over the forsythia bush and began to grope through it frantically. Her heart almost stopped beating as her fingers came into contact with something silky and smooth. It was a man's dark silk tie, knotted at one end, and her hands shook as she untied it. A note, crumpled into a tiny ball, lay in her palm.

The wind played with her anxiety, breathing fatally on the first two matches she lighted. Finally she managed to make a windbreak of her cupped palm, and in that brief moment her eyes took in the contents:

"Dear Sandra:

"I'm assuming I'll find the file when I leave this note. If all goes well I should be out of here sometime this evening. So after dark take a stroll in the vicinity of the terrace. I'll manage to signal you and we'll get to Boston somehow before morning.

"We'll need money badly. The safe in Mark's study generally has quite a bit in it. Remember it's my money. The combination has always been J-U-L-I-E. Open it and grab everything in sight, papers too.

"Jim."

Sandra thrust the note into her handbag and started swiftly back toward Willow Miles.

When the house loomed before her she ran the last remaining distance. It was useless to try the windows. She had watched Becket carefully testing them all. But along the edge of the terrace she found a row of empty earthen flowerpots. She lifted the largest one and hurled it through a pane, close to the wrought-iron catch. In another moment, by chipping away the jagged fragments of glass, Sandra could slide her arm in and slip the bolts. Slowly the great glass doors swung open. She crossed the floor swiftly, and as the light flooded to her touch on the switch, she drew a long breath. The hall door was closed, and with a single glance at the night outside she knelt by the safe.

J-U-L-I-E.

She had swung the heavy door open and was peering into the interior. A pile of letters and documents lay on one shelf, and the great jewel case was still here. As she piled the papers hastily on the floor, she wished from the bottom of her heart that Mark had not forgotten them. Morally right as her actions were, the hour and the circumstances conspired to flood her with a feeling of guilt. She denuded a sofa pillow of its cover and tumbled the papers into the empty case. On top of them she put the jewel case, and tied the unwieldy bag together by its corners. She was still kneeling on the floor when she heard a slight noise. At the open French window Mark stood looking at her.

Not a word was spoken by either as he slowly crossed the room. She still crouched there as he stooped and slowly unknotted the crude bag she had made. Then he lifted out the jewel case and looked at her gravely.

"Why, my dear, is it as bad as this? You had only to ask me for them . . ." He stopped, and as Sandra said nothing, he looked more closely into the bag's interior. As though dazed, he threw paper after paper out. Then he seized her arms and lifted her from the floor, holding her so that her eyes must meet his.

"Sandra, Sandra! What is this?"

"Mark Caldwell, liar—thief—murderer," she said and smiled a little. "But at least two of those things for the last time. Whatever happens to me, from now on you'll face the music."

His arms fell from her shoulders. She went on, lost now to all fear, the words pouring out mechanically:

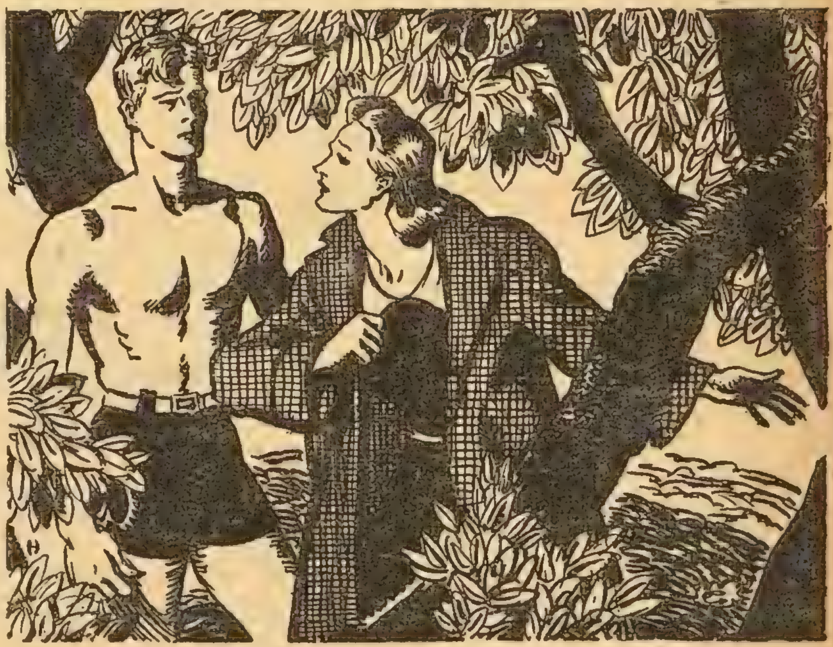
"I knew when I came here that Jim was afraid of you. He had told me that. He knew that you were trying to get entire control of his money. He was even afraid for his physical safety. But I don't believe his wildest suspicions of you included your murder of Julie!"

Mark suppressed an exclamation and stepped forward. There was a curious mingling of relief and horror in his face. He gripped her hand and forced her to sit on the couch. Then he leaned forward and looked into her face.

"I can't listen to you, Sandra! It isn't fair to let you say things that will choke you to remember sometime." He paused. "How the devil did I happen to leave the safe unlocked? Well, that doesn't matter now.

"The first thing I'm going to say is the worst. I'm sorry, but there's no way I can soften it. Your husband, Jim Demarest, is a homicidal maniac. Yes—he's alive." Mark's face was somber. "It's a long story and I won't sicken you with all the details.

"My sister Ellen married a man who later became violently insane. Fortunately he died when Julie was small. Killed himself. But my sister's last years were just as full of anxiety. She knew before she died that Jim had inherited a tendency. He was erratic even in his teens. That's why she tried to make sure that neither of the children would marry until they were well into maturity, until the doctors could say any danger was past."



He paused, then said, "You don't believe me."

"No."

His face was very gentle. "Sandra, do you suppose any mother would have left any such will without good reason?"

When she didn't answer, he went on: "Of course the doctors didn't want Jim or Julie to know about their father, or our worries. But when Jim got engaged without consulting me, I had to confide in the girl. She was splendid about it. Unlike Manning. But after that, Jim was definitely unmanageable at times and I had to have him trailed constantly. God help me, I was so fond of him that I couldn't believe he needed to be confined."

Mark glanced at her and then averted his eyes. "You called me a murderer, Sandra, and you were right. Jim had his first violent phase in Canada—and killed a man. That was my direct responsibility and I'll never be free of it. As it happened, the very circumstances made it obvious that Jim was insane. So there was no criminal action, provided I undertook to keep him confined permanently. I'd gone to Canada—the government had asked me to consult with some men there who were working along the same lines that I was—and while I was there I had a wire from Jim. He said he was driving up to enlist, but that he had something very important to discuss with me first. Of course, now I know what it was—his marriage to you. But he never had a chance to tell me. En route he killed a gas-station attendant. An argument about coupons, an utterly senseless murder. Not really murder, of course. An insane man can't commit murder!" Mark's voice shook a little. "Jim was released into my care, and I brought him back to the States."

"How did Jim take it? I mean, how is he?" Sandra's voice was very small.

"There had been a scuffle. He'd been hurt himself. There was a mild concussion. Now his lucid intervals are growing fewer and shorter. It's hard to know what he remembers. But he seems content. And his physical health is superb."

"Oh, Mark—Mark—" Sandra's hands engulfed her face. "Why did you have to be so tortuous about it all? About something that no one could blame anyone for, even poor Jim himself?"

Mark's laugh was bitter. "I've wondered myself sometimes, but my brother Charles was frantic about the whole thing. Who'd want a Supreme Court justice who has had two homicidal maniacs in his family?" He added abruptly, "But it was for Julie mainly. We couldn't put that fear in her mind, if there were to be any hope for her own sanity." He mimicked some invisible specialist savagely: "No excitement, social or otherwise, until she was well through her twenties. Julie, the most volatile, sociable little person in the world! An easy program to lay out for me! But first and last she mustn't know anything at all about her father and Jim. And she never did know, thank God!"

He stumbled on: "Jim was confined in the laboratory during the winter months, but we couldn't go on making excuses for his absence and the lack of letters from him. His friends were beginning to ask questions, and Julie pestered me day and night. So I just announced one day that Jim had returned late the night before, ill with pneumonia. You know the rest. And if it's any satisfaction to you, you gave me the worst shock of my life when you turned up as Jim's widow. And I've had a few shocks in my time."

SANDRA thought dully, How can I know what is true? As though he read her thought, Mark went to the pile of papers and came back to her, drawing several official-looking documents from their long envelopes.

"If you still don't believe me," he said in a kind of despair, "maybe these court and commitment papers will convince you. These are reputable alienists, reputable judges. You can check them at any time."

He hesitated over another paper that he still held, but his eyes were deeply kind as he finally handed it to her.

"I know how conscientiously you take the fact that you're still Jim's wife, Sandra. Perhaps reading this will make you feel better, to know that Jim put himself into my hands unreservedly, to know that in a moment of sanity he himself thoroughly approved of the funeral farce, for Julie's sake."

Sandra opened the letter.

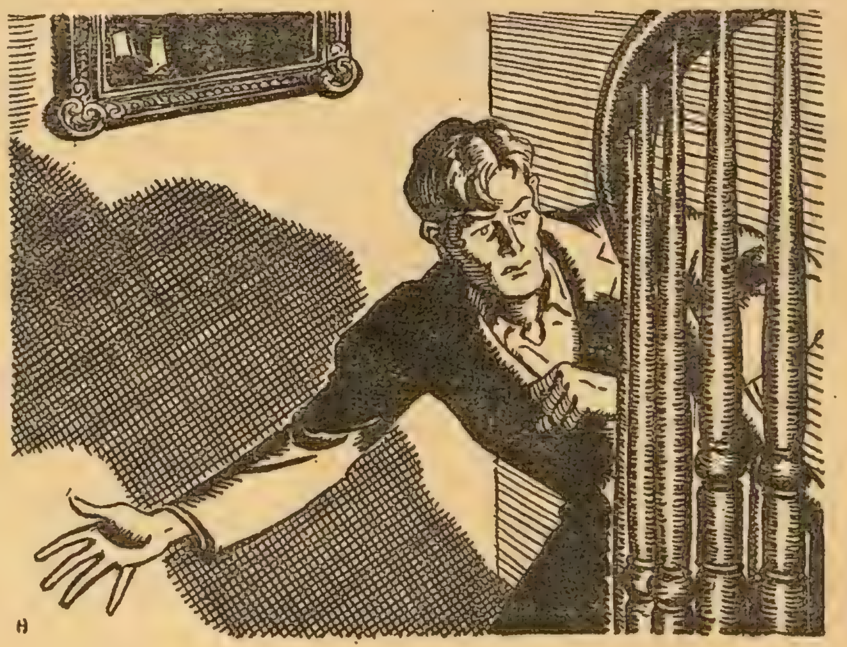
"Dear Mark," it began. "I'm not so sure as you are that sometime in the future you won't have trouble over this funeral hoax. And if that time comes, I'll probably be beyond helping you, or wanting to help you. Even as it is, it seems to me there is something else you should know, something that it's vital for you to know, but I can't remember."

Sandra glanced up swiftly. "He was trying to remember his marriage." Below the firm signature there was a shaky postscript: "I know you'll keep Julie happy and safe. It's the only thing I have left."

Sandra laid the letter gently on the couch beside her.

"I believe you," she said, and added faintly, "but what happened to Julie, Mark? I know she wasn't trying to elope."

"No," he said, "not that night. I guessed from a note intercepted to Manning that she might plan to, very shortly. So I told Becket to put padlocks on her doors. Apparently she walked out of one door while he was fastening a padlock to the other. Evidently she got into the laboratory wing through the connecting closet from Jim's room. But to this day I don't know why. We had moved Jim to his summer quarters a day or two before. He'd had a few bad spells and had been very noisy."



"Julie heard him once, didn't she?"

Mark nodded grimly. "We moved him to the camp in a hurry after that. Well, anyway, Jackson had come up to get some instructions. We were in an inner room when we heard someone in the laboratory itself.

"I don't know why Julie was so frightened when we came in, though of course the room was dark. Anyway, she grabbed the first thing at hand—a measuring pitcher—and threw it at us. It went through the skylight. I switched on the light. Unfortunately she saw Jackson first. I suppose with that beard of his he looked like an ogre out of a fairy tale. She screamed and dashed for the nearest door and pushed it open." Mark's lips tightened. "It was the door to the laboratory freight elevator. She fell thirty feet down the open shaft."

His voice was tired. "Why was she so scared? From the way she acted, Jackson wasn't the cause, he was simply the final straw. You see, she threw the pitcher before she saw him! I keep asking myself why, why?"

Sandra staggered up from the couch. "I killed her," she said. "I killed her with my lies."

"You mean that you told her, told Julie, what you believed about me?" Sandra nodded and her hand went out blindly to rest on his arm.

Then suddenly her heart began to lurch and pound: "Oh, Mark, I've forgotten the most important thing of all. I managed to get a file to Jim. He's probably almost free this minute!"

As he stared down at her with a grotesquely amazed face, she hurried on: "Don't ask questions now! We must get to the camp right away!"

He was brisk and assured. "O. K.—no questions. But you're to stay here. Put up your toes on the couch and take it easy. You've gone through quite enough today."

"Oh, please take me with you. Jim might be here any minute!" Sandra's voice was almost a wail as she followed him to the terrace.

"Not a chance. You don't know Jackson. But Jackson knows all the tricks. Don't worry—" he was running across the terrace to the car.

THE lights were still blazing. She switched them off and closed the shattered French window. She would feel more comfortable in the great stone hall, with all its exits. As she groped her way to the settee by the fireplace she had a comforting thought: Jim didn't know the house was empty. He didn't know the French window was broken.

She sat there waiting. Waiting. And presently she heard someone trying the French window in the other room. She sat very still. She could hear clicking sounds as the broken doors were pushed back. There was a crunch of broken glass. Footsteps moved haltingly across the inner room, reached the hall door.

"Sandra! Sandra!"

That whisper wasn't terrifying. It was sad and ghostly, reaching out from an inner darkness more profound than the physical gloom that concealed the speaker.

She rose and walked directly across the space between them. A few feet from the man she spoke quietly: "Yes, Jim. I was sure you'd make it."

He moved toward her and touched her face lightly as though to assure himself of her identity, then he scratched a match. For a few seconds they studied each other across that pale flicker of light—two tense, strained faces, oddly distorted by the shadows. Then the light died.

"There is no one here," she said evenly. "Everyone left today and the house is closed. I broke in to get at the safe. I think it would be all right to turn on a light." As she spoke, she moved away from him and pressed a button. One of the wall sconces beneath the balcony sent a pale bloom into the room.

The man's breath still came in gasps. His face and hands were torn and scratched with brambles. But his eyes were exultant.

"We've done it, Sandra, by God, we've done it! What's the matter? You look ghastly."

"I feel ghastly," she said faintly. "It's been pretty weird breaking into this house and waiting for you."

He rubbed his hands together nervously.

"We mustn't stay too long. Did you find anything in the safe?"

"Yes. There was no money, but there's a jewel case and a lot of papers. I piled them all together and left them for you to look through."

"That was sensible. And there's not a soul around the place, eh?" He eyed her thoughtfully.

"No one."

"Good. Well, I'll go in there and get the things together and then we'll light out. Where are you going?" For Sandra had risen and was walking toward the stair.

Her tone was quite prosaic as she replied:

"It just occurred to me that I might find a suitcase somewhere upstairs that we could pack the things in."

"Oh, good girl. I'll be sorting out the papers."

Sandra pressed the button that illuminated the corridor above, and then ascended the stairs at a reasonable pace. Once around the bend in the hall, she flew into a front room and opened a shutter. There was no sound of a motor, no gleam of an approaching light. She turned back. So far, the man below had no suspicion of her good faith. It only remained to keep him amiable until Mark returned. And that wouldn't be too long, for already he must have discovered Jim's escape.

She walked out on the balcony again, switching off the corridor light that revealed her, and looked over.

His back toward her, and unconscious of her scrutiny, the man was silently padding his shoeless way across the flagged hall toward the stairs. In his every step was venomous stealth, and his shadow, cast by the single light below, monstrously climbed the entire wall and touched the balcony. He held some loose papers in his hand.

Her realization of what had happened was as swift as it was terrible. Jim had found his commitment papers and, worse still, the letter he had written to Mark. He faced, in this semilucid moment, the knowledge his tormented mind had concealed from him, that he had killed, that he never again could know legal freedom.

This wasn't Jim Demarest any more. Jim had made a last and gallant adieu in a letter long, long ago. This animal was simply and terrifyingly homicidal man. The man knew she had seen those papers, for they were the only ones discarded from their envelopes. In his mind she was one with the enemy now. By her very existence he had everything to lose and nothing to gain. By the furtiveness with which he took each step it was evident that his fear and anger had crowded all other emotion from his crazed mind. The man thought she was the only person aware of his whereabouts. If she were silenced he still had hope of escape.

As he was midway up the stairs, she began to edge farther along the balcony which completely encircled the hall, her hands tight on the rail, lest in her faintness she should stumble. She watched with agonized vertigo every step that he took. At the top landing he glanced around and then vanished down the corridor which led through the main house. This was her moment to reach the stair. But she had taken only a few steps when he reappeared.

He stood at the head of the stairs, looking directly across the shadowed chasm between them. Then he spoke:

"What are you playing hide-and-seek for, Sandra? Come here." She did not answer.

"Come here," he wheedled, "I see you. What are you afraid of? You looked at some of those papers, my dear, didn't you? You don't believe them, do you? I'm as sane as you are! Why, it's you that are crazy, hiding away from me. . . . All right, I'll come to you."

But she saw that he took the left-hand turn along the balcony, which was at a greater distance from her than was the other. This move made her hope that she was still invisible. Slowly the horrible, ridiculous procession began. With every step that the man took, Sandra crept a corresponding one, keeping always on the opposite side of the balcony. But quickly she saw that while at first he had been fairly silhouetted against what dim glow came from the single bulb beneath the balcony, now she herself was drawing near the lighted portion. Then the breathless silence was broken by the sound of a motor, humming loudly and more loudly up the drive and halting with a harsh squeal of brakes. Sandra heard the man behind her spring forward. He had been even closer than she had feared. Choked words came from him:

"So you sent for them, you little double-crosser! I'll get you for that!"

But Sandra's move had been but a fraction of a second behind his. With a suffocated scream she flew toward the stair and raced down it. Wildly she glanced up, without pausing in her flight, and saw that the man was about to swing himself over the balcony. He meant to drop from it and intercept her!

The railing cracked. There came a brittle, normal cry of human dismay. Then he fell—fell and rolled almost to her feet.

Suddenly there were more people in the room—Mark and Jackson and Mrs. Laidell. Mark's arms were around her before she fell.

MARK retrieved Sandra's handbag for the third time, lit a cigarette, and sat back to look at the landscape unrolling past the compartment windows.

"I suppose you miss your grandfather still," he said.

She nodded with a twinkle in her eyes. "But it won't be long now. He's in Florida, recuperating from pneumonia."

Mark stared at her. "Well, I'm damned! I thought it was odd of you to want a Florida honeymoon at this time of year. Why haven't you told me he was alive?"

"When you were my pin-up villain, it seemed wise to keep grandfather as a sort of ace in the hole—to threaten you with, if I had to. Not that the poor darling would have been any real good that way; he was too ill to be told anything. And then afterward I thought it would be fun to surprise you." Her lashes flashed up at him. "It may be salutary for you to know you're not the only male in my life!"

Mark killed his cigarette. "You won't give him all your time?"

"That," Sandra's voice was judicial, "depends on how interesting my husband turns out to be."

But her eyes weren't teasing as Mark clamped his arms around her.

THE END

Puzzle 319 6/2/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

MOST writers of historical novels have a habit of bringing in "everything but the kitchen stove," in the effort to connect the central characters with the celebrated personalities and events of their era. **Sydney R. McLean** uses a more modest method in **A Moment of Time,** a novel of old New England. She brings in the kitchen stove first, and is content to center her story around it. She tells of the emotions and struggles of simple people, to whom Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson were just names in the news.

Sydney R. McLean

A Moment of Time chronicles the life of Submit Ellery from her sixth birthday (in the year 1774) to her seventieth. Throughout, the story is in terms of family relationships.

At times this unaffected, smooth-flowing story reaches an intensity of feeling that is breath-taking. One of these episodes tells of the death of Submit's little daughter, in pathetic terror of the visions of hellfire that the family patriarch had considered a necessary part of her education. Another high spot is the scene in which Submit wages psychological warfare on the old tyrant to smooth the path of romance for a wistful middle-aged spinster.

The author of this novel is an associate professor of English at Mount Holyoke College. Her pupils are in luck—for Miss McLean's own writing technique is so flawless that you are never for a moment conscious of it. And, wonderful to tell, her inspiration is drawn not from the library but from life.

This is the author's first novel, but it ranks as one of the important literary events of the year.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. Price $2.50.

SHAPE OF DANGER, by **Axel Kielland,** is an adventure story with that rare once-upon-a-time flavor that makes you content to let the author lead you by the hand through a world of his own creation.

Mr. Kielland tells of the lives and exploits of a gallant little band of Norwegian patriots. They include a professional burglar, a wealthy playboy, and a girl who is a paragon of beauty, wit, and courage.

For the raw materials of this story you need look no further than the all-too-real world of the Gestapo, Vidkun Quisling, and the normal, decent people trying to fight them with pitifully inadequate weapons. But, as far as mood and style are concerned, this delectable thriller harks back to the brave fables of Robin Hood and his merry men.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $2.50.

THE PRIVATE ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN SHAW, by **Edith Shay** and **Katharine Smith,** is the sprightly story of a young skipper who set out on his first European voyage in 1793.

Strait-laced Philander Shaw found himself in France in the bewildering days of the French Revolution. Rescuing a maiden in distress, Philander was practically compelled, by force of circumstances, to do some philandering. But, thanks to the wisdom of a French girl, the captain was returned, intact save for a twinge of conscience, to his charming Puritan fiancée.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Midsummer-night dreams—ask any groom (two words)
10 What the drunk and disorderly G. I. saw double (abbr.)
14 It takes lots and lots to make this
15 Mighty like a sheep
16 The old coot
17 This is to tear as Abbott is to Costello
18 It's got a bear skin you love to touch
19 Rope climber's religion
20 Dumb Dora says he was the Middle Aged golf champ
22 Would you call a drunken unbeliever this kind of tank?
24 Ancient body
26 Orson's Romantic Orgy (abbr.)
27 Washes and polishes the body
30 This has the funniest meaning
34 Hurt like an unmentionable word
35 Liberty's weekly lit'ry bonus
36 Girl in a fella
37 No Republican Accomplishment (abbr.)
38 Body-building device—contains springs
40 Airedale Sausage's Appetizing! (abbr.)
42 Kind of Hope
43 Part of a bumper crop
45 Kind of look the secondhand dealer's dotter had
47 Pussyfoot
49 Kind of story The Rowboat Victim of the Eerie is
51 What high-brows do in book shoppes
52 They say this is terrible on this island
55 Deep indigo
57 Medieval rabbit's-foot (pl.)
59 Able Ann, the annagram
63 Number of Supermen now left in Germany
64 Nutty, isn't it?
66 Every man wants to make one for himself
67 Darn lightly
68 Harlem harp
69 Malay meat chopper (var. sp.)
70 What Japs get yens for
71 Attention, carnivores! Candy butchers have plentiful supply! No red points needed!

VERTICAL

1 Old-fashioned talking machines
2 Compound crystalline stuff
3 Kind of miss popular with fliers
4 What you get from attending 100 operas
5 They broadcast the noose out West
6 Several Russians
7 Noisy, isn't it?
8 Portable parking places
9 Sailors refer to their sons constantly (two words)
10 Springtime rumba center—the old merry-go-round!
11 No yarn spinner'd be without one!
12 O. Henry's great gift
13 Next thing the nations of the world will fight over (two words)
21 They're crazy about college boys and brains
23 Brooklyn squeak remover
25 The end of Toledo
27 Windiest places in the park (you hear lots of squawks about them)
28 Care for another anagram?
29 Conjunction
31 What the bum is advised to hit
32 Part of body exercised on bars
33 Decelerates
35 First thing a Yankee runs to before going home
39 Good clean New England livers
41 Kitchen armor
44 Elaborate dress styles
46 Brooklyn oig
48 Sighs and lies followed by ties
50 Refueled
51 French painter
53 Love in Italy
54 Provincial place to trap an army of yellow rats
56 Big, isn't it?
58 A cape you don't drape over your shoulders
60 Theda, the old-time Hedy Lamarr
61 Mite we exude a final anagram?
62 Not more
65 An

L	A	T	I	N	■	T	O	P	S	I	D	E
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P	A	R	E	S	■	R	E	T	R	E	A	D
D	■	P	A	T	E	R	■	H	A	N	N	A
O	R	E	L	■	R	E	D	■	P	E	A	S
G	A	D	■	D	A	T	I	V	E	■	■	■
S	M	O	K	E	S	■	M	A	D	D	E	R
■	■	■	O	R	E	G	O	N	■	R	A	H
L	A	H	R	■	S	O	U	■	D	E	N	Y
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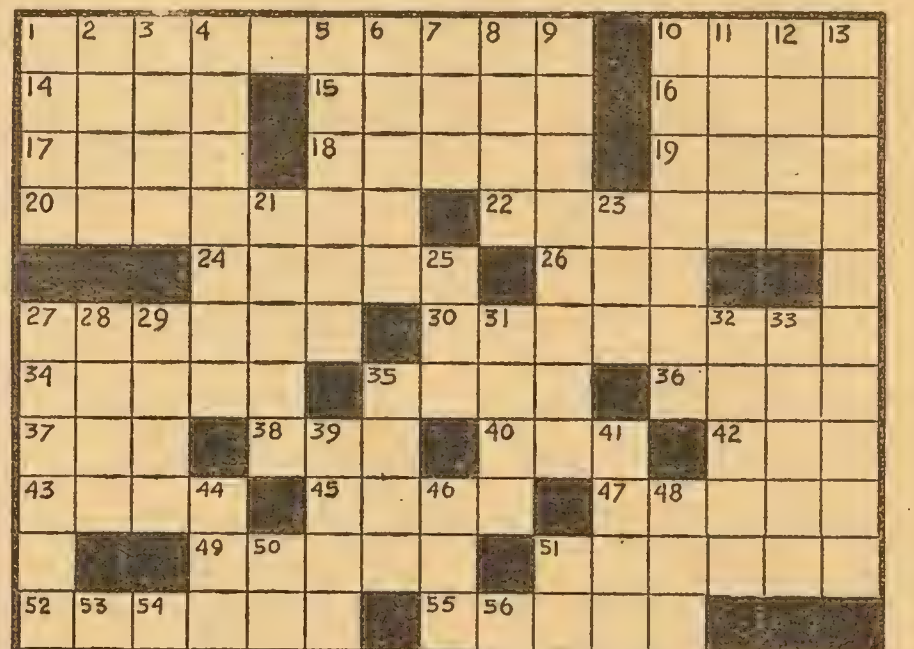
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Calvert
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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

A WORD TO THE WIVES: If your head man is overseas, it's not a bit too soon to lay in an extra supply of V-mail stationery for speedy Father's Day greetings, plus a crop of Father's Day cards for the children to send their warrior dad.

Letters and cards should be on their way—
June seventeenth is Father's Day!

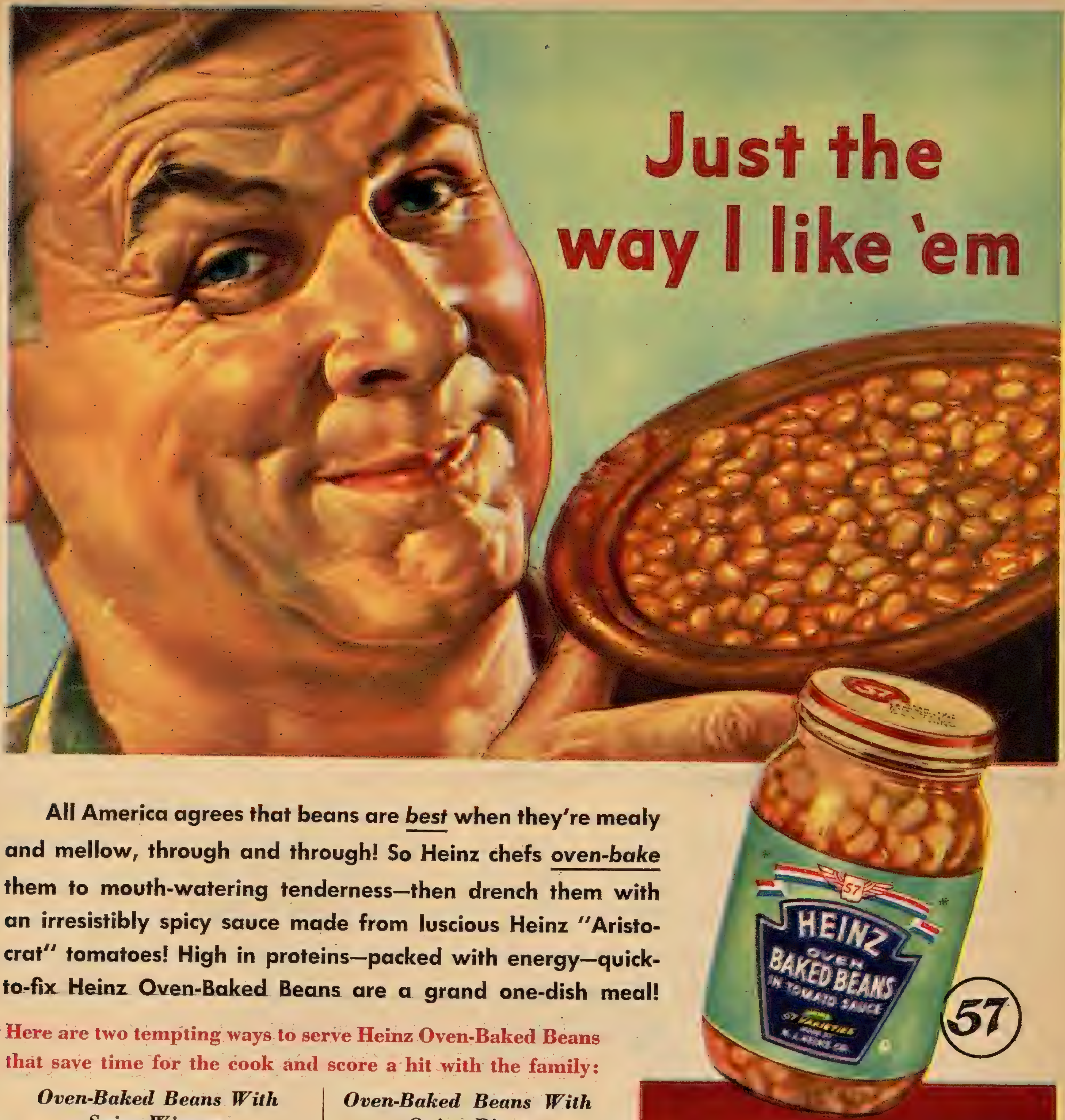
Whether he is overseas, or is a home-fronter, or an honorably discharged veteran, the best way to honor him is to buy war bonds and stamps. As the U. S. Treasury Department observes on its Father's Day bond-drive poster: "There'll Be 'Home Bonds' for the Future, if You Buy War Bonds for 'the Present.'" Wherever he is, let him know you're thinking of him and that you're still thoroughly stuck on him. If he's far away, a letter full of warmth is the next best thing to being home again. And if he's home, sitting in the same room with you and his descendants, a few kind words are in order too. He'll appreciate them. Too many families take Father and his breadwinning and unselfishness for granted. He doesn't mind giving up his shoe-ration stamps to the wife and kiddies, but he gets a real glow when they come through with a thoroughgoing thank-you hug. That warms him straight from his heart down to his faithful, porous, half-soled shoes.

CLEVER COSMETICS: A neat package for the nails is called New Era and contains nail polish, glycerated nail-polish remover, cuticle remover, emery board, and orangewood stick. Two rich new shades are In the Red and Out of the Blue, the latter a deep purplish hue, like French lilac. It is inviting enough to inveigle the laziest lady into giving herself a manicure. . . . There's a new summery combination called Strawberry and Cream make-up. "Cream" is the new tint in face powder; "Strawberry" is the lipstick. Presented to the press at a luncheon in the Iridium Room at the St. Regis Hotel in New York City, it couldn't miss looking glamorous, shown as it was on the nine toothsome models who wore Strawberry and Cream clothes to harmonize. The coats, frocks, and sports fashions came from a Fifth Avenue department store and included such daring whimseys as a strawberry-print halter worn over one shoulder, leaving the other bare. The accompanying slacks were solid red; the fabric tops of the shoes matched the halter print. . . . Among the evening gowns, candidly called the "wolf-whistle group" by the fashion commentator, was a lush "jungle" print, bright with flaming flowers as red as strawberries on a creamy background laced with rich green leaves. . . . The show closed with a lively demonstration in which the heads of four models were shown, all wearing the same Strawberry and Cream make-up equally well, though one was a blonde, one a redhead, one black-haired, and the fourth a "brownette." The quartet was topped off with large hats of the same two shades, all swathed in soft veiling. . . . Bare brown legs will be easier to achieve this summer, and those of us who never mastered the art of applying liquid sun tan may well save stockings by becoming adept at giving our legs a homemade sunburn with the help of a new cream. Like its liquid twin, which is still offered in a thrifty bottle to those who can use it without spraying all the towels in the bathroom, this cream comes in two shades, Pongee, for dark colors and pastels; and Cocoa, a deeper golden shade, to supplement vivid colors. The eight-ounce bottle will supply about thirty applications at seventy-four cents plus tax; the seven-ounce jar of non-spillable cream holds approximately twenty-five applications and costs sixty-nine cents plus tax. The cream is applied in much the same way as the liquid: Place a small amount in the palm of the hand and blend upward with smooth strokes until the leg is covered and practically dry. Water-resistant, it stays on for hours, and does *not* leave marks on your hostess' slip covers. It washes off with soap and warm water.

GOOD SAMARITAN

An orchid to that prince of men
Who made the sun come out again . . .
I toast my druggist. What a guy!
He plucked that ingot from my eye.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES: I heard not long ago about the discharged serviceman who gave his entire pre-Army wardrobe to the National Clothing Collection, explaining that he had grown while in the service and could not wear any of the clothes his mother had saved and moth-balled for him. This reminded me—in reverse—of the buxom matron who couldn't bring herself to give away any of her outgrown clothes because she was planning to reduce in order to squeeze into them. This spring she went a step further and bought summer cottons a size too small in order to provide a really hot incentive to do something about those hips. For years she has clipped reducing diets from magazines and papers, but, like most of us, constantly postpones the dread day when she will say NO, and mean it, to rich sauces and desserts.



All America agrees that beans are *best* when they're mealy and mellow, through and through! So Heinz chefs *oven-bake* them to mouth-watering tenderness—then drench them with an irresistibly spicy sauce made from luscious Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes! High in proteins—packed with energy—quick-to-fix Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are a grand one-dish meal!

Here are two tempting ways to serve Heinz Oven-Baked Beans that save time for the cook and score a hit with the family:

Oven-Baked Beans With Spicy Wieners

- Pour contents of a jar of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans into shallow casserole. Mix 1 tbs. Heinz Prepared Brown Mustard and 1 tbs. brown sugar together thoroughly. Make a split in each of 8 wieners. Spread cut edges with Mustard mixture. Then partially bury in beans with slit edge up. Insert a clove in each. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Serves 4.

Oven-Baked Beans With Onion Rings

- Cut 2 or 3 white onions into thin slices and separate into rings. Lightly brown onions in 2 tbs. fat. Add 2 tbs. Heinz Condensed Tomato Soup. Heat until onion rings become coated with sauce. Heat contents of a jar of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce. Pour into serving dish. Arrange onion rings in a circle over Beans. Serves 4.

57

HEINZ BEANS

THEY'RE OVEN-BAKED

"My family suffered, too"

The man who suffers from faulty vision suffers not alone. For the strain of *trying* to see often gives him a headache, puts his nerves on edge and makes him cross with his family. If there's a chance your eyes are ailing, examination and simple correction by an Optometrist or an Ophthalmologist often brings a new-found sense of health and happiness. Remember, *Better Vision Means Better Living.*

"Shurset"
a name worth knowing

When glasses are prescribed, ask for *Shurset Ful-Vue* mountings. Made by Shuron Optical Company—Shursets are exceptionally strong, smart in appearance and, most important, they keep your professionally prescribed lenses in true alignment for better vision. Only Shuron makes Shurset mountings.

Shuron SMART EYEWEAR

Shuron Optical Company, Inc., since 1864, makers of ophthalmic materials and instruments for the exclusive prescription use of the profession. Sales and Executive Offices, Geneva, N. Y. Plants at Rochester and Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

THE PRODIGAL UNCLE

Continued from Page 23

Filipponi pinched and knocked around Attila's bony frame. "Your legs," he said, "are a little bit swollen, but that doesn't worry me."

Attila replied savagely, "If your legs started swelling, I wouldn't worry either!" And then he told him what his mother was. Filipponi disagreed, and an argument ensued that almost ended the visit. The whole family, including Donna Elisa, hung on to Filipponi's arms and legs, and I ran away with his coat so that he couldn't leave.

Finally the examination was resumed.

"Show your tongue," Filipponi said.

Attila stretched out a span of yellow tongue that made Filipponi wince. "An ugly tongue," he said, clutching it between two fingers so that Attila could not reply. Then he grabbed him like a sack of wheat, turned him on his stomach and bared his back, and mother made us face the wall.

I peeked. Filipponi first applied the stethoscope to Attila's back. Then, when he thought no one was watching, he applied his ear.

Presently, standing upright at the foot of the bed, he announced with vast satisfaction, "You are going to die."

"So are you!" Attila snapped back.

"I mean," Filipponi answered, piqued, "you are going to die *soon.*"

There was a moment's silence. Then Attila inquired, "How soon?"

"In a day, or two," Filipponi said hopefully, replacing his instruments.

For a while Attila was unable to utter a sound. My mother began shedding tears like when peeling onions. It was all very touching. Suddenly Attila roared, "Get out of my house, assassin! You won't get one cent for this visit!"

"I'll get it from your heirs," Filipponi said, unperturbed. "They'll be glad to pay me." And he made a dignified exit.

The mention of heirs must have struck home. Attila began glaring at us.

My mother inquired softly, between sobs, "Shall I send for the priest?"

"Go to the devil, all of you!" Attila shouted, about to burst a blood vessel.

Mother sent us down, so as not to hear the profane language that followed. But presently, staring at death, Attila grew very quiet. Fear sobered his furious mood, and I was sent to get Don Basilio, the priest, a stocky olive-complexioned man, good as bread and true as wine.

He went upstairs, and we supped in silence in the kitchen while Attila discharged his sins into the lap of the Lord.

AT long last Don Basilio came down. Reverently we regarded the good priest, bent under the secret of such burden, and escorted him to the door.

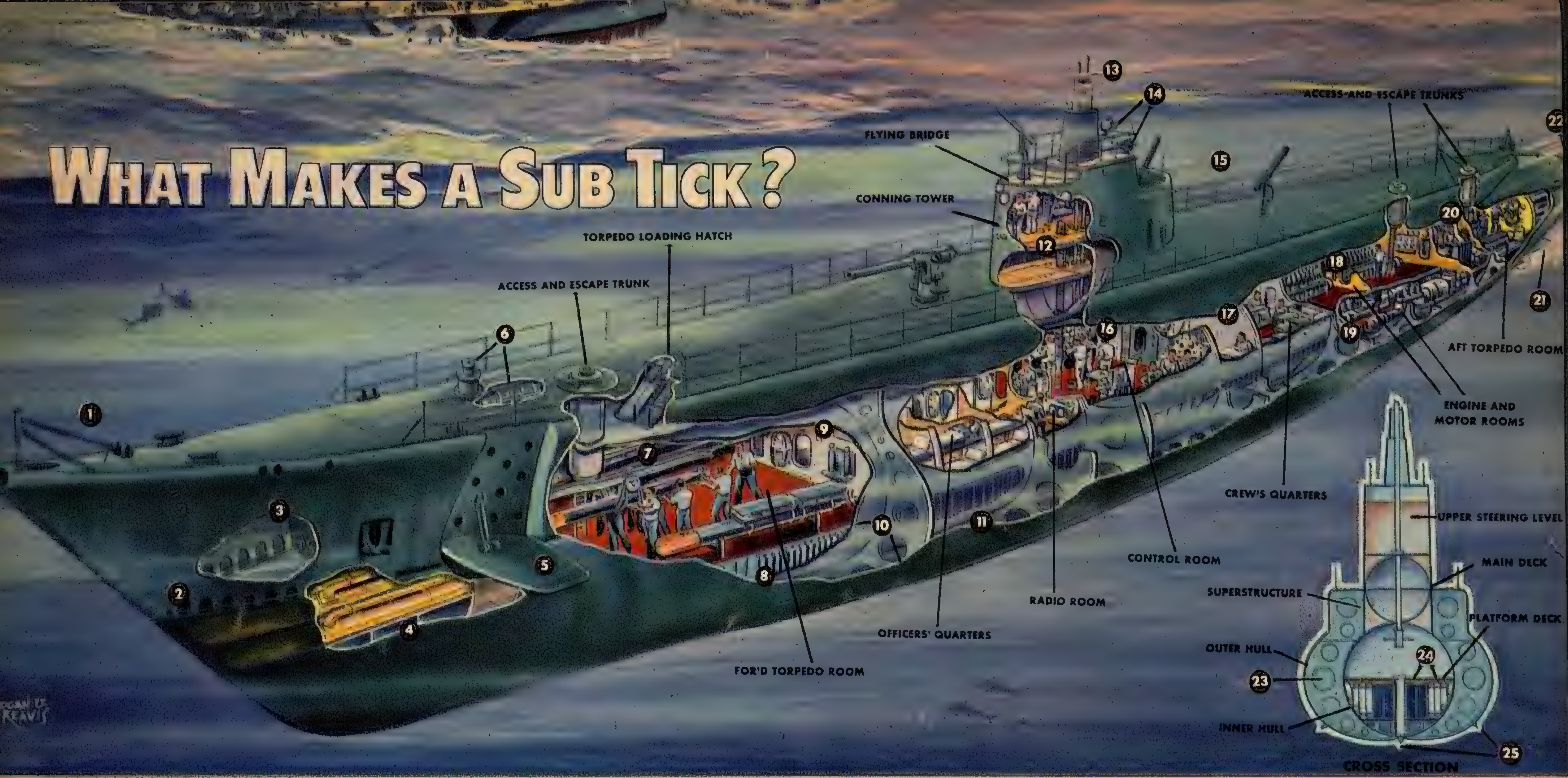
In his wake came Suora Teresa and Suora Tina, two nuns of the Carmelite Order, keeping their eyes downcast and fingering rosaries. The rumor had spread that Attila was already dead, and those Amazons of Christ had come to render their last services to the sinner.

Attila's voice thundered from above that the family was scheming his doom, enlisting the help of doctors and nuns; that a man couldn't possess a hard-earned penny without greedy relatives hurrying him to his grave. . . .

Mother told the good sisters they had better return in a day or two, when uncle, according to the doctor, would be more accessible, and asked if she could treat them to a cup of coffee. They smiled shyly, shaking their coifed heads in refusal, and

(*Continued on page 67*)

WHAT MAKES A SUB TICK?


FLYING BRIDGE
CONNING TOWER
TORPEDO LOADING HATCH
ACCESS AND ESCAPE TRUNK
ACCESS AND ESCAPE TRUNKS
AFT TORPEDO ROOM
ENGINE AND MOTOR ROOMS
CREW'S QUARTERS
UPPER STEERING LEVEL
MAIN DECK
CONTROL ROOM
RADIO ROOM
SUPERSTRUCTURE
PLATFORM DECK
OFFICERS' QUARTERS
OUTER HULL
FOR'D TORPEDO ROOM
INNER HULL
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GRAHAM REAVIS

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So exacting and complicated is submarine production, that it has often been said – "If you can build a sub, you can build anything." Consequently, some important industries are looking toward the Electric Boat Company as a highly skilled and efficient source for the fabrication and assembly of a variety of postwar products.

EBCo
SUBMARINES

KEY TO NUMBERS ON ILLUSTRATION

1. *Folding bow light*
2. *Flood holes*
3. *Bow buoyancy tank*
4. *Torpedo tubes*
5. *Folding diving plane*
6. *Capstan, and windlass*
7. *Torpedo loading trolley*
8. *Fuel tanks and air flasks*
9. *Torpedo room bulkhead*
10. *Space between inner and outer hulls serves as ballast tank*
11. *Storage batteries*
12. *Upper Control Station for surface navigation*
13. *Periscopes*
14. *Searchlight and radio direction finder*
15. *Radio antenna*
16. *Control Room—showing (left to right) helmsman, master gyrocompass, navigator (seated), skipper at periscope eyepiece, "talker" who transmits commands to other parts of ship, "christmas tree" where valves and hatches are checked by colored lights, diving plane operators*
17. *Crew's mess*
18. *Engine Room—Diesel engines for surface propulsion and generators for charging batteries*
19. *Motor Room — Electric motors, evaporators, air pumps, etc. for submerged propulsion*
20. *Maneuvering room*
21. *Aft diving plane*
22. *Propeller guard*
23. *Ballast tanks between outer and inner hulls*
24. *Air flasks, batteries*
25. *Bilge keels*

1083 JAP SHIPS ALREADY SUNK

Behind the fabulous record of our Navy's submarines in the Pacific are the broadly envisioned strategy of their top command; the intrepid daring and enterprise of their skippers; the exceptional teamwork of crews—yes, and one thing more! That is the superb *quality* of these fighting ships, traditional with Electric Boat Company, which constructed the Navy's first submarine nearly half a century ago, and now produces more submarines than any other American builder.

ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY GROTON, CONN. BAYONNE, N. J., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?

*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

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2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
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GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
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3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo ... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

SMITHY'S DOGS

Continued from Page 19

If he caught up before Smithy finished digging out the burrow, he poised beside Smithy's foot, his one red-rimmed eye fixed upon the burrow; and if a rabbit came out on his side, he had a slashing side snap that seldom missed. If it came out away from him, he was always left far behind, his yelping bark cutting through the deeper tones of the other dogs.

He always caught up too late for the kill.

The others gave Limpy plenty of room at the burrow.

They, too, had come to know that slashing snap of white fangs.

They beat him often, once they found out about his blind side, and beat him badly. But it took time to master this technique, and in the mastering of it there were casualties that caused Smithy to curse and bring out the mutton fat and sulphur and call Limpy up for a kick or a cuff.

Rations were brought out to Smithy from the homestead every second month, and that was how Jim Spain first met Limpy.

Spain was sitting on the hut step waiting for Smithy when he rode in one evening, his horses standing drowsily under the old pittosporum tree by the hut. Spain got up when he came down the hill and walked over to say hullo.

"Hullo, Smithy! How's th' rabbits?"

"G'day, Jim!"

He didn't burst into conversation as some lonely men do, but just "G'day, Jim!" as if he'd seen Spain yesterday instead of two months before. To Spain that was a good sign. Men that build up conversation inside them, like steam in a kettle, don't last long on the lonely outstations.

Spain always brought a bag of livers and offal from the killing pen with him for the dogs; and the smell of blood was still upon him, so the pack knew him, and milled around him, eager and friendly.

All except one!

Old Ranger, the pack leader, half foxhound, half bull terrier, had a piece out of his shoulder as big as a thumb, and half an ear was missing.

Spain knew that none of the others had done that, so he looked around quickly for the new dog. Limpy was just making a rear attack, and the quick movement caused him to miss and take a piece out of Spain's dungarees instead of his leg.

He floundered on past Spain and squared off for another try. He looked a strange caricature of a dog with his one angry eye, the lump where the other should have been, and the clubfoot. But Spain saw only the menace of him, and wished for a piece of three-by-two or the weighted handle of a stock whip.

"You misbegotten son of a —— Limpy! Come here!"

Smithy did not shout at him, but in an instant all the anger and alertness were gone out of Limpy, like the snuffing out of a flame, and he was dragging himself along on his belly to Smithy's feet. Smithy bent down and gave him a cuff on the side of the head, and from the shrill yelps of him you would have thought he had been thrashed with a piece of bale wire.

HE stopped yelping as soon as Smithy straightened up, and commenced fawning at him and trying to lick his face.

Spain said, "So you've got another dog!"

Smithy grunted.

"Black feller's dog," Spain said definitely. "You'll never keep him!"

"Yeah?" Smithy's voice expressed disbelief. "Found him on the road. Been caught in a trap. Good dog."

Spain shrugged.

"Boss says you can take a couple of days off and go to town if yer like. When yer come in fer yer check, let me know when you're goin'. I'll come over and have a look at th' dogs while you're away."

"I'll look after me own dogs!"

"Yeah, I know, but I'll feed 'em for yer if yer like."

"They're my dogs, ain't they?"

Spain said "Yeah," and shrugged his shoulders and looked at them. They were Smithy's dogs all right, he thought, and grinned.

He knew that loneliness expressed itself differently in different men. Smithy was entitled to his dogs.

"You goin' to camp th' night, Jim?"

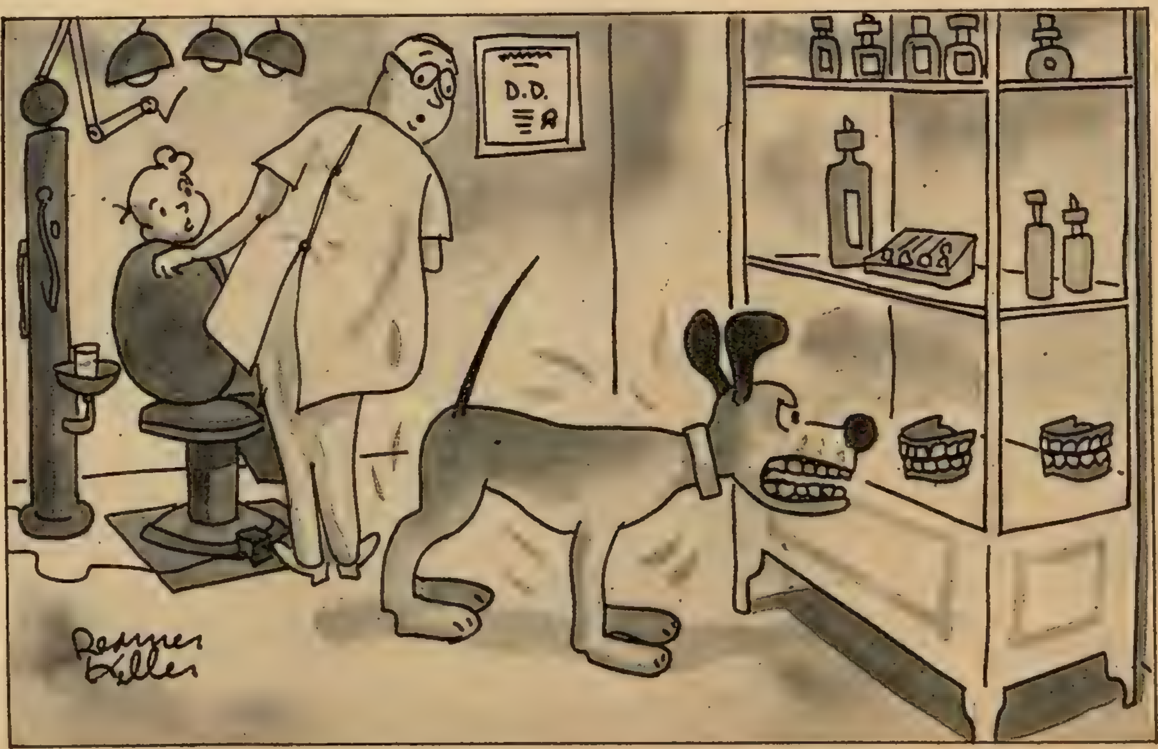
Spain looked at Limpy. Black feller's dog. If he nails me again I'll kill him, he thought. Perhaps it would be better not to stay. Only cause trouble. Thought of the fourteen-mile ride back to the homestead in the moonlight made him frown.

"Thanks all th' same, Smithy. I've got to get back tonight. Just wanted to say hullo."

"Well, suit yerself!" Smithy's voice expressed relief. Men like Spain, now, you

(Continued on page 62)

HARDTACK



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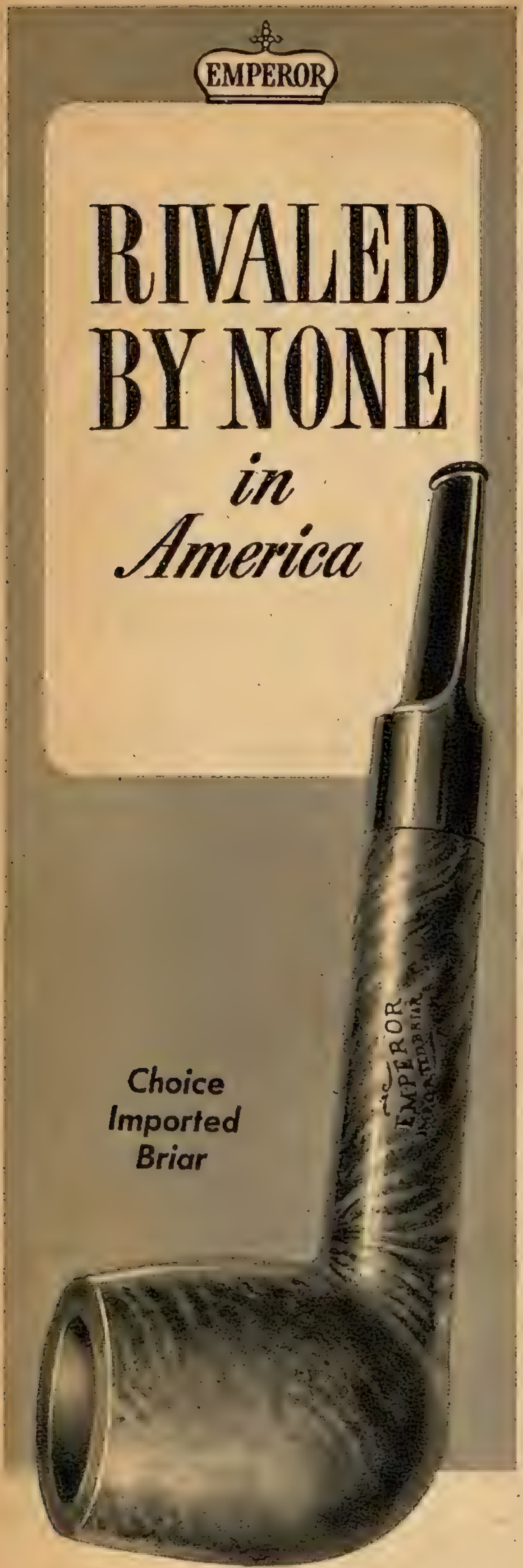

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EMPEROR PIPES

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 60*)

could never tell what they had in mind. Dried-up little runt of a rider. Could drop a fox from a running horse with a Winchester. Might even do Limpy an injury if he stayed.

Spain swung up on his stock horse, and as he gathered up the lead rope of the pack horse, Smithy said again, as if the other had tried to take something precious and personal away from him:

"They're my dogs, ain't they?"

Limpy slunk along behind Spain with malice in his eye, as if he sensed his master's antagonism, until Smithy called him back.

Spain glanced back at the top of the hill and raised his arm in a rider's farewell gesture, but Smithy was throwing rabbit carcasses to the dogs and did not see him. Spain's last sight of the hut was of Smithy cuffing the lame dog, and the yelps of Limpy came up to him, clear and shrill, as he rode down out of sight.

Smithy sat by the fire smoking for a long time. In his mind was the germ of an idea, so finally he told Limpy about it.

"Man's a fool! Works six months, goes to town. Have maybe fifty pounds, with check and pelt money. So I stay till it's gone. Now, if I only took th' bale of skins and sold 'em, I'd only have maybe six or seven pounds—say ten at th' most, with th' possum skins. Two days, or maybe three, and I'd *have* to come home! Still have my check at th' homestead. Wouldn't even have to ride in to get it. Be just as happy. End of th' year I'd have a big check."

He looked at Limpy. Limpy was holding up his clubfoot, and searching beneath his leg for an elusive flea. An idea like that was like a flea on a dog—gave you no peace until you did something about it. Smithy cuffed the dog as a matter of principle, and went thoughtfully to bed to lick dry lips and smoke and think, but not to sleep.

He was up and waiting for daylight, listening for the horse bells to give him the direction of the saddle horses.

His fingers were trembling and clumsy as he caught the horses and saddled up. He filled the old tub in the dog pen with water, dumped Jim Spain's bag of offal inside, locked Limpy in with the pack, and with the bales of pelts on a pack horse, headed for town.

Heat waves shimmered over the little town so that the iron roofs of stores and hotels seemed to quiver with heat. It was not a large town—it boasted only three hotels, and a few general stores, and stock and station agents, a bank, and the inevitable stockyards.

Smithy steeled himself to ride on past the hotels and down to the skin buyer's store at the end of town, with only a furtive side glance and a wetting of dry lips.

He swung a heavy bale of pelts on his shoulder and stepped gratefully in out of the sun.

When Smithy left the buyer his schedule for enforced thrift was badly shattered. In Sarajevo a little man had killed a big man —and Europe was at war.

Rabbit fur was needed to make slouch hats, and prices were skyrocketing as the speculators went to work.

Instead of ten pounds, Smithy had more than sixty in the pocket of his badly wrinkled dungarees as he left the store.

He parked the horses at the town stable, hurriedly pushed open the swing door of the nearest bar, and stepped inside.

SMITHY swayed in the saddle as he rode slowly up the hill. He was still very drunk, but his mind now had periods of tired lucidity, and memory pictures flitted through his mind. In the long days ahead those pictures would give him satisfaction, just to sit and think about them. But at present they were vague.

There had been a woman in it somewhere, but he couldn't picture her at all, so that must have been just a passing fancy. There had been a fight, and he saw that clearly. There had been roaring choruses of song, and laughter and jokes and drinks, and still more drinks. There had been a lot of money, but just how much, or how long ago, he didn't know—there were only a few copper coins in his pocket now. He was dirty and terribly tired.

There was dried blood on his hand and his trousers leg. That had come from the meat he'd bought for the dogs, but what he'd done with it he couldn't recollect. He only knew he didn't have it now. He reined up on the crest of the hill—and there was home. Just as he had left it, with dogs moving in the pen, and a horse standing down by the creek.

There was a bottle of whisky bumping in his side pocket as he rode. He would need that badly tomorrow, but maybe not all of it. So he took a couple of stiff pegs at it, and it hit him hard between the eyes, and the lucidity vanished and his mind became a haze again, and he rode down the hill mumbling a drunken song.

He sat swaying in the saddle outside the

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

NOSTRILL: To sing through your nose.

NEWSANCE: Tritems for the daily paper.

SAWSPAN: Sawmething to sawté sawsages in.

GROWCERY: Shop where they grow the vegetables they sell.

GUARDEN: Jailer's flower patch.

YEGGPLANT: Vegetable for a crook.

COYSTER: A timid bivalve.

PURP-PET-UAL: A dog who never dies.

IRISHTOCRACY: The ones in the BIG shanties.

MALODY: A bad tune.

hut until the horse moved restlessly. There was a familiar background of sound, and it was that which caused the horse to move so restlessly and snort. It was the yelping clamor of the dogs.

"Well, boys, glad to see the old man home again! Good dogs! Good boys!" and he called to them with the familiar high-pitched "Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!" with which he sent them away when a rabbit jumped from the brush. The chorus increased in a crescendo of snarling barks as he clambered uncertainly from the saddle, unsaddled, and smacked the rumps of the horses and turned them away.

They went away in a jolting run, their heads held high and turning from side to side.

"Old fools!" he mumbled. "Frightened of me dogs! Old fools!" He took another peg at the whisky and placed it inside the door, out of temptation.

"Good boys! Good dogs!" and he raised his voice and shouted "Limpy!" He staggered over to the pen and stood with his hand on the gatepost, swaying gently.

"Good dogs! Good boys! Thirsty! Might be thirsty! Wonder if you've drunk all th' water?"

He opened the gate slowly, fumbling over the simple latch, and put his head in and looked at them.

The dogs sat in a half circle and watched him. He closed the gate behind him and, maintaining his precarious balance by leaning against the wire and locking his fingers in the mesh, he went over to the tub in the corner.

There was a scant inch of filthy mud in the bottom of the tub.

He said, "Poor boys! Poor dogs! Must be thirsty! Get yer some right away."

He turned slowly and looked at them.

There was something wrong—didn't seem to be as many dogs as there should be.

He started counting them by saying their names.

He said, "Ranger, Darkie, Spot, Limpy—" and looked at them again. There was Ranger—and the big fellow was creeping toward him, crouched till his belly was almost on the ground, and his eyes were red, and saliva was trickling from the corners of his mouth, and his white fangs were bared in a snarl. And Spot—and he was creeping forward too, trembling with eagerness. And Darkie—and Darkie was sunk in a belly crouch with red intent eyes. Limpy—and Limpy was in the small space between the shed and the wire, a strategic position where his back and flanks were covered from attack.

THE meaning of the strangeness of them and the terror of the horses came to Smithy in a blinding flash of clear thought. And for the first time he saw the gauntness and the menace of them, and noticed that those missing were the weaker and older dogs.

The dogs were starving!

"Christ!" he whispered, gripping the wire. "O Christ! I've been too long away. They're starving. They smell the blood on me!"

He started to sidle back toward the gate. To the perception of the dogs, made abnormally acute by starvation, the faint maddening scent of dried offal was added to by the strong scent of fear. The two combined and became intolerable.

The big dog leaped for his throat, the gaunt body knocking him backward against the wire. He warded the dog off with his hands, and the clawing nails of the forefeet tore a long scratch down his forearm—and with the smell of fresh blood the pack went berserk and was on him in a mad yelping rush. He tripped over the empty tub and fell backward with a dog's teeth locked in his shoulder. He screamed with pain and fought and kicked madly to his knees. He tore at the wire, but the stout staples and hardwood sleepers held him securely.

There came a high-pitched yelp and through the pack burst a one-eyed whirlwind of fighting fury that scattered the dogs by the sheer ferocity of its attack. The dog hanging to the man's shoulder was torn sideways by a slashing snap that bared the sinews of its shoulder.

Limpy straddled the old man's legs and snarled defiance at the pack.

Smithy reached up slowly and locked his quivering fingers in the wire. Blood was staining his torn shirt and trousers in steadily spreading patches.

He tried to drag his trembling body upright, and at the movement Limpy was thrust sideways by the convulsive jerk of the man's legs, taking his attention from the pack. The dogs were on him in an instant; stiff-legged and fighting desperately, he went down and the dogs boiled over him and in for the kill.

The man screamed hoarsely as he was dragged down, and there were terrible worrying sounds and the snarling of fighting dogs.

DUST rose in clouds from the stockyards and the bleating of sheep was a grinding cacophony of sound. Sweat and dust coated the faces and arms of the men drafting sheep.

A tall man sat on the fence jotting figures in a notebook. He glanced up from the notebook and stared out over the paddock, mentally working out problems of carrying capacity. A man touched him on the thigh and pointed up the lane that led from the hills toward the homestead.

"What do you make of that, boss?"

He shaded his eyes and stared.

"Jim Spain, and coming like a bat out of hell!"

Men left the sheep and came to the rails to stare.

"Look at him ride!"

"Must be a grass fire!"

They moved together, a tight little group of hard-eyed men, watching the rider. Spain swept out of the lane at a dead run, and turned away from the homestead down toward the stockyards.

He slid to a stop beside them in a cloud of dust, and swung down in one lithe movement.

"Hell to pay, boss!"

"Well, let's have it, Spain! What's up?"

"Ridin' th' back paddock! Dead sheep everywhere. Killed by dogs. Smithy's dogs!"

"Th' hell you say! Where's that feller?"

"I rode up there right away, boss. He's lyin' in th' dog yard, dead as mutton! There's half a bottle of whisky in the hut and the rations I left a fortnight ago haven't been touched. I see it this way. Smithy went to town an' got on a bender; forgot about th' dogs. Came home, and for some reason, Lord knows what, went in th' yard with the starvin' dogs, and they—did fer him!"

"You mean they—"

"Boss, I've seen some dead men, but never nothin' like that before."

"All right, boys. Get rifles! All work stops till we kill those dogs. I'll give a pound a scalp for every dog killed. Go to it! I'll do what's to be done about—Smithy. Spain, you come with me."

The men hurried off to the huts for saddles and rifles.

The two men, Spain leading his weary horse, walked toward the homestead and turned in at the gate. As they walked they conversed in low tones, Spain gesturing with his free hand.

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THE moon threw the shadows of the hut into the roofless leaning room, and in the deeper shadow there was a slow stirring movement. Limpy moved unsteadily from the shadow and shambled toward the creek.

The dog lurched as he walked, and once he stumbled blindly against a stump and whined softly in bewilderment.

At the creek he walked in a little way and lay in the shallows with only his head out, and lapped at the cool water.

He stood up painfully and dragged himself up the bank. The trees along the creek threw dark shadows on the water, and along the bank was a bewildering half-light that caused the dog to stop often and peer and smell at doubtful objects under the trees. His one good eye was almost closed by the gush of a bite that had caught him along the upper jaw, and in swelling had contracted the skin around the eye. His movements became more sluggish, and presently he crawled into a runway which rabbits had tunneled in a thicket of wild raspberry and lantana canes.

He wormed his way deep into the heart of the thicket, and lay there panting and licking his wounds.

Sometimes he slept, and whined and twitched in sleeping, and wakened, and licked steadily at his wounds again.

Shots sounded often in the distant paddocks, and once the frenzied yelping of a dog caused Limpy to stir uneasily.

Dew came with the moonlight, and he licked the moisture from the leaves and chewed the green tender shoots of grass that grew among the canes.

He ate that night.

An old kangaroo rat, almost blinded with grass ticks, blundered along the runway.

His long keen nose scented the dog too late—and Limpy caught him as he turned, and devoured him.

The meal gave him strength, and in the dawn he crawled slowly from the thicket and stood trembling and blinking beside the creek.

He sniffed the air, and there was an elusive, familiar scent coming from the road that caused him to whine eagerly and limp up the bank into the shelter of the trees.

FROM behind a tree a man stepped, silently as a shadow, and blocked his way. Spain held a rifle loosely in his hands. From his belt swung the scalps of three dogs.

Limpy stopped within a yard of him and peered uncertainly and sniffed at the man.

From the road came the soft thump of horses' hoofs in the dust, and the rattle of loose wheels.

The tribe was returning, with the old women and young children dozing in the carts. Gaunt dogs, like skirmishers, nosed in the brush by the roadside and then passed on.

Spain peered down at the dog in the growing light.

"Been in a hell of a fight, feller!" he murmured thoughtfully, and glanced sideways at the old carts and the riders on lean horses passing up the road, "an' about two days ago. I wonder?"

He stepped aside suddenly and motioned to the dog; and Limpy moved past him distrustfully and then hurried out into the road.

The end of the cavalcade was just passing, and he fell in behind them, whining eagerly and hurrying to catch up.

Spain dropped the rifle into the crook of his arm and watched him go.

THE END

HELPFULNESS, INC.

Continued from Page 29

for them with people in the profession. Last fall she even obtained several thousand dollars' worth of backing for a musical comedy written by an unknown.

Recently a young Yugoslavian refugee appeared at the office. She had been to virtually every store in New York City, trying to interest someone in her ideas on costume design. Mrs. Pickering, the first person to take her work seriously, was discussing patent arrangements for some of the girl's ideas before the initial interview was over. Inside of two weeks the girl had already marketed one of them—a moiré-silk prayer book for brides.

If you have faith in an idea, no matter how whimsical or impossible it may sound to someone else, Mrs. Pickering will lend an ear and a hand. Even panaceas for poison ivy are not beyond the scope of her attention. The other day a young man from New England came in with what he enthusiastically termed a "sure cure" for ivy poisoning. Mrs. Pickering, who mixes a fair share of business acumen with her altruism, had the preparation analyzed. She got affidavits from the New England township where his remedy had been tested. At this point she's scouting the town to get backers for the product.

Mrs. Pickering, a slight blonde in her middle forties, had never done anything like this before. Daughter of wealthy parents, she had spent most of her early life abroad. Later she married Loring E. Pickering, one-time publisher of the San Francisco Bulletin. Her brief business experience was limited to helping her former husband organize the North American Newspaper Alliance, a feature syndicate.

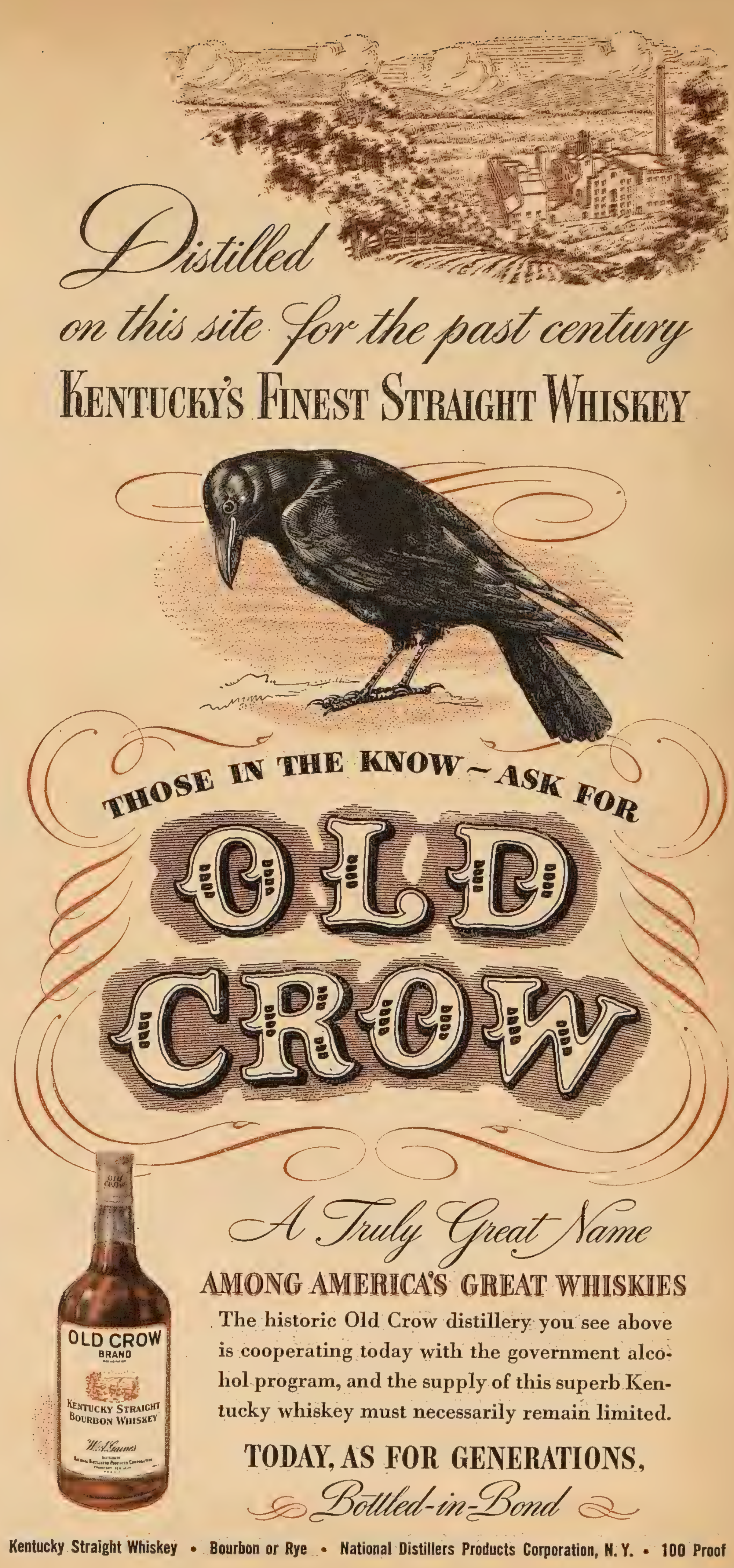
But she started Common Sense Service last year without a qualm. With her two sons both overseas, she had little to do beyond airing her French poodle and Pomeranian, attending bridge parties, and organizing charity drives. It was then that she conceived the idea of her unique service.

People had problems and she had the knack and the know-how of solving them. She had hundreds of friends, people of wealth and position, who could be tapped in all sorts of emergencies. That was all there was to it from the standpoint of a commercial venture. The rest was plain altruism.

HER working basis is simple. She has recruited a few women who, like herself, believe in the credo: "Every good deed will return a hundredfold." Except for her personal secretary, none of them gets any pay. Mrs. Percy Ebbott and Mrs. George Werlemann, both wives of prominent New Yorkers and close friends of Mrs. Pickering, devote all their spare time to the service. Their only reward is the satisfaction they get from helping others.

Some of them work on a commission basis, however, splitting fees with the office. There's Mrs. Elizabeth Beardsley, for instance, a bona fide real-estate broker who handles the apartment-finding service. Another takes care of telephone inquiries and general advice—fees here depend on the research involved. If it's a simple inquiry like that from the civil engineer who wanted to know whether he might take a camera to Alaska, a flat sum of one dollar is asked. Catering advice, on the other hand, may run as high as ten dollars.

A third woman takes care of the shopper-escort and sight-seeing guide services. A lot of well-heeled matrons who want help in selecting tasteful hats and dresses



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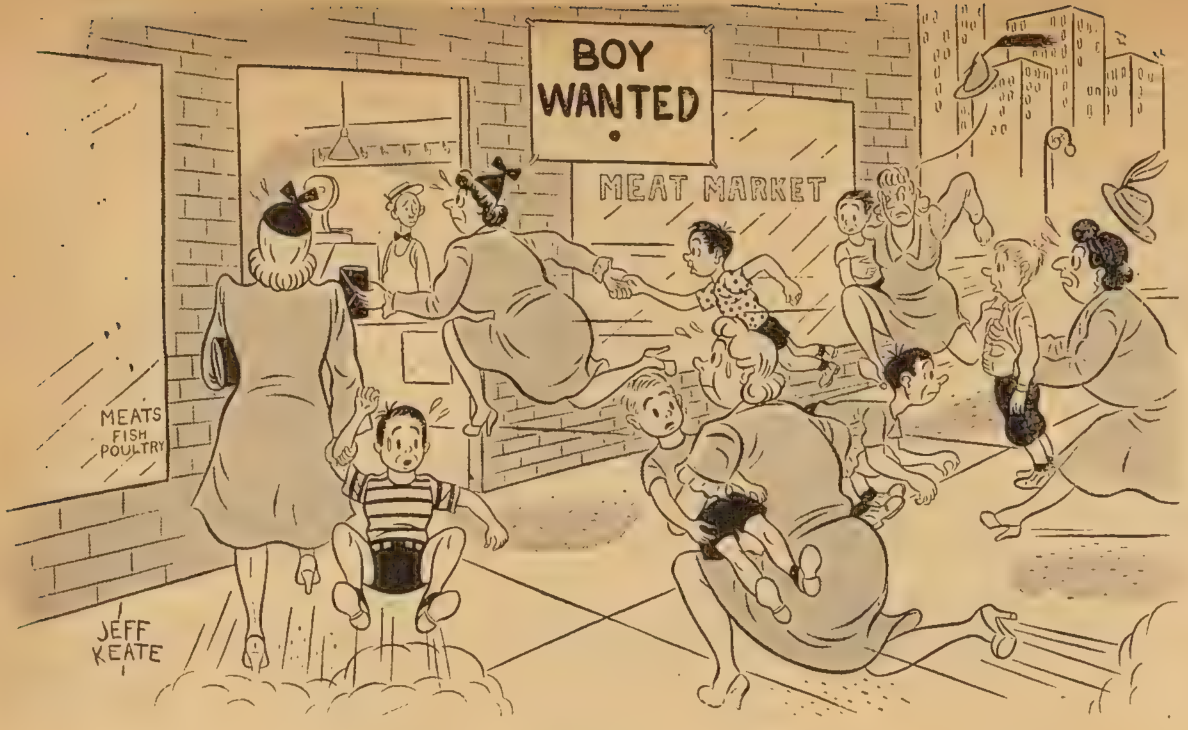

are willing to pay the five-dollar-an-hour charge for Common Sense assistance. So also are many out-of-town visitors who want companionship from Grant's Tomb to the Statue of Liberty. The fee may seem a trifle high, but Mrs. Robin Hood Pickering takes up the slack in those services that are offered gratis.

Mrs. Pickering herself takes on the jobs that involve soliciting aid from the wealthy and influential. Her persistence usually carries the day, whether it means obtaining introductions for a nobody, financial backing for a business venture, or scaring up quick cash in an emergency.

Just the other day, for example, a distraught young woman who'd heard of the service by word of mouth, as do most of its clients, appealed to Mrs. Pickering. Her father was ill and had to be sent to a sanatorium. Could Mrs. Pickering help her raise the money?

As security, the woman offered a diamond ring that had been her grandmother's. Jewelers, she said, would offer her only half what the ring was worth, not enough to cover the hospitalization.

Mrs. Pickering had a reliable jeweler appraise the ring, but his story was much the same. No dealer would offer full price. A private buyer might, but where could one be found?

This was an old story to Mrs. Pickering. She sat down with a list of private names—friends and friends of friends—and proceeded to call them. To each she described the ring and the situation. Finally she found a buyer willing to pay full value.

Mrs. Pickering claims no patent on her idea for helping people to help themselves. She'd like to see a chain of community-sponsored services across the country dedicated to the same proposition. She feels such projects would have enormous value after the war and could certainly employ hundreds of women now doing war work but who will be idle later.

She has already established branches of her Common Sense Service in two other cities: one in San Francisco, on Bush Street; and the second in the Jenkins Arcade in Pittsburgh.

At present she's thinking of opening another office in Toronto, Canada. A few months ago a story about Common Sense appeared in a Toronto newspaper and was subsequently picked up by a Canadian radio station. Since that time inquiries about the service have flooded in from Canada and some of the border states.

One North Dakota woman who heard the broadcast even shipped a big bundle of goose feathers to New York City. "I want these made into a feather mattress," she wrote, "and there's no one here who can do it for me. If you can arrange it, I'll pay whatever fee you ask." Mrs. Pickering arranged it.

Any one of these unrelated services might be a full-time job for an ordinarily ambitious person. But Mrs. Pickering takes them all in stride. And to date nobody has managed to stump Common Sense Service, Incorporated.

THE END

When summer sun and wind "BEDEVIL" Your hair

...leaving it wild, unruly—hard to handle

TAKIN' A BEATIN': What a tangled, frowzled mess his hair is after working hours in the garden. Baked by the sun, blown by the wind—so hard to comb—stiff and wild looking.

NO WONDER GIRLS LAUGH: How silly his hair looks plastered down with grease! Kreml grooms "bedeviled" hair so handsomely without ever looking glued down or greasy.

HEADIN' FOR TROUBLE: After such a day's work—a cool plunge is *aces*. But what a sight his hair looks after grooming it with water—so stringy and unruly after it dries. What a shame he doesn't know how Kreml keeps hair so *neatly* in place.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE: In his appearance and in his rating with the girls after he began using Kreml! He found Kreml just the "right-balance" dressing for his hair—"just right" to make his hair easy to comb—to look neatly groomed.

In hot summer months many men find it particularly difficult to keep their hair well groomed. That's one big reason why Kreml Hair Tonic is such a nationwide favorite! Kreml makes hair a *pleasure* to comb. It keeps it handsomely groomed—never looking or feeling greasy. Kreml also relieves itching of dry scalp and removes untidy dandruff flakes. Ask for Kreml at your barber's. Buy Kreml at any drug counter. Use daily as directed.

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KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy — Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp — Removes Dandruff Flakes

(Continued from page 58)

retired with the promise that they would be back in the morning.

I am sure there were many people in Montrecase that night who prayed Attila might pass painlessly but in a hurry. And to forestall any such request on our side, Mother made us say our prayers aloud, making us beg distinctly and sonorously of the Lord that uncle be permitted to live another hundred years. But I added a silent paragraph of my own, requesting that, should he yet die, he might leave me a lot of money so I could live thereafter like a king.

Next morning Attila handed my mother the key to his closet and asked her to bring him the money from his box, and then stuffed the bank roll under the pillow with an ugly glance in our direction. It dawned on him at last that he couldn't take the money with him, and the thought that others were going to enjoy it drove him frantic.

Presently he peeled a bill from his bank roll and asked me to get a dozen bottles of old Moscato Amabile from the Barile d'Oro, the wine tavern—and to bring back the receipt and the change.

"It's his last wish," my mother said piously. "Go quick."

The wine merchant regarded me reproachfully when I told him that Attila was still alive. He also had heard of his passing away. The twelve bottles cost a lot of money, but he didn't give me a receipt, for he was ashamed I should find out that he didn't know how to make an X.

In Attila's room I found Peppino, the one-eyed barber, who as a special service to his clients used to give them a post-mortem shave-and-trimming for free, so that they should look pretty in their coffins. He expected to find uncle ready. Attila gave him a grisly look, and Peppino stood rooted in the doorway, looking terrified at Attila.

"What are you up to, lout?" Attila was roaring at him. "You come to cut off my scalp and sell it to your client?"

"Just a friendly visit," Peppino stammered. Then he discovered me, laden down with bottles, and hastened to help.

"Scat, you son of sin! And never darken my door again!" Attila shouted. Peppino scurried off.

I opened a bottle and watched Attila guzzle the heavy red wine. It seemed to me a foolishly tardy attempt to get some enjoyment out of his hard-chiseled money. But mother said ethics demanded to let a dying man have his way, and I uncorked more bottles.

Attila didn't die that day. He just lay on his back in silence, taking a swig now and then and regarding the world through narrow baleful eyes. He didn't die the following day, either, and I had to get another batch of bottles.

In the evening, color came to his cheeks and his eyes burned.

"See?" my mother whispered, grieved. "It's the fever."

At that moment Attila asked for a dish of baked eggplant, and told my mother not to spare the tomato sauce and Parmesan and buffalo cheese that go in it, nor the garlic and olive oil. My mother set out halfheartedly, for the dish took many hours to prepare and she thought he would never survive it. But he did.

He ate and drank strenuously, then dropped off to sleep.

WHEN he sat up in bed with flushed cheeks the next day, mother squeezed my arm and said, "Look! This is the end."

But it wasn't. The color in his face had come to stay and increase, and after a week of expensive guzzling and gorging he looked almost hale and rubicund. But he wouldn't

B&O'S NEW MALLETS ARE BIG AND POWERFUL!

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In later years, Jimmy could measure the meaning of these B&O Mallets in terms of faster schedules and greater tonnage moved. But, today, he sees clearly . . . simply . . . indisputable evidence of something *new* and *better!*

We, of the Baltimore & Ohio, look on our new Mallet locomotives as but one symbol of our continued search to further better our service . . . one of many improvements born of the thought that B&O progress is the science of making things better . . . *for you!*

R. B. WHITE, *President*

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POWER to move 150 full coal-cars (about 15,000 tons) at 30 m.p.h. on level terrain—each B&O Mallet has a 115,000 pound tractive force!

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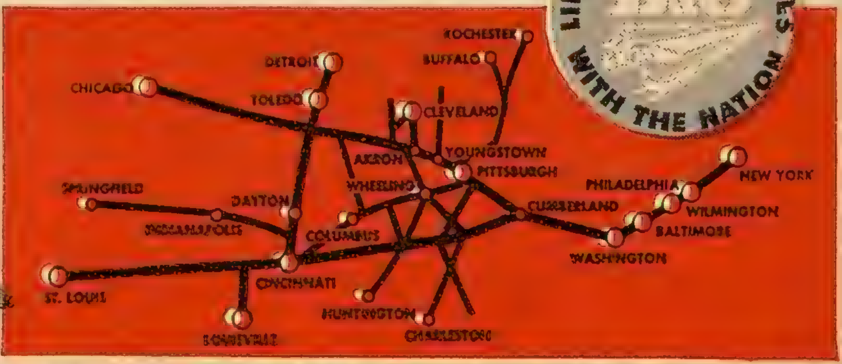

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talk to any of the family except to order food and drink, and my mother summoned the doctor.

Attila, full of eggplant and hatred, abused the good man in great style the moment he clapped eyes on him, and lifted a bottle over his head as Filipponi bent over his chest, but my mother dived and unarmed him.

Filipponi found the blood pressure improved and the pulse much stronger. Attila, however, soused to the gills, didn't care any more whether he was to die or not. But he still spent his money recklessly. I saw with dismay my hopes for a kingly life vanish and was ready to settle for a bicycle.

I am sure that by that time Filipponi must have had his first doubts, but was unwilling to concede that Attila might not die after all. Perhaps he thought there still was hope. "You'll have a relapse very soon, my friend," he would cheerfully repeat. Until one day Attila jumped out of bed and chased the doctor down the stairs.

Wasn't it just like him, people said, playing dirty and refusing to die when the doctor ordered him to do so?

"TOMORROW I'm going to Naples and do you all in the eye," Attila announced a few days later, winding up neat forkfuls of spaghetti, and then pushing a chunk of bread around in the gravy. He had developed a ravenous appetite.

This was the first time he had spoken to us socially.

"Great snakes!" my mother exclaimed. "Who will take care of you there?"

Attila drew his bank roll from his trousers pocket. "This!" he said.

Next morning, buttoned up in his Sunday best, he took his six feet of meanness to Naples in a horse-drawn gig.

In my mind I still have the picture of Attila sitting stiff-backed on the seat and carefully wrapping his mouth around a sandwich while the boy driver heartily whipped the scrawny animal on his journey.

What happened in Naples will remain forever a matter of surmise. Several people saw Attila there, but their testimony is contradictory. He went to live, it seems, at one of the hotels around Santa Lucia, not far from the gay harbor section. According to some, he took to a flock of women; whereas, according to others, he feasted all by himself on champagne and high-calorie food at the Gambrinus, and played poker with chance acquaintances in Caflisch's or some café in the Arcades. But one of our informers was sure he had seen him ride high in a fiacre in the company of some sidewalk Cleopatra.

Mother was deeply worried about his careening about town full of money, with all those midnight madonnas and other women of easy virtue spreading their nets, or at least that was her idea of the city. And I secretly began following the Black Chronicle in the Mattino, expecting to find some item like this: "At the Gambrinus last night an ancient gent was stricken by sudden death amid laughter and champagne. . . ." Or "A group of fishermen retrieved in the vicinity of Castel dell'Ovo the corpse of an old man in advanced stages of putrefaction, with a knife between his shoulders. . . ."

But the summer passed without my finding anything remotely applicable to Attila. My mother had contacted the Naples police, who had promised to let her know if anyone fitting his description turned up at the morgue or in jail.

Well, one day, when mother was already dickering with Don Basilio about the price of a requiem mass, Attila reappeared.

The police didn't bring him, however. He brought the police.

We were sitting in the patio, when we heard an unmistakable tramping on the tiles, and then Attila rushed past us, life-size, with a bloody bandage set rakishly on his forehead and a glowing red nose between fattened cheeks. He looked disgustingly healthy and almost human.

In spite of that, my mother screeched, "*Mamma Maria!* A ghost!" But we of the new generation pointed out to her that ghosts don't bleed, except on very rare occasions, and never visit with their relatives before dark.

Without stopping to explain, Attila hastened into the kitchen, where he flung himself at a smoked ham like Romeo at Juliet's bier, and mother was finally reassured. After the first joy over the prodigal uncle's return, she gave him a piece of her mind and told him what he was. He told her where to go. But he told her gaily, and then embraced us all with great joviality.

His character seemed to have changed for the better, and he was unmistakably happy to be back among his loving relatives.

His loving relatives immediately began assailing him with questions about the bank roll. He became gloomy and finally conceded that he was bankrupt, but felt disinclined to talk further about the matter. All we could gather was that just as he was acquiring a taste for champagne, his money gave out, and simultaneously he discovered also that poker was not necessarily a game of chance, and a few other facts of life.

Dottore Filipponi assured us that at least he was entirely cured of a rather fatal ailment called *fames communis,* which in vulgar language means common hunger. The long years of avarice had brought him to the brink of the grave. The intake of heavy wine and rich food in his attempt to squander his money before dying had come just in time to supply him with red corpuscles and put a chest under his hairs.

He had an opportunity of proving how strong he had become only a couple of days after his return, when his love life followed him to our house.

WE were placidly having dinner in the kitchen one balmy October day, admiring uncle's staunch appetite, when the door flew open with a bang, giving way to a fiery-eyed wench.

In her wake came a hefty Royal Gendarme.

With a flourish she pointed a finger at Attila and screamed tragically, "That's him! Grab him!" And before we had time to gulp, uncle was on his socks and bolting for the back door.

There he met his Waterloo. Proving herself a person of vast foresight and experience, the woman had posted another gendarme at that strategic exit. But Attila went down with flying colors.

He knocked down the gendarme by roaring the most terrifying "Out of my way!" ever to come from a human chest, and the enforcer of the law, recoiling in terror, stumbled over the threshold and fell on his rear. But by now the wench had thrown her powerful arms around Attila's neck and was clutching him in motherly fashion, giving time to the gendarme who had followed her to catch up. Attila swung around and knocked him down with his fist.

From there on the fight became confused, with positions and fortunes of war fluctuating till the shameful end. I remember that at one moment my mother and the wench were in each other's hair, screaming like sea gulls; my twin sisters, crying and screeching, were kicking the smitten gendarme in the head; and I was

"Children take to music naturally"... Jascha Heifetz

"I HAVE played in country schools," writes Jascha Heifetz, world-famous violinist, "where the children had never heard a flesh and blood musician in their lives. When I gave them good pieces they listened attentively. When I gave the second-rate pieces—as an experiment only—they wriggled and stared out of the window.

"... a child should take to the best in music like a duck to water, for children's ears have not lost their keenness."

As Mr. Heifetz points out, fostering musical appreciation in a child is largely a matter of providing him with frequent opportunities to hear good music.

When developing your child's musical appreciation, the selection of a radio-phonograph becomes extremely important. Be careful not to dull the keenness of his ears by subjecting them to an inadequate radio. Choose the one which provides true musical tone—the instrument you and your child can be proud of.

Perhaps it will aid you in making your selection to learn that the radio-phonograph to which Heifetz's children listen is a Magnavox... and that this same instrument has an honored place in the homes of Kreisler, Ormandy, Beecham, and Horowitz.

Send for Reproductions of Paintings: Set of ten reproductions of paintings from the Magnavox collection — size 11¼" x 9", suitable for framing — 50¢ at your Magnavox dealer. Or send 50¢ in War Stamps to Magnavox Company, Dept. L6, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.

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RADIO PHONOGRAPH

The choice of great artists

clutching the ankle of the one who had stumbled, and who now, back on his hindquarters, was grappling with Attila.

For an instant it looked like a great victory for our family. That was when Attila had laid hands on a big flask of Capri wine and was about to smash it over his opponent's head. But he had too much sense. Remembering in the last moment that it would be a crime to spill all that heavenly wine, he stopped the flask in midair. That was his downfall.

The other gendarme, although hampered by my sisters hanging from both his arms, descended on Attila from behind and his carbine crashed persuasively on uncle's skull with a dismal thud.

Attila, showing respect for the law, stretched himself full length on the floor and remained there for the rest of the afternoon. After he had revived, we were all herded to the police station, escorted by every available member of the neighborhood.

In front of the police commissioner an animated discussion ensued. We children couldn't understand exactly what the issue was, and mother refused to tell us. The wench claimed Attila had taken something away from her, though it couldn't be money, because she admitted having gotten some from him. It seemed that the only reparation he could make for whatever it was he had taken from her was to marry her. Since the law was behind her, and we had learned it was not proper to argue with the law, especially if it was backed by firearms, Attila bowed his head and mother started to prepare the wedding feast.

But things worked out differently from what the law and everyone else expected.

WHEN the wench discovered that Attila was not the rich rancher he had appeared to be in Naples, but instead was entirely broke, she felt sorry for him and waived all claims to wedlock, proving she was not so bad as at first we feared. Thus Attila stayed in our midst without attachment, to everyone's satisfaction. Fate, however, had played a cruel trick on him, leaving him broke and with an appetite. But at last he had friends, and Filipponi and Giacomone began inviting him for dinner and for endless rounds of *scopa* or poker.

Attila always won, which was important, as he had no intention of reopening his former business.

"What if you should lose?" I asked him once, while he was counting the take of the day with long, agile fingers.

"If I should lose I would pay."

"How can you pay when you are broke?"

"Show more respect when you talk to uncle," he rebuked me with his newly acquired dignity. "Besides, I *cannot* lose." He began practicing, fingering a pack of cards with great dexterity.

"Something is foul!" I cried.

He scolded me sharply. Then he advised me not to say such things so loud. Finally he conceded, "Well, just because it is true that I couldn't pay, I cannot afford to lose. I would fail my friends, which wouldn't be honest." And I was touched to see how he had reformed.

He had reformed to such an extent that he decided to marry the wench anyhow, even though the law was pointing no carbines at him. And marriage would have made a fitting ending to so earnest a story. But the woman had decided to let him live happily. She didn't even wait to be his wife before deserting him for another man. When Attila went to look her up at the police station, where she had found shelter and protection, she had disappeared.

And so had the police commissioner.

THE END

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BLITZKRIEG ON BOREDOM

Continued from Page 17

in the artillery). And while each company might not produce an all-around coach, it could develop a games director, either private, noncom, or officer, who could organize, care for equipment, and infect his comrades with enthusiasm. So then, in each company (about 200 men) the G. I.s may turn out for anything from ping-pong to football, from horseshoe pitching to boxing. And periodically the regimental coach takes them in hand to teach them the fine points.

In addition, certain special sports like hunting—which ought to come naturally by now—and fishing, sailing, and skating are taught in areas where conditions make them possible.

Such a vast project will have its home-front impact too. Upward of ten million dollars have been allocated to buy athletic equipment, all of which must be produced in this country. This means that the Army is absorbing about 90 per cent of the present output of our sporting-goods industry.

Inevitably, a soldier will get himself into the wrong groove now and again, and it is up to the instructors and coaches to get him out of it. The G. I. sprinter who always finishes a bad last cannot gold-brick his way through his sports duty by loafing down the track day after day. If he proves equally inept at all the other sports he tries, then it is strongly suggested to him that he is not an athlete and had best take up one of the other programs.

On the other hand, a man who is interested in an educational course or the preparation of a minstrel show—duties he may have chosen—may still like to play games two or three times a week. He may show up for one game or another whenever he feels like it. If he indicates that he has chosen this duty in addition to his other work, he'll be welcome. As long as he keeps all duty hours fully occupied and doesn't sit around loafing and griping about his sad lot, everybody is satisfied.

From the company level, sports competitions move up, tournament fashion, through the battalions and regiments, the divisions, corps, and armies, and eventually to whole theaters. Thus there will be plenty of spectator sports for men who like to root for their pals who are in there pitching.

The Special Services Division recognizes two distinct departments in the matter of entertainment. All of us are aware of the splendid job the USO is doing. Right now more than a thousand professional entertainers are performing for the G. I.s in Europe alone, and more are on the way. The flow of moving pictures is constant; mobile projection units deliver them even to fairly advanced bases with some regularity. The Army has taken over many cinema houses in liberated countries and even in German cities which survived the ruin wrought by bomb and shell. The movies change constantly, and admission is free for men and women in uniform. Also the Special Services Division ships overseas each month about 280,000 unbreakable phonograph records. They are made, for no pay at all, by the best musicians in the country—popular stuff and long-hair in an expertly contrived blend—about twenty new titles a month. Portables play these records in advanced areas, and in the rear areas loud-speakers give out with them.

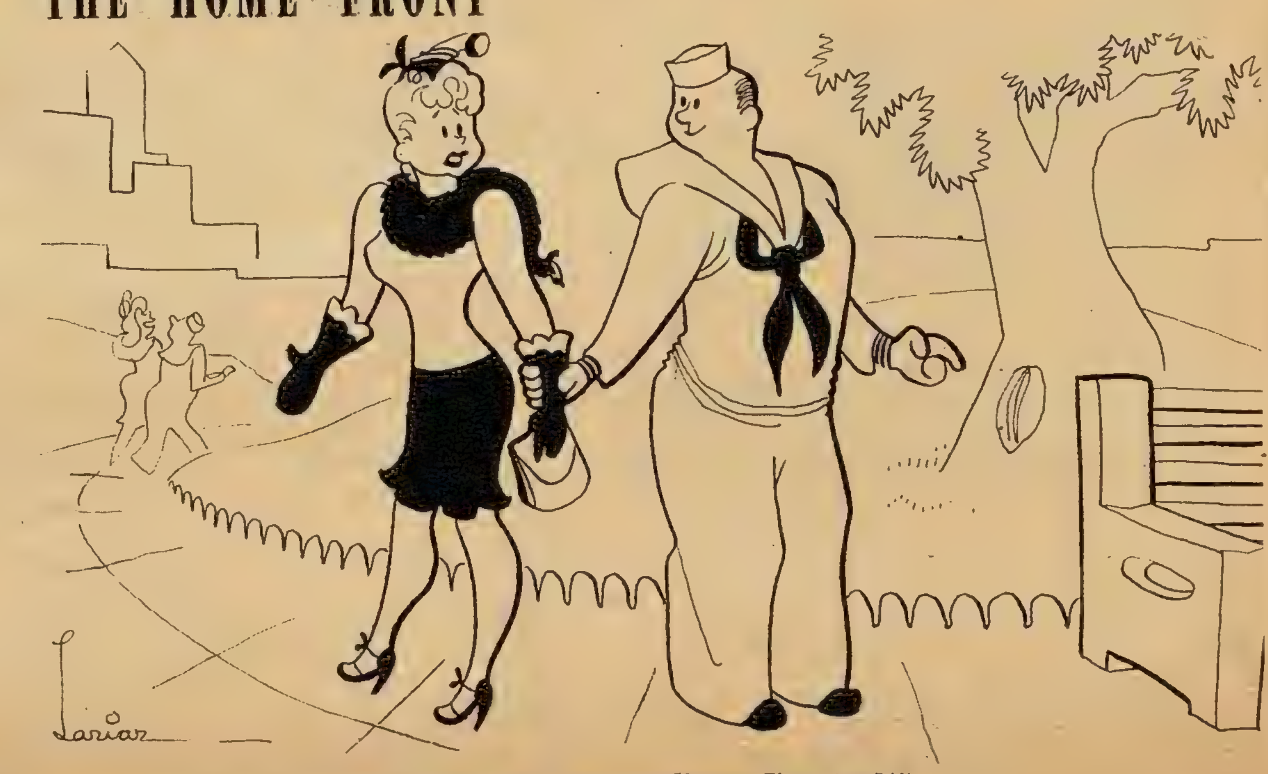
But these professional activities, necessary as they have proved to be, are secondary to the program which enables the men to entertain themselves. For the G. I. there is nothing so rich with laughter and meaning as a G. I. show. And the Army knows it. Therefore the self-entertainment enterprises of the Special Services Division are highly organized indeed.

It has been the aim of the S. S. D. to attach to each General Staff Headquarters a Special Services company made up of men who in civil life were athletes, show people, or musicians capable of teaching, or librarians. It is their job to move through the staff area, organizing whatever ideas for self-entertainment the G. I.s may have.

In addition to these companies, a number of small roving teams have been formed. Usually they consist of five officers who specialize in *teaching* the tricks of the entertainment trade. They hold conferences at Area Headquarters bases, to which are sent men from every branch of the service present in that area—officers and enlisted men with aptitude. Sometimes as many as 1,500 men will attend these two- or three-day sessions, hearing lectures and learning by example. When they return to their units, they know how to select talent from among their comrades, and produce at least a playlet as a starter. The result is generally something quite intimate and personal, even if it is also usually a little

(*Continued on page 74*)

THE HOME FRONT



"No, Nat, let's keep walking. I'm tired!"

U. S. Navy's Grumman Hellcats—Escorts of the Sky

Grumman

AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.

(Continued from page 72)

corny. But the G. I.s roll in the aisles nevertheless.

Any company—any squad, for that matter—may get from the S. S. D. man in its outfit the written material for a show. This material is printed in booklets, most carefully prepared, which contain the complete dialogue for a minstrel show, say, or a quiz program, or a sketch for two or three G. I.s (usually with one of them rigged out hilariously as a female). The S. S. D. man also has booklets on stage lighting and make-up, and if he has done his job right he has wangled a make-up kit from the fairly generous supply distributed through the Army.

The most ambitious undertaking of the entertainment branch, however, is the preparation of "package" shows for production by the men of a division, or even of a regiment, if the regiment happens to be rich in talent. No professionals appear in these full-scale shows. They are called Blueprint Specials. Each is a thick book containing all the makings of a musical comedy or revue. It has full directions for organizing the staff and cast, complete speaking script and song lyrics, detailed instructions for dance routines and for making costumes, scenery, and props out of G. I. waste material. And finally it has a fully orchestrated score for a band of sixteen instruments as well as for a single piano.

Although each is an original work, the Specials are cast in the mold of a Broadway production. In fact, each one is tried out very close to Broadway and in the presence of professional critics before it is finally assembled, printed, and shipped overseas for G. I. production.

Reports from Europe rate the Blueprints immensely successful, and say they are digging out of the obscurity of a G. I. uniform genuinely talented actors, singers, comedians, and musicians.

Of course music itself is the great universal food for the spirits of men. To obtain musical instruments the Army depends more or less on civilian groups which canvass the country for them, since new instruments are rare. This effort has produced good results, however, and while a shortage still exists, there are quite a few fiddles and horns, pipes and guitars in the AEF. The man who would troll a stave for his own soul's good and the delight of the fellows who gather round, rarely has to beat a wash boiler for noise.

ARTS and crafts figure strongly in the entertainment program. Instructors and kits of material are available for sessions at painting and sculpture, photography and wood carving, leather working, and the like. What is more, the instructors lead their classes to museums and exhibits in France, Italy, and Belgium.

It seems obvious that both the sports and recreational programs will do a lot to keep the men occupied and prevent that boredom and frustration which might easily provoke outbreaks of disgust and disorder. Important as they are, however, these two programs don't begin to compare with the educational program in its eventual value to our nation, in the intellectual nourishment of millions of young men whose formal schooling was interrupted by war. Of course the Army has been aware of its educational opportunities ever since the war began. It has encouraged lectures, organized discussions, and provided free literature of every conceivable type, in quantity, to make our men surely the best read army in the world.

For more than a year, now, the Special Services Division has been shipping books free to soldiers overseas at the rate of *five million copies a month.* These are small well-made pocket books, printed in clear type. The list includes more than 600 titles, ranging from Westerns and detectives to Shakespeare and Plato, from tales of travel to the World Almanac. The Army reckons that at least three men read each of these little paperbacks before it succumbs to the hard usage. In addition, popular magazines at the rate of *ten million a month* are distributed—also free—among the forces overseas. Moreover, this monthly flow of reading matter merely supplements the big libraries which the Army has established at fixed posts in every theater: thousands of books from the lightest escape literature to important reference and technological works.

In its V-E Day expansion of this educational job, the Army's plan is threefold: (1) To give the equivalent of a fifth-grade education to all soldiers handicapped by the lack of early schooling (we still have a number of illiterates in the service); (2) to give vocational training under expert instructors and with the finest equipment to men who wish to learn a trade or craft; (3) to encourage advanced students of the sciences and professions to pursue their studies and avail themselves of Europe's great resources in such fields.

In the practical subjects, schools are organized at the level of a battalion (about 850 men). These schools offer more than thirty courses, from elementary English to automotive mechanics, from simple arithmetic to general agriculture. There are also classes in American history and tradition, and courses designed to help young G. I.s pick a career for themselves. In these battalion schools, and indeed in most other enterprises in the educational program, the teachers are picked with ease from Army ranks that include thousands of qualified high-school and college instructors.

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For more advanced students, centralized technological schools are set up in cooperation with existing civilian schools in the liberated countries. These institutions will offer more than 150 technological courses such as radio and radar service and repair, machine-shop practice and management, engineering design, the principles of steam power, and die-making.

At a still higher level, soldiers with high-school education or its equivalent in trade schools or work experience may take university courses paralleling those offered in American colleges. By arrangement, too, these students can get full university credits for their work if they wish to enter an American college when they come home.

Again, the university courses will go well beyond the usual academic and technological subjects. For example, a G. I. who was a budding lawyer when he climbed into uniform will be given the rare privilege of observing courtroom practice and meeting successful foreign lawyers in the courts of England, France, and the other liberated countries. A man who intends to enter the textile industry, say, will be sent to the great cotton and woolen mills to study methods and practice. And the Army will send qualified students in fields such as divinity and medicine, teaching and the fine arts, for seminars at the great universities of Europe—Oxford, Cambridge, and the Sorbonne in particular.

Certainly this third of the program should reassure any person disturbed over the interruption in the education of our very best youth, and anxious about the intellectual equipment of the generation which soon must take over the management of our country. Out of the evil of war will come the educational chance of a lifetime for hundreds of thousands of young Americans—while they still draw Army pay and subsist on Army rations.

IT must be emphasized, too, that enrollment in any of the Army schools interferes in no way with a man's chances of getting home. Men will be sent home in regular order, no matter which of the three programs they follow while waiting. And even if sailing orders come while a man is in the midst of a rundown play or classroom lecture, he may drop everything and run pell-mell for the nearest gangplank.

To sum up, then: Don't be impatient if your Joe doesn't make the first ship home. He isn't just sitting there on the dock, pining his heart out like the Sad Sack. He is an extremely busy man. If he is in an inactive group he is busy at something which will make him a better man. For which you can thank some very thoughtful generals in the Army's High Command.

THE END

* * *

Henry Ward Beecher was once asked to tell what he considered the "right" apple pie. Beecher replied:

"Apple pie should be eaten while it is yet florescent, white or creamy yellow, with the merest drip of candied juice along the edges (as if the flavor were so good to itself that its own lips watered), of a mild and modest warmth; the sugar suggesting jelly, yet not jellied; the morsels of apple neither dissolved nor yet in original substance, but hanging, as it were, in a trance between the spirit and the flesh of applehood."

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ALL FOR THE LOVE OF ARLENE

Continued from Page 33

a twenty-two wheeler without jackknifing. Arlene says—"

But what had Arlene said? Nothing you could put in a letter. Things like "Okydoke, soldier, here's your call," and, when she used to come out of the telephone center and he'd rise from the steps to greet her, "Hi, engineer!"

He couldn't quote those things as showing the state of a woman's mind. You couldn't put down on paper *how* she said, "Hi, engineer!" How her lips parted when she saw you waiting at the steps, how her eyes lit up, how a skip came into her walk, or how there was pressure in her touch on your arm, so slight you weren't sure it had happened.

And what man who parted his name J. Ethelbert Anybody would want his daughter picked off by an unglamorous earth mover? Chunk decided not to mention his job with the Army. Not yet. He'd send the letter home for reposting.

But what to say in it?

At Embarkation Camp No. 4, "You ought to read Emily Post," advised the Joe in the next bunk. "All about how to break off with a dame that don't see you're quitting. How to tell one you want to look at her every morning across the eggs and waffles. How to be polite and genteel, even in writing."

Chunk's tablet and mind were exhausted. The suggestion made sense.

He knew the phone center of this new camp. He'd found it in his first ten minutes, had called Camp San Joaquin, had thrilled to the bottoms of his shoes when Arlene's voice said, "Hi, engineer! Don't tell me where you are—military secrets. Sure, Chunk dear, now that you're out of here, I'll admit it—I miss you terribly. That's another military secret. Written to father yet?"

He rammed his way back to the crowded phone counter. He would talk instanter with Mrs. Mary Jones at Elko, Nevada. After fifty minutes he was paged to a booth, and he asked his mother would she please ship him a book called Etiquette, by Emily Fence or Rail or somebody, also some A-1 paper, because he had a very important letter in the works to be done handsome.

Mrs. Jones caught a glimmer. She did her best. She ransacked the home-town stores and came up with, not Etiquette—that hadn't reached Elko yet—but anyway a volume by another hand, The Complete Letter Writer for All Occasions. It looked to have been in stock some time. The nicest stationery she could find was a shiny box of folded linen paper, social size, scented rose geranium. She added a fountain pen and sent the lot to her son at his APO address.

The parcel reached him sixty days later, at Fairbanks, Alaska.

MAYBE you heard nothing about the Exteenth Engineers during that year. The bang they made was muffled compared with the defense of Corregidor or the bombs on Malta. But they shot off plenty of giant powder. They built airfields at Fairbanks and Anchorage, wharves and a breakwater at Adak, gun emplacements at Amchitka. Working alongside the Navy's superb Seabees, they tore frozen earth apart, shoved mountains around and turned rivers. They ripped, hewed, heaved, and smoothed.

Maybe you heard nothing of Major Spudder Smith either. But the Exteenth Engineers heard him. He roared, boomed, sizzled, bellowed. There weren't any oil derricks to take a man behind, but Major Smith had an earnest way about him. He whipped together what he privately tabbed the finest bunch of blasters and dirt-shovers in two hemispheres and he groused because the War Department wouldn't let him take them at the Japs direct, instead of by the burrowing process.

Major Smith was in a chronic state of slam-bang fury, but it was fury that got results, and his gang performed such feats that he was made a lieutenant colonel.

Chunk Jones was made a corporal, but that didn't get into international dispatches, either.

About every ninety days, or when things were settling down calm and lovely, Lieutenant Colonel Smith would go smoking mad again.

"Jackson!" he would roar.

The sergeant major would come running.

"Get out!"

"Yes, sir!"

As soon as the Quonset hut was cleared of his sergeant major, Lieutenant Colonel Spudder Smith would take up an envelope addressed to him in his wife's writing, remove from this another envelope that was perfumed rose geranium, wrinkle his large nose, set his large jaw, glare at the contents of this enclosure, and ultimately jam the whole works into the stove, watching guardedly while it burned to an ash. Especially the soul-griping *J. Ethelbert Smith, Esq.*

Wearily, in another hut, Corporal Jones would set aside the new letter he was developing, and—because the battalion commander had thought of a new ridge to be cut down, a new causeway to be extended—would roll out and return to the twenty-ton bulldozer whose iron seat he had just quitted after sixteen hours' labor.

CHUNK JONES got energizing shots himself. They came in the form of letters from Arlene. Camp San Joaquin, she wrote, was handling seven thousand new G. I.s a month, all of whom phoned a lot and tried falling in love with the operators, but Arlene admitted that none meant as much to her as Chunk Jones, and had he heard from her sire yet?

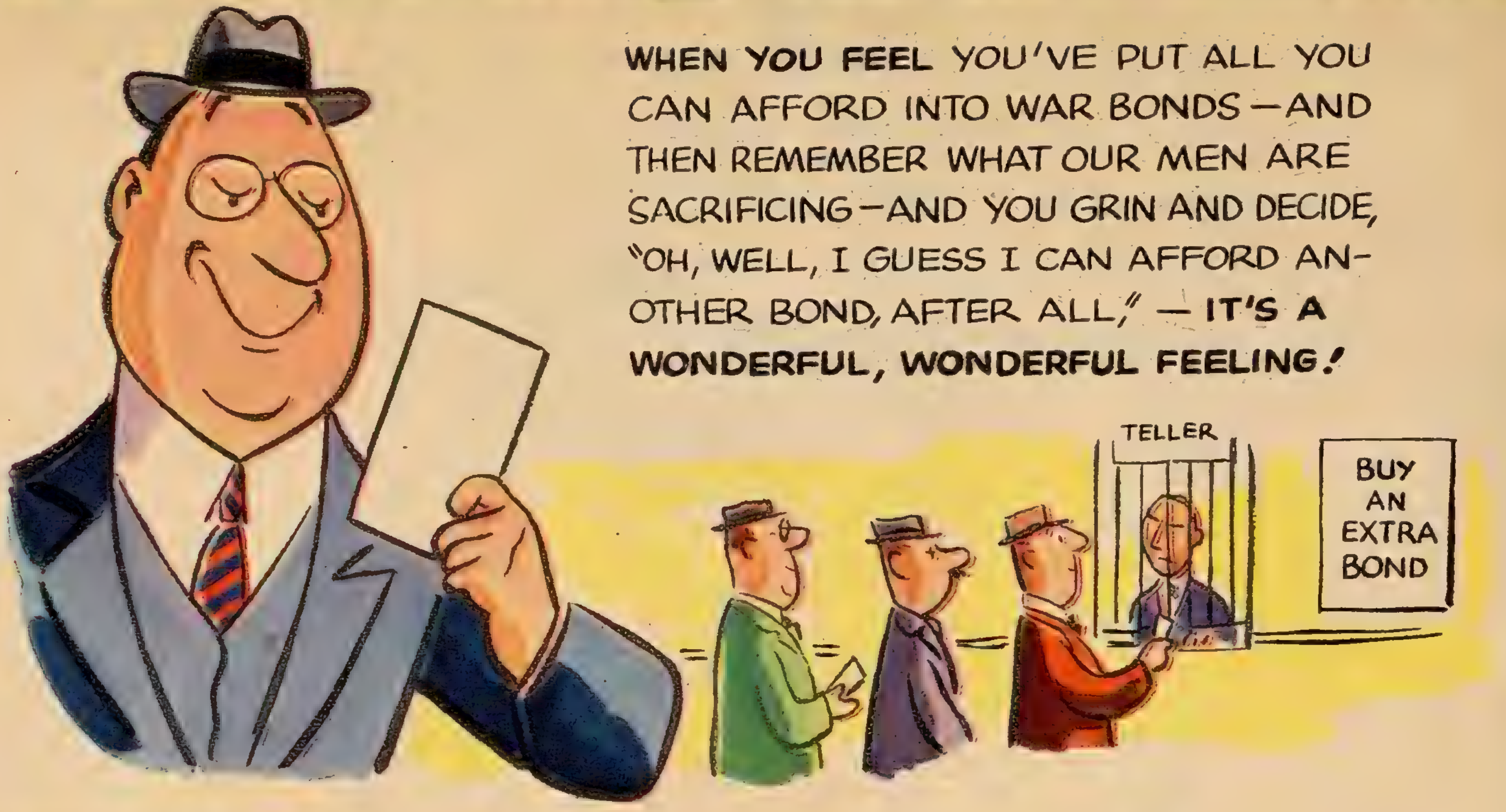
To his amazement and delight, Chunk found that he could match her letter for letter, and without help from the Complete Letter Writer either. It was simply a matter of kicking the brake off. You let yourself go. With a heavy load pushing and a downhill grade you could get a lot of speed up, and the stuff Chunk turned out for Arlene's eyes read as if he didn't even have his hands on the wheel. He got a great wallop out of writing it, and Arlene was left quite weak after reading it, as if she'd been sitting beside him on every curve when he flew off into space.

But she urged him to keep on writing to her, because she liked it, and to keep on working her parent over also, because J. Ethelbert was bound to take notice of his correspondence sometime, even if terribly busy with war work. The imp that had prodded her in the first place must have been still on the job. Or perhaps she felt that the two men in her life were bound to collide sometime and it might as well be head-on. After all, she was a redtop.

The Exteenth having helped to save Alaska, Spudder Smith was made a Colonel. His battalion sergeant major was made a regimental sergeant major. Chunk Jones was made a plain sergeant. The Exteenth was shipped to a spot below the equator.

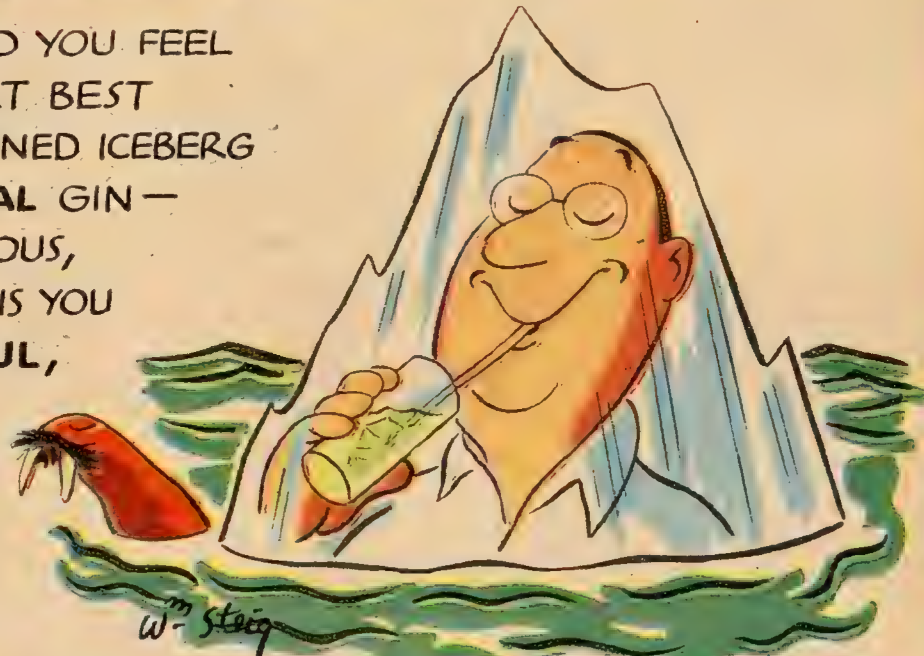
(*Continued on page 78*)

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!


TELLER
BUY AN EXTRA BOND

WHEN YOU FEEL YOU'VE PUT ALL YOU CAN AFFORD INTO WAR BONDS—AND THEN REMEMBER WHAT OUR MEN ARE SACRIFICING—AND YOU GRIN AND DECIDE, "OH, WELL, I GUESS I CAN AFFORD ANOTHER BOND, AFTER ALL," — **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

WHEN YOU'VE WORKED HARD—AND YOU FEEL THAT A TOM COLLINS IS THE NEXT BEST INVESTMENT TO AN AIR-CONDITIONED ICEBERG—AND YOU TRY KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—AND IT MAKES THE MOST DELICIOUS, FLAVORSOME, **COOLINGEST** COLLINS YOU EVER DOWNED—**IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



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Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa. • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

(Continued from page 76)

"JACKSON!" bellowed Colonel J. E. Smith.

"Yes, sir!" Regimental Sergeant Major Jackson came running.

"Jackson, I've decided I'm going to write a letter!"

"Yes, sir." Jackson always agreed with the colonel, the tropics being unhealthy enough by nature without a boost from him.

"This letter's gotta be good."

The sergeant major saw no reason to argue with that one either.

"Some geranium-scented wildcatter has written to me six times that he wants to marry my daughter!"

Sergeant Major Jackson felt a stab of envy. He had met Arlene. But he also suppressed a shiver. The colonel would be an awful lot of father-in-law.

"He's a refined stiff," stormed Spudder. "Educated. Just like you. The lofty buzzard!"

Spudder didn't say that he'd often considered ordering his aide to pen the answer, Jackson being sharp at paper work. Thought of Jackson getting that Ethelbert on him and then spreading it through the hairy-chested regiment had stopped him cold.

"I've tried giving him an answer before this. I tried way back in Anchorage. It was a nice letter, too. I started it by calling him a crooked hole, a dry hole, a slush pump, and a mud pit. Then I added some other things that kind of rounded out the idea. But I didn't mail the letter because I didn't want this—this fancy Elko pansy—to think Arlene's old man is a roughneck. Even if he is."

"Yes, sir. No, sir," said Jackson. "I mean no, sir. Yes, sir."

"Which is it?"

"No, sir." Sergeant Major Jackson had never before said No, sir. "I mean yes, sir!"

"He kept nagging for a sandpile."

"Shut up!"

Jackson gladly shut up.

"How in hell does a man write to an educated refined elegant stiff who smells like a geranium?"

Jackson got a bright idea. "There's a book in the outfit, sir. It's very popular. Lots of the dumb eggs—I mean our brawnier fellows—are making use of it. It belongs to one of our dozer pushers and it's called The Complete Letter Writer for All Occasions."

"Get me that book!"

"Yes, sir."

BY this time you will surely recollect the Exteenth Engineers, because they began to get into the broadcasts. Those were echoes of what was being said of Spudder Smith's bunch, with awe and affection, by men lying in pup tents, wading in swamps, and crouching in kunai grass.

At Ulu-Ulu a nest of Japs, reported hiding in the dense weeds, unaccountably disappeared. It turned out that the batch had been in the way of engineering operations, so Spudder Smith's grading machinery had pushed coral over them and built them into a runway for Liberators.

On Woleai a battalion of Yank infantry got so far ahead of its support that it used up its rations. After living some days on memories, it received hot supper in steaming caldrons that came charging through the rain-soaked, bullet-swept cane on Spudder's fifty-ton road rollers. The catering service wasn't polished, but it filled up the cheering riflemen. And on Boloyan—

It was tougher on Boloyan.

The Engineers were overeager. Two of the Exteenth who got far out in front of where they belonged were a technical sergeant named Chunk Jones and a rider who had hooked onto Chunk's bulldozer and was boss of the regiment.

Sergeant Jones felt low because he had heard from Arlene's father. The letter saluted "Harold Byington Jones, Esq.," that being the elegant handle Chunk had given himself, and there was a "Dear Sir" and a few more feints and flourishes, but then Chunk's correspondent chucked away book and gloves. The letter told Harold Byington Jones, whoever and wherever he might be, that he was a crooked hole, a duster, a mud pit, and a slush pump. Also a perfumed pansy. It stated that the man he called Ethelbert would be pleased to correct him on that item as soon as certain war duties ended, and to then come for-

"It beats all udders!"—says HI to HATT
A whole stein ain't required to prove which whiskey's best
HI
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Just take a sip of Kessler's an' you'll pass up all the rest!
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ward out of his Nevada hidey-hole with his guard up. Concerning Arlene, the answer was No.

This document, signed "J. E. Smith," was on plain paper in a plain envelope. Spudder wanted no further correspondence. It had been sent to the address Chunk had given at Elko, Nevada. Chunk's mother had forwarded it to her son.

A curtain of Yank artillery fire fell behind the too-far-forward bulldozer. Another curtain arched over from the Japs. Colonel Smith and Sergeant Jones went into a small hole which they rapidly deepened. They stayed in this hole two days. It would have been nice to have lunch, but shells had demolished the lunch when they finished off the bulldozer. So the pair covered the top of their hole with grass and waited for history to catch up with them.

THE battle rolled temporarily against the Americans and the Japs came on. Colonel and sergeant crouched low. When most of the banzai boys had passed, they rose. What they did to the stragglers was beautiful. Just beautiful. The colonel said so. He said to Chunk, "Damitall, sergeant, you fight like an oil man. Like a Kern County driller," adjudged Spudder, "on a Saturday night."

"It's a pleasure," said Sergeant Jones modestly. "I just call each monkey Ethelbert, and I paste him."

"Eh?"

"Ethelbert."

"That's a fighting word," thundered Colonel Smith darkly.

"You're blistering right it is. I call the ape-shapes that, and it gives me the strength of ten."

"Which I'll chat over with you later," howled the colonel with a slight touch of apoplexy. "Right now there's Japs to think of, so I'll try your scheme. I'll call each Nip by names that rile me plenty. I'll call 'em Harold and Byington and that will make me feel very strong."

"Huh?"

"Harolds. Byingtons."

"Now look," said Chunk. "You may be a gold-plated colonel back yonder on the beach, but up here any man who calls Japs by my names is a crooked hole, a mud pit, a slush pump, and a pansy, and had better get his guard up."

"By *your* names!" roared the colonel. Chunk's words began to percolate. The powers of Arlene to play hob began to percolate. "Are *you* Harold Byington Jones, Esquire?"

Chunk saw a light too. "Are you J. Ethelbert Smith—my girl's old man?"

"Here come some more Harold Byingtons," cautioned the colonel, as a squad of Japs sprang from the brush and leaped forward. When the attackers had been dealt with: "I wish there was a derrick we could go behind. But come up here, Harold Byington Jones, to this clear place in the grass."

Spudder had reach, but Chunk had youth. On the beach to which they were carried after the great Yank victory, Colonel Smith murmured from his stretcher, "Sergeant, I wish to take back certain words. The way you—I mean those eighteen Japs—belted me, you are not a crooked hole, a dust hole, a mud pit, or a slush pump. You are proven structure to me."

From his own stretcher, "I'm tendered-up too," said Chunk. "Those Japs sure come brass-knuckled. Now I must write to Arlene."

"Don't you want the book? I'll have Sergeant Major Jackson fetch it for you."

"I have the strength of ten without the book," stated Chunk, blissful in spite of his welts, "when I write to Arlene."

THE END

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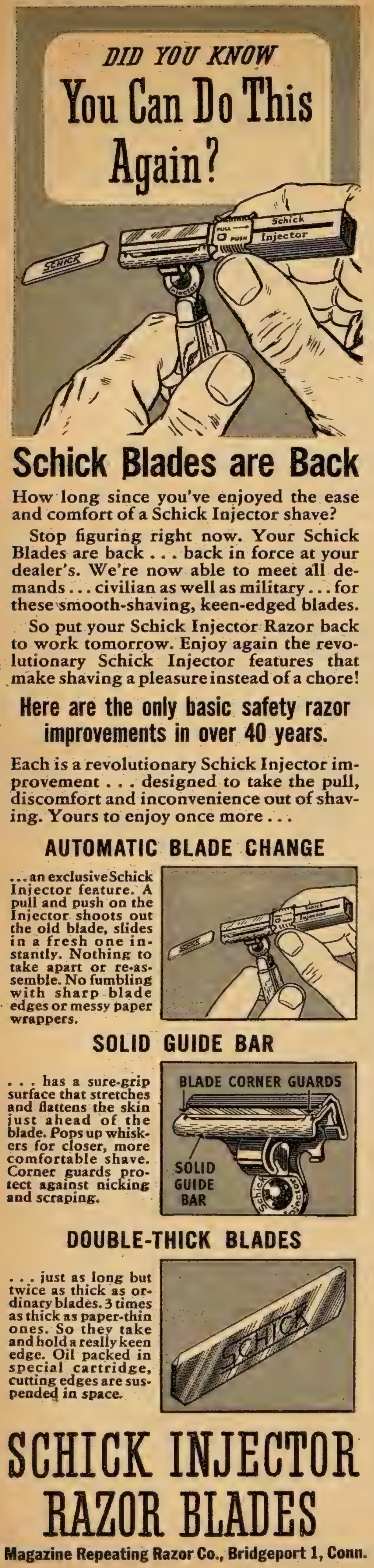

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Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

OUT WHERE THE TALL CORN GROWS

Continued from Page 31

And how could the wind get into the room? the columnist inquired.

By a door the butler had carelessly left open. And the butler? The ubiquitous Waldeck, of course.

For years independent press agent Dave Epstein had given life, breath, and being to Ned Farrington, a mythical New York stage producer, writer, director, or anything that Dave needed at the moment. In time the imaginary Ned became a warm and personal friend to the Hollywood press. So it was something of a shock when some wag on Daily Variety reported Ned's untimely death.

Dozens of friends sent flowers and messages of sympathy to Dave, who swore he'd get the guy that killed off his best news tie-up if it was the last thing he ever did.

Constantly pressed for exclusive items, the publicists are driven to delve into the fanciful. Not all their stories, of course, are manufactured. But when news grows scarce, the publicist whips up his imagination and goes to work.

For just such emergencies Jerry Asher and Mickey Novack of Warners created Bettina Scott, glamorous Boston socialite. In various columns Bettina rumbaed at the Mocambo with Helmut Dantine, dined with Van Johnson at Romanoff's, twosomed with Errol Flynn at Ciro's, and supped with Robert Walker at the Trocadero. Came the day when a columnist telephoned frantically for a romance item. Once again Bettina of Boston emerged, this time with George Tobias.

Hell broke loose next day when Tobias stormed into the studio and demanded an immediate retraction of the printed item.

"I will not have my name linked with that girl!" he stormed. "In the first place, I wasn't her escort; and in the second, I wouldn't date a girl of her reputation. Why, that girl goes everywhere with anyone! I read it in the papers all the time!" Before George was through, he got a printed retraction of his dalliance with a girl who never existed.

PUBLICITY romances dreamed up to promote certain players often backfire. Persuading a handsome newcomer from England, several years ago, that a romance with a certain blonde star would establish him in the public mind, the studio went to work on the columns. The pair lunched and dined, always with cameras handy. The studio watched the lad climb into public favor and rubbed its hands in glee. And then one day the glamor boy skipped the country and hid out in Mexico. The blonde and aggressive star hired to help build him up had become serious and announced their engagement. Petrified, the unhappy actor refused to return until somebody called off his Nemesis.

The build-up dates back to the first turn of a camera crank. Theda Bara, the world was told, had been found as a babe at the feet of the Sphinx, and at one point a phony Arabian actually interpreted her strange utterances at a press interview. That the Cincinnati-born Miss Bara knew not one word of Arabic disturbed them not at all. She jabbered and the public beamed. It was wonderful.

Eventually press stories were tamed down to a shade this side of the ridiculous, but a quarter of a century later they are still employed with only slight variations.

Thus we still have the old corn about the gateman who refused to admit a star to his studio because he failed to recognize the actor in make-up. And the one about the actor who ate turkey all day in a banquet scene and that night was served, of all things, a turkey dinner. Always, of course, the name of the picture is included.

Even some of this time-worn mallarkey is excusable, for the publicist has to satisfy no fewer than 300 Hollywood writers and reporters. Of these, 109 represent newspapers and twenty-three of them are syndicated. Always on the job are fifty members of the foreign press and eighteen from the United Press, Associated Press, and International News Service. Feature, magazine, and free-lance writers complete the list.

Always the whipping boy when a story has been inadvertently given to two columnists at once, each press agent prays nightly that God will not let Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper carry the same story the same day. And only God can help him when they do.

The embarrassment of one publicist is still fresh in Hollywood's memory. Nonchalantly reporting to Louella that Conrad Nagel and Clare Olmstead were seen lunching at the Brown Derby, the publicist went his merry way until bedlam broke loose the next morning. To his horror, he read that the two were seen holding hands at the Derby. "And," added Louella, "this looks serious." It did indeed, considering that Olmstead was a 250-pound happily married he-man instead of the blonde charmer Louella imagined. Fearing mayhem from all sides, the publicist hid out in the hills for days.

THE "search" routine wherein some producer combs the country for an unknown is always good for newspaper space. Mervyn LeRoy's recent search for an unknown to play the lead in The Robe proved anew the publicity value of such a stunt. It reached its high point, of course, in the process of casting Gone with the Wind, when practically the whole world joined in the task of selecting a Scarlett O'Hara.

The lead in The Song of Bernadette was found in Miss Jennifer Jones, an obscure actress. The publicity lads of Twentieth Century-Fox flooded the country with pictures and stories of the demure and lovely miss, whose soul was supposed to be untouched by mundane romance. All was chaos when the actress unhesitatingly revealed her happy marriage to actor Robert Walker and her possession of two bouncing sons. Twentieth Century-Fox reeled under the blow and waited for the storm, but fast publicity footwork averted catastrophe and Mama Jones went on to win an Academy award.

For a year after war began the publicist rode hard the service-boy gags that began "The girl we'd rather be—" "The girl we'd like to—" "The girl we want to—." From these they proceeded to such titles as "The Chest," "The Voice," "The Body," "The Look," "The Eyes," until finally they gave themselves the leg.

Ann Sheridan was voted "The Oomph Girl" in one of the most widely covered campaigns on record. The studio invited a few of the boys to a Town House dinner to select from various photographs "The Oomph Girl." About the room were the latest alluring stills of Miss Sheridan. Other stars were scattered about, too; but, of course, the boys unanimously elected Ann queen of Oomph—to her unending discomfort, let it be said.

Animals or birds are good for a paragraph any time. It was Arthur Jarrish who topped all bird stories with his incredible tale of Ann Sheridan's parrot. Arthur had the bird trudging several blocks from studio to home each day to

(Continued on page 89)

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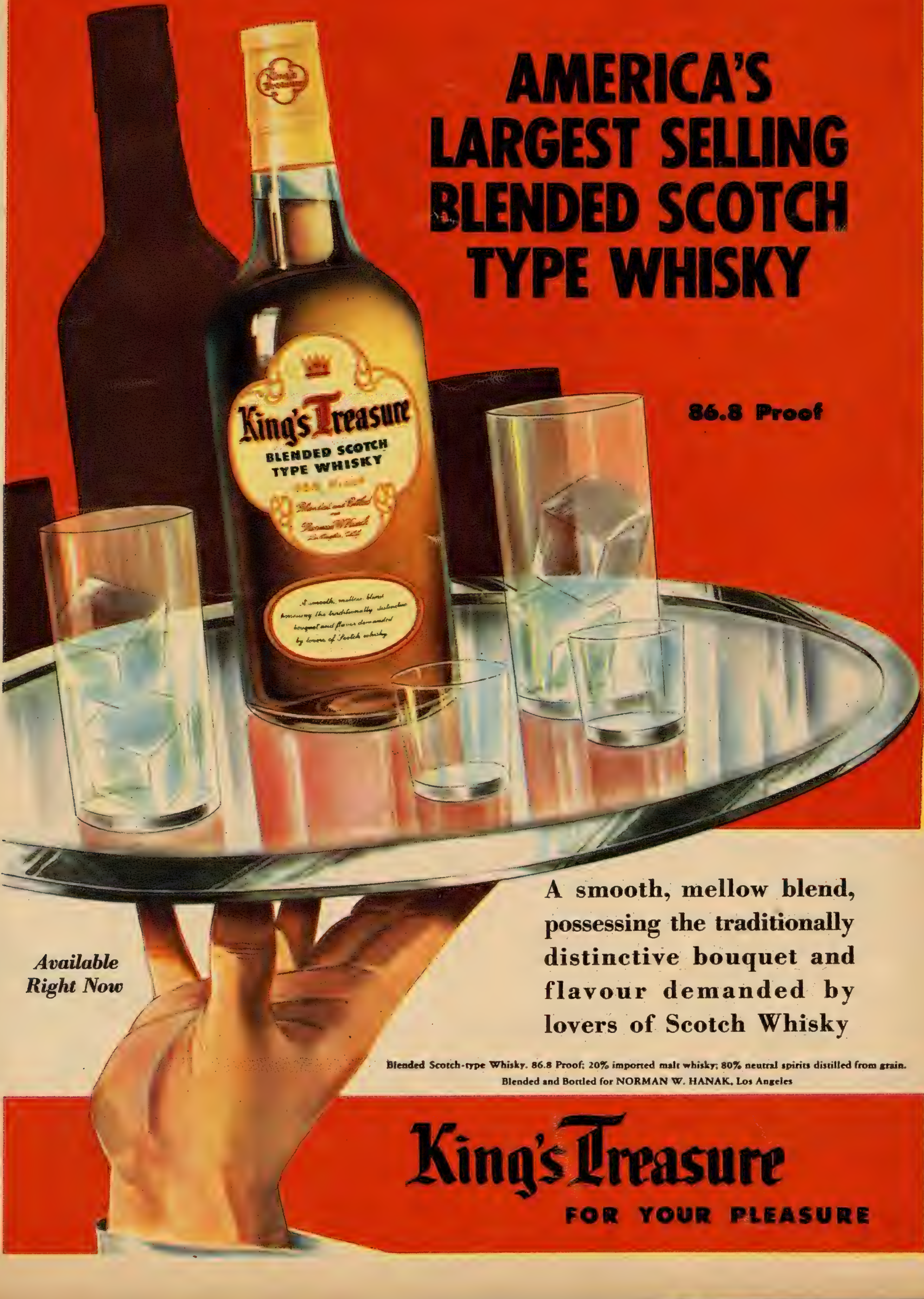
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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Mary is charmed by the elegance of Paul Scott and his companion (Jessica Tandy).

THE VALLEY OF DECISION

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp, Lionel Barrymore

BY this time pretty nearly everyone knows what to expect from one of M-G-M's sumptuous series of Greer Garson pictures, and in The Valley of Decision no one will be disappointed, or very much surprised. Marcia Davenport's best-selling novel about the Pittsburgh steel industry turns out to make a rich and lifelike period background for another charming and exceedingly typical Garson characterization.

Like its predecessors, it's backed up by a top-notch cast and production. The screen play, which shows care and competence in its trimming and remodeling of the novel, has considerably more depth than the recent saga of Mrs. Parkington. But the pictorial likeness seems to be more than coincidence.

The success of the picture in carrying on the Garson tradition may be gauged by the fact that everything seems just as satisfying as ever, even without Walter Pidgeon. Gregory Peck, whose towering solemnity seems suited to more unworldly roles, fits surprisingly well in the character of likable young Paul Scott, son of a wealthy steel tycoon (Donald Crisp). Paul's chief claims to distinction, aside from his family connections, are a consuming interest in steel and a frustrated romance with pretty Mary Rafferty—who, of course, is Greer Garson, come from the other side of the tracks in a tam-o'-shanter and hiked-up skirts to be a maid in the Great House. Mary's neat little brogue and understanding ways win over the whole family in no time. But it appears that she's also equipped with an enormous amount of nobility, which keeps her finding new reasons for not marrying Paul, even after everyone else has got used to the idea.

Lionel Barrymore is vivid and detestable as Mary's crippled father, pictured as a hysterically embittered old man. Preston Foster is quietly sustaining as the rough-hewn union leader, and the whole Scott family is represented by an elegantly turned-out and well acted series of characterizations, led off by Gladys Cooper's patrician performance as the mother. Versatile Jessica Tandy appears in a new light as the jealous, hard-voiced rich girl determined to marry Paul, and carries the role through to a tensely played and effective conclusion. Marsha Hunt is expertly featherbrained as the Scott daughter, and Dan Duryea (inevitably slated for disagreeable doings) and boyish Marshall Thompson are Paul's brothers.

The core of the story is ostensibly a rather violent tale of the growing labor struggle in the mills and Mary's personal conflict between her shanty-Irish family and the aristocratic Scotts. But though this is well and dramatically handled, it's never allowed to overshadow the romantic elegance of the two-hour period panorama which carries it along.

Mary faces the most terrible moment in her life as Paul's father meets a tragic end.

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS *(RKO)*

Robert Young, Laraine Day, Ann Harding

THANKS to the light-comedy gift of Robert Young and a glossy cinema polish, this breezy treatment of wartime romantic problems sails along at an amusing clip. Once a more serious stage play, it keeps buoyant by taking on air.

The basic situation, which runs pretty thin in spots, deals brightly with one of those irresistible Air Force officers (Robert Young), who makes an avocation of heartbreaking. When he sets out on a well routined campaign for the girl friend (Laraine Day) of his protesting buddy (Bill Williams), he meets, as usual, with nothing but success. The shamelessly proficient tactics by which he gets around everybody, including the girl's naïve mama (Ann Harding) make for a lot of amusing shilly-shallying till the gal gets serious. Here the story loses its flippant ease and flounders into something intended for serious drama—but luckily some saving bit of tomfoolery keeps turning up to lighten it again.

Laraine Day hasn't much to do here but look pretty and act sweet, which she does earnestly all the way through. Ann Harding injects as much distinction as possible into a silly-mother role whose tearful dramatics toward the end don't fit in with the mood of the story. But ingenuous young Bill Williams and the superbly cocky Robert Young have a good chance to shine, and they make the most of it. A lively assortment of background characters and good production strengthen the script, which has some funny lines and deft bits of comedy business. Taken as a pleasant, superficial bit of romantic kidding, this is O. K.

SPECIAL MENTION

A ROYAL SCANDAL (20th Century-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, William Eythe.

THE SOUTHERNER (U. A.). (Formerly titled Hold Autumn in Your Hand.) Zachary Scott, Betty Field, Beulah Bondi.

THE CORN IS GREEN (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, John Dall, Joan Lorring.

THE CLOCK (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Robert Walker, James Gleason, Keenan Wynn.

WITHOUT LOVE (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Lucille Ball.

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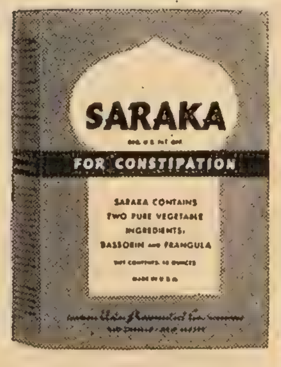
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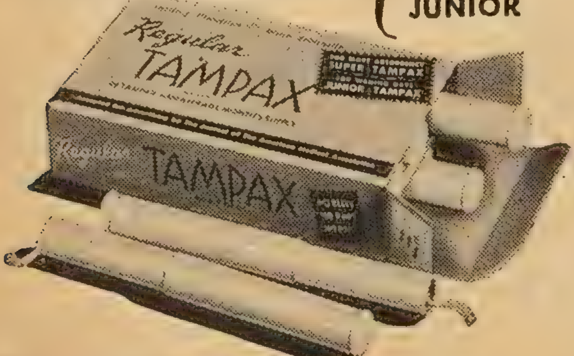

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A COUPLE OF LOLLIPOPS

Continued from Page 21

chute opens, pull the toggles on your life jacket. I'll land downwind from you and get you in a raft."

The idea of Mac's being willing to make such a terrific sacrifice for my sake put new heart into me. My head and eyes seemed to clear up a little more, and I was so sure I'd get back to the ship, I started preparing for it. I turned the gun-charging handle to "Safe," but when I put my foot against it, as we're taught to do, I missed it a mile. I had to take my hand and pick up my knee and aim my foot and shove it into place.

Then I decided the smart thing was to fire all my ammunition. The plane would be that much lighter in case of a water landing, and the guns would be empty if I crashed on the deck. I recharged them and pushed the button. My three port guns wouldn't fire at all: the shell had knocked them loose, or something. The starboard guns were O. K., but I hadn't fired more than ten rounds when the racket and the vibration gave me such a headache I had to let go the button.

I told Mac, "I can't fire any more. It hurts too much."

He called me to make sure I hadn't forgotten to resafety the guns. I stuck up my thumb to show him they were O. K., and then I had to rub my head, it was aching so. . . .

Lieut. McLeroy (continued):

When we were about eighty miles from home, I called in, "Lollipop base, this is Seven-One Lollipop. I have a seriously wounded man with me. Will be over you at 1818 and request he be taken aboard immediately."

In a few minutes I heard, "Seven-One Lollipop, this is the radio relay plane. What is the call of the wounded man?"

I told them his call was Seven-Two Lollipop, so they knew it was Bob.

Bob had always been a smooth, tight wingman—just like I was flying both our planes with one set of controls. When we first started home, he flew pretty ragged formation, and the farther we went, the worse he got. His plane was all over the sky, dipping and swerving and weaving around. He didn't even keep a steady speed. He kept lagging slower and slower, until we weren't making more than 150 knots. The result was, I missed my ETA [Estimated Time of Arrival]. . . .

Lieut. Thienes (continued):

Soon as I heard Mac report his ETA, I began looking at my watch. I had trouble telling the minute hand from the second hand, but every now and then they came into focus. Eighteen-eighteen, no task group. Eighteen-nineteen, no task group. I was getting weaker and sicker and I knew I couldn't hold out much longer. Eighteen-twenty, no task group. Eighteen-twenty-one, there they were!

The fact that I still had a landing to make never entered my mind. I was home! . . .

Lieut. McLeroy (continued):

The task group was ready for us. The ships had turned into the wind, and the carriers had their planes spotted forward on the flight decks. Right after we crossed the destroyer screen, I told Bob to lower his wheels and flaps and tail hook and I'd check them for him. He didn't show a sign of hearing me, and that's when I really got worried. All of a sudden he broke off. I reported, "Lollipop base: Seven-Two Lollipop is now making his ap-

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proach." Then I called him again. Still no sign.

Bob's best approaches weren't any too good, and here he was, wounded and half blind, going in like he was making a strafing run instead of a landing. He was on his downwind leg when I saw his wheels go down, and then his flaps and tail hook.

Brother!

Lieut. Thienes (continued):

I saw the landing signal officer only off and on. Sometimes he melted into the canvas screen behind him. Once he seemed to be waving sixteen flags in each hand. I blinked, and when I looked again, he had vanished completely. If I answered his signals, it must have been by instinct. I don't remember anything at all about the landing. . . .

Statement by Lieutenant (j. g.) Richard C. Tripp, U. S. N. R., of San Francisco, Landing Signal officer on the U. S. S. Fighting Lady:

Bob came up the groove a little fast and overshot it. I gave him a slant, but he overcorrected and lost sight of me under the nose of his plane. Then he kicked hard right rudder, and I gave him a reverse slant, which put him in the center, and then a cut. He caught No. 3 wire.

His landing was better than average. If Air Pilot hadn't warned me he was wounded, I never would have known it.

STATEMENT by Lieutenant Commander Frank B. Voris, M. C., U. S. N. R., of Miami Beach, Florida, Flight Surgeon for Air Group 3:

We keep a doctor and three corpsmen standing by on the flight deck during all flight operations, so when Air Plot passed the word about Bob, all we had to do was wait for his plane to stop rolling.

I jumped on the starboard wing and asked, "What's the matter, Bob?"

He told me, "I have a hole in my head, doc," and leaned forward to show it to me.

I could see a lot of blood, and a metal fragment sticking out of his head. All I could tell at the time was that it was threaded, like a piece of pipe. I knew the wound was serious, but how serious I didn't know.

Bob was saying, "Everything's fuzzy. . . . It's all fuzzy. . . ."

I took off his helmet and put a battle dressing around his head. Meanwhile the corpsmen had laid a stretcher on the wing. We unbuckled his parachute harness and gun and helped him out of the cockpit and onto the stretcher. The wound was somewhat to the left of the base of his skull, so we kept his head turned to the right.

No. 3 elevator had been cleared to take him below at once. . . .

Lieut. Thienes (continued):

Doc Voris sounded cheery. So did Father Moody; he was there too when I landed. I recognized both of them, and their voices gave me confidence. When they put me onto the stretcher, I thought, My part of the job is done. The rest is up to them. . . .

Joint statement by crewmen:

We checked over FOX 29 as soon as Mr. Thienes was carried below. The shell had exploded inside the port wing. The main hole, in the top of the wing, was about eleven inches across, and there were thirty to forty smaller holes in the wing and fuselage.

It's hard to tell whether most of the internal damage was done by the shell itself or the ammunition it set off. Anyhow, two wing ribs were destroyed, the ammunition chutes were twisted—that's

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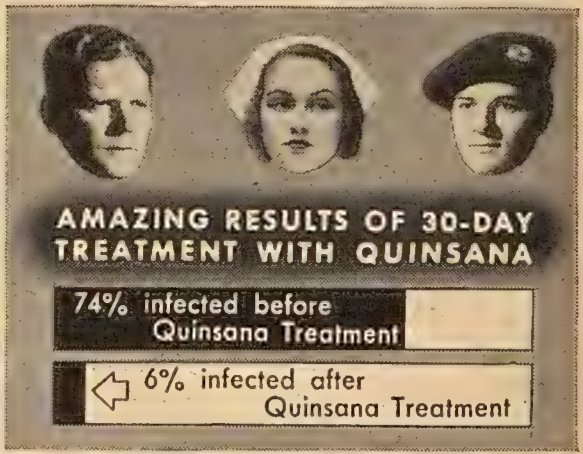

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why his portside guns wouldn't fire—and the hydraulic line was cut.

One other thing: His accelerometer registered 8 Gs, and 8 Gs ain't hay! [EDITOR'S NOTE: This figure means that at some point in Lieutenant Thienes' flight, probably when he pulled out of his dive, eight times the force of gravity was acting on him and his plane. Since Lieutenant Thienes weighs about 150 pounds, there was a moment when 1,200 pounds were squeezing him down.]

Dr. Voris (continued):

The X-ray showed that a metal fragment much larger than we had expected had driven pieces of his skull as deep as two inches into his brain tissue in the area of the visual centers. We shaved the back of his head, gave him local anesthesia, and removed the fragment, along with some hair and splinters of bone. The fragment was identified as the nose fuse of a 37½-mm. shell. It weighed an ounce and a half and was an inch in diameter and more than half an inch thick. The slightest additional pressure would have pushed it straight through his brain, against no more resistance than a plate of jelly. Dr. Smith and I have strong doubts that he could have survived a water landing. It's providential that Mac was there to talk him out of it. . . .

STATEMENT by Commander John T. Smith, M. C., U. S. N., of New Rochelle, New York, senior medical officer of the U. S. S. Fighting Lady:

The average man who sustained an injury as severe as Bob's probably would have been killed at once. If he wasn't killed, almost certainly he wouldn't recover consciousness in time to regain control of his plane.

What brought that boy back was half guts and half miracle!

Dr. Voris (continued):

We sprinkled sulfanilamide crystals into the wound and closed it with sutures. Convalescence was normal. His eyesight gradually returned. In three days he was able to pick out words. In two weeks he could read his wife's letters, a paragraph at a time.

I never had a more cheerful patient.

Lieut. Thienes (continued):

I'd been writing Ruth at least every other day and I knew the gap in my letters would make her worry, so as soon as the doc let me, I tried to write her I was O. K. It looked like a letter from a kid in second grade—words sprawling all over the page. Then Ernie Stewart brought me his typewriter.

I know the touch system, but every few lines my right hand would stray one key over, and a line of gibberish would come out.

It bothered me that something like that would give her the wrong impression of my condition, but I sent it anyhow. I knew she'd understand.

Extract from the temporary citation accompanying a recommendation that Lieutenant Thienes be awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross:

. . . the cap of a 37½-mm. projectile lodged in the base of his skull. Despite several periods of unconsciousness, he maintained control of his plane, and with coaching from another pilot, flew 250 miles back to his carrier. His vision was badly impaired, but with heroic determination he expertly landed his plane aboard.

His unfailing courage and skill were at all times in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service.

THE END

TRUMAN'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

Continued from Page 37

over the questioning. Corcoran denied flatly that he had been retained by the interests under investigation. It developed that he had received a fee of $5,000 but, he testified, merely for legal advice on the sale of municipal bonds.

If he felt any special concern for his friend when critical Republican senators took over the questioning, Fulton never showed it. His face almost always wore the same impassivity. His light blue eyes seldom gave any clue to his thoughts.

During the same hearing a revealing incident occurred. Fulton was speaking of the contract with the Maritime Commission that the committee was investigating. He said he had gone to the Commission to tell them they "should be exceedingly careful" to see that government interests were protected. This statement riled Senator Tom Connally of Texas.

"You went down and told them they should be exceedingly careful," Connally barked. "I didn't know that counsel for this committee was running all the departments."

Fulton never changed expression. During all the stormy sessions of the Truman Committee, with witnesses on the rampage and temperamental senators screaming for blood, no one ever saw him perturbed. His voice stayed on the same even level.

SOMETIMES, misjudging his mildness of manner, witnesses made the mistake of thinking he could be intimidated. Jesse Jones tried that tactic once during a long interrogation about some contracts with the Aluminum Company of America. Jones' answers, as the questions pressed home, became ambiguous. Finally in response to one of Fulton's questions he said:

"We might require them to require us to do it."

"I don't understand," said Fulton.

"You understand the English language, don't you?" Jones retorted acidly.

"I think so," Fulton said quietly, "and I still don't understand Mr. Jones."

The interrogation continued with relentless certainty toward the goal Fulton had fixed when he outlined the course of the hearing. In the end the committee issued a stern report that resulted in renegotiation.

On another occasion Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson was the witness. Patterson, frequently emotional in his championship of the War Department, was defending the unhappy Canol project on which the government had spent $134,000,000 for a trickle of oil out of the fields at Fort Norman, Canada. Fulton and the committee were determined to find out why Canol had cost so much. Patterson was belligerent in his statements and Fulton permitted a disbelieving smile to crease his chubby face.

"I don't like the way you're smiling," Patterson said with some heat, to the surprise of Chairman Truman and committee members.

"Why, I'm simply responding to your own smile," said Fulton with unruffled good humor.

It was true. Unconsciously, perhaps because of the constraint he was under, the witness had had a grin on his face.

"Well, now, look here—" Patterson began angrily.

The bang of Truman's gavel cut him off. Later, the Truman Committee condemned the Canol project and the War Department repudiated it.

TRUMAN invariably backed up his counsel in such clashes. He had learned early that Fulton never spoke unless he was sure of his facts.

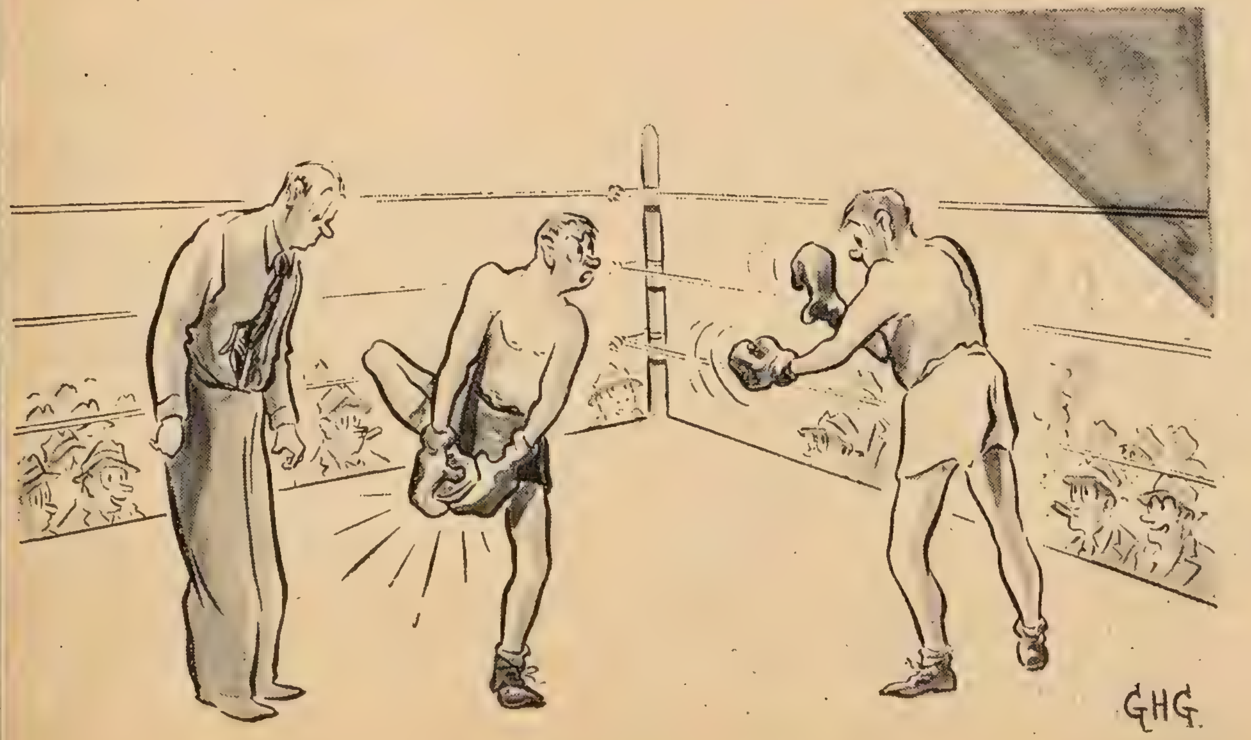
During his work with the Defense Investigating Committee, Fulton developed a faculty he had shown as a lawyer—the ability to master a complicated situation rapidly. One of his staff of investigators tells of bringing Fulton a bulky report that had taken six weeks to compile. Fulton skimmed it through, seeming scarcely to glance at the pages as he turned them.

"But to my amazement," the investigator told friends later, "Hugh went to a hearing on that case an hour later and he seemed to know as much about it as I did."

He had organized his staff carefully, giving each individual an assignment and a deadline that often seemed arbitrary. But the staff knew that Fulton himself worked harder than anyone else. On occasions he came to the office at four in the morning. The staff, arriving at eight, would find him immersed in documents and memoranda.

When he hired Fulton as counsel, Truman did not ask him what his politics were. But they are hardly secret. In Who's Who he lists himself as a Democrat.

After Truman's nomination as Vice-



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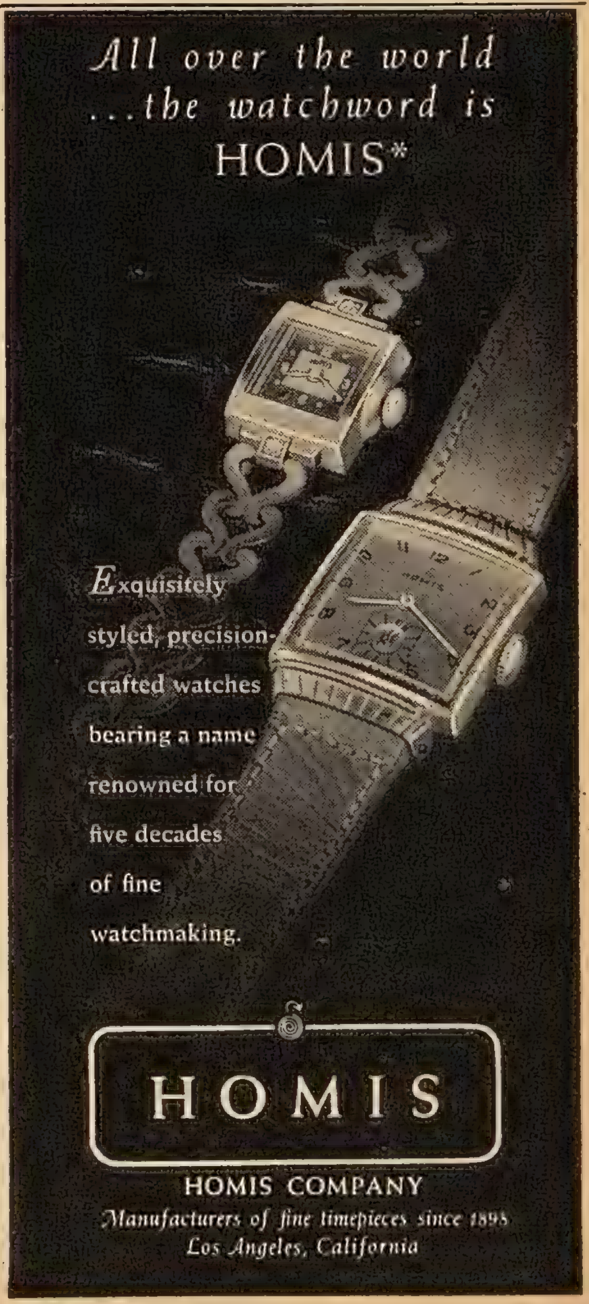
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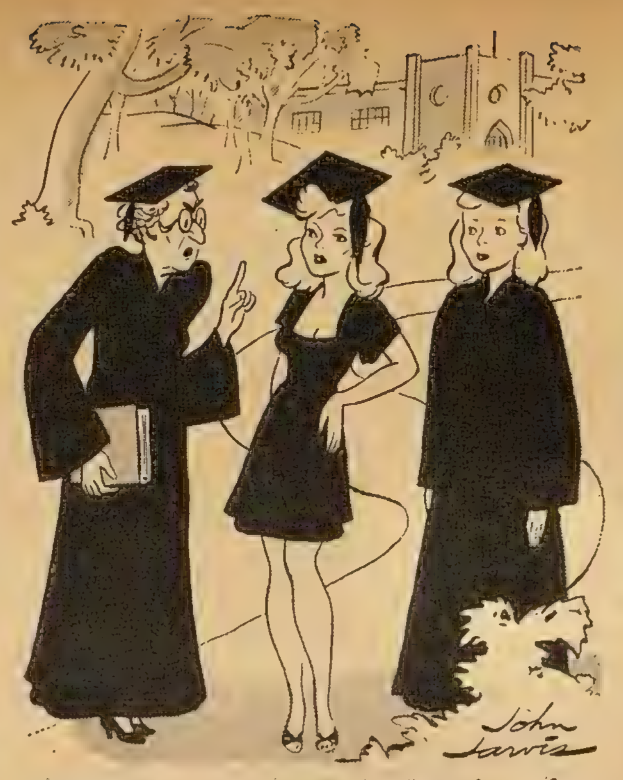

"Frankly, Miss Campus, this doesn't conform with our academic standards."

Presidential candidate in Chicago last July, Fulton took a leave of absence from his official duties and went to work for the candidate. He accompanied Truman to the West Coast, writing many of his speeches and advising him on public relations.

As a writer of political speeches, Fulton was not entirely successful. Others around Truman criticized, for their excessive caution, some of the speeches Fulton wrote. They were sometimes drastically revised.

If anything, the campaign tended to confirm the warm personal relationship that had grown up between Truman and Fulton. The two men have great respect for each other. While now and then they visited in each other's homes, it was for the most part an office association. Truman can relax and enjoy himself more easily than Fulton, who rarely takes his eye off whatever ball he happens to be following.

FULTON resigned as counsel for the committee when Truman, elected Vice-President, gave up the chairmanship. As so many lawyers out of government have done, Fulton opened a law office in Washington. There were clients waiting when he hung out his shingle.

In 1933 he married Jessie R. Collison. They have no children. In Washington they live in a small apartment on Sixteenth Street in the embassy section. But they feel that their real home is a seventy-seven-acre farm near Flemington, New Jersey. Almost his only relaxation is cooking. With a house full of week-end guests at Flemington, he has been known to turn out as many as six apple pies in a morning.

Friends say that he looks happily at home over a cookstove, his pink face even pinker as he moves with remarkable agility for a man who weighs 250 pounds.

There was a time when he tried to keep his weight down. After a long day in court in New York, he would play strenuous handball for an hour. But he has long since quit trying to get in any exercise.

As they sat with their heads together over the executive desk in the White House on that fateful morning of April 13, both Truman and Fulton must have thought of those other mornings; of the long arduous hours of work that brought them together in a partnership at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. In those sessions, neither could have foreseen that they would one day renew their partnership with the whole nation looking on.

THE END

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(Continued from page 80)

give the cook Ann's order for lunch. The story got a terrific newspaper kidding, but the name of Ann's picture was always mentioned and Arthur accepted the "bird" complacently.

A true bird story went wrong when Bill Pine, then with Paramount, secretly collected fifty parrots and spent two weeks training them to repeat the title of Mae West's latest picture, It Ain't No Sin. Bill planned to ship the birds to key cities to scream "It ain't no sin!" to astonished natives.

The day before the picture's release Bill hurried in to the producer's office. "I have a great surprise," he announced.

"I have a bigger one," said the producer. "We've just changed the title of Mae West's picture to I'm No Angel."

The star, the publicist, and the reporter all recognize the occasional necessity for fanciful stories. But once a cooked-up opus so enraged a star that it has become a Hollywood legend. Pat O'Brien, so went the story, was decorating a nautical den and could find no suitable lamp shade. Failing in his search, he remembered that his own manly chest bore a beautiful tattooed ship under full sail. So by careful skin surgery, he had the tattoo removed and sewn, mark you, onto the shade.

Pat O'Brien was bent on murdering the culprit who finagled that one into print. His friends Frank McHugh, Jimmy Cagney, and Spencer Tracy literally had o restrain him by force. To this day Pat can't look a lamp shade in the face without blanching.

On the other hand, Humphrey Bogart will brush aside the publicist as a piker n order to regale the reporter with even richer and fruitier stories.

"Want to hear about my worm farm for ishermen?" Bogie will ask some wide-eyed fan-mag writer. "Well, I've about ifty acres under cultivation now, all stocked with the finest breed of worms." And so on. Occasionally an actor begins to believe the stories about himself. Brian Donlevy grew so enthralled by newspaper accounts of his fabulous tungsten mines hat he went to Arizona and invested in one.

Happily for the press agent, it is payng off.

THAT the entire world is colored and covered by these Hollywood fantasies has been proved time and again. When Sonja Henie was making Thin Ice, publicist Jack Cooper wrote reams about the peasant dress Sonja was to wear in the film, claimng the frock had been handed down hrough Sonja's Norwegian ancestry for hree hundred years. Thirty months later n Oslo, Norway, Sonja sat in the royal box with the King and Queen of Norway waitng for her picture to flash on the screen.

"I'm so anxious," the queen confided to her, "to see that wonderful old peasant dress of yours. I've read so much about it."

Sonja froze, knowing full well the dress had about as much antiquity as a kippered herring.

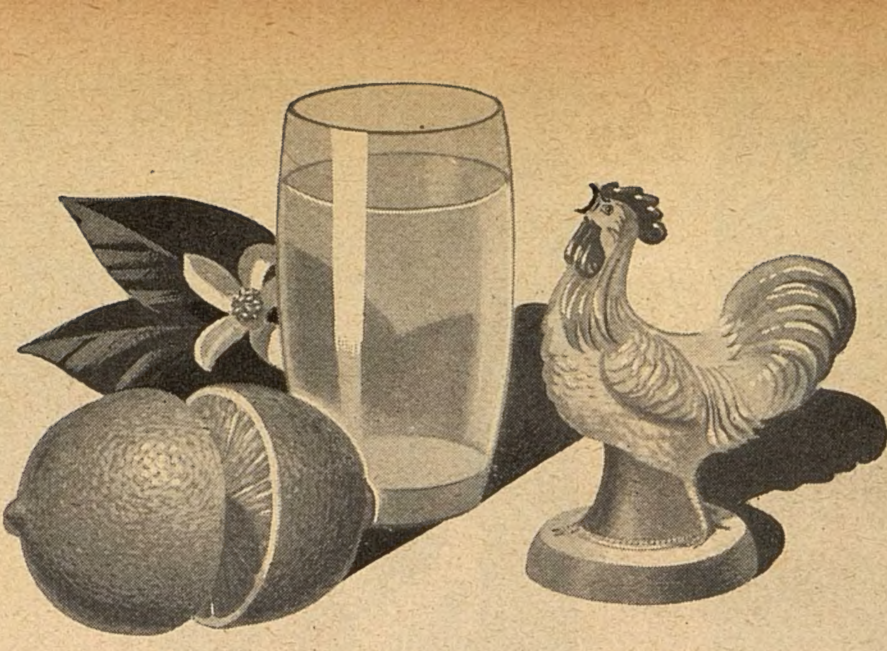
Hollywood's current "latest" laugh is attributed to a scalawag press agent who finally wearied of a columnist's queries on "Turkish" Turhan Bey's military status.

"Turkey cabled this morning," he told he columnist. "They want him to remain here. They're using his brother Ellie instead."

Not until the paper was off the press he next day and all Hollywood was guffawng did the columnist realize that in "Ellie Bey" he had merely been handed some anatomical pig Latin.

The publicist is recovering in Palm Springs.

THE END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JUNE 2, 1945

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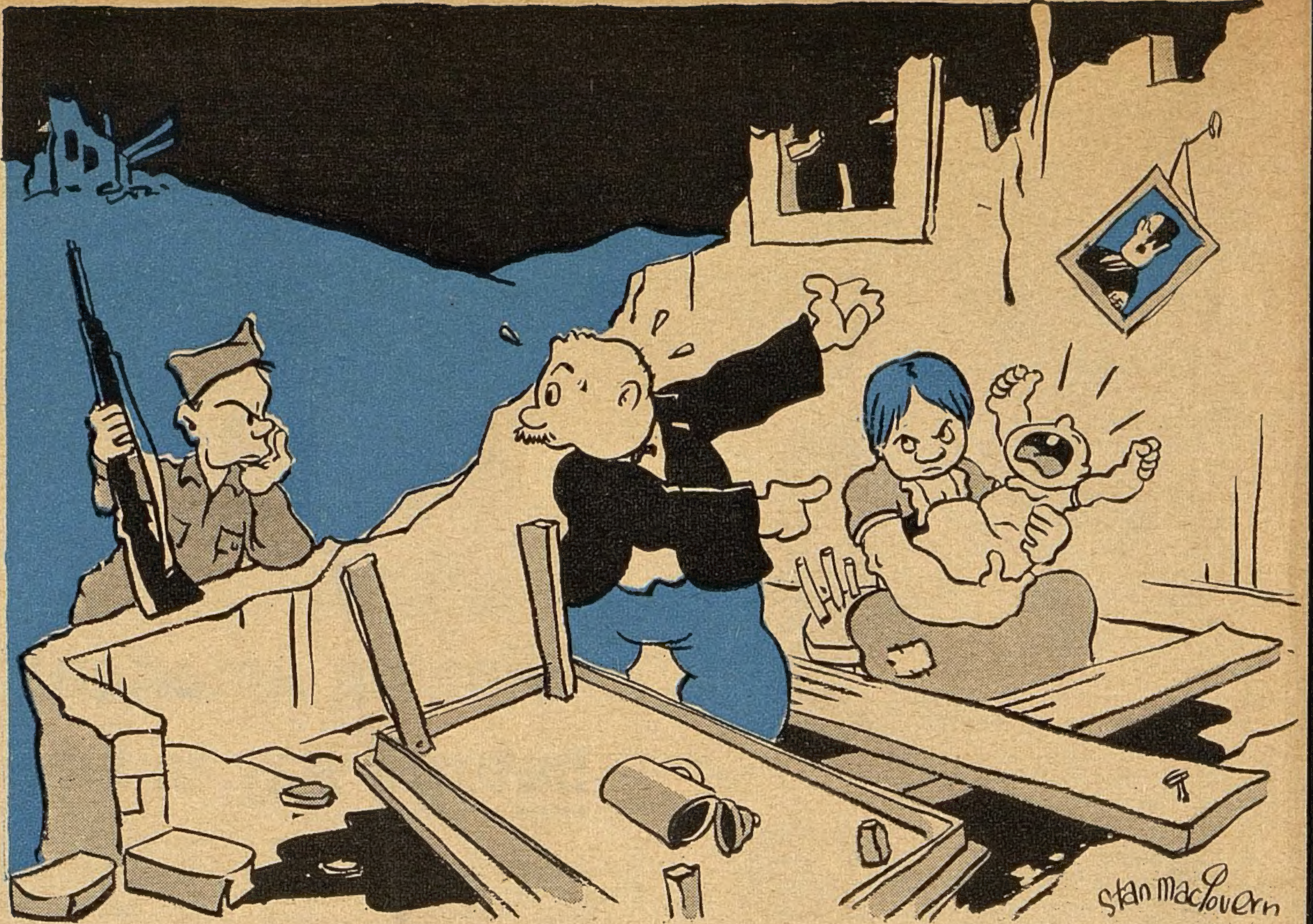

WHAT TO DO ABOUT GERMANY

A SUBJECT which seems to agitate many people these days is what to do about Germany. It is said that we are not prepared with either a plan or the personnel to administer that portion of the country which falls to our jurisdiction.

But from another point of view it is also possible we have too many plans and too many people for the ultimate good of either the Germans or ourselves.

We put our Army upon the continent of Europe and into Germany to accomplish three objectives: (1) to destroy German military power and prevent the conquest of the world; (2) to punish those responsible for this war and for the horrible atrocities they have perpetrated; (3) to make sure that Germany is through for all time as a source of war and aggression.

These objectives of ourselves and our allies should govern our policy in administering the defeated Reich. To go beyond these objectives may result in their partial nullification. The Germans seem to expect us to shoulder the burden of reconstructing their country. Many of our own people who say we are not prepared seem to think so, too, and that, furthermore, we should take it on ourselves to re-educate the Germans out of their warlike ways.

However, it might be argued that it is foolish for the Allies to rebuild German cities, get water supplies and utilities functioning again, restore their currency and agriculture, and educate their kids for them. It is quite probable that the more we do along these lines the less the Germans themselves will do. They are likely to do nothing they can get us to do for them. In fact, they don't hesitate to complain when they feel we aren't doing enough.

All of this really is no concern of ours. We should put our occupation forces into Germany, supply them and impose upon them only the responsibility of keeping order. I the Germans choose to live in holes in the ground and starve rather than turn to and rebuild their country, that's their lookout If we do it for them, they will come to believe that the war wasn't so bad after all. In a year or two, with their country re-established by American effort and money, they will feel the game was well worth the candle.

If the Germans are to derive any lesson from this war, we must allow the burden o working out their own salvation to rest upon their own shoulders. We should let them know that we intend to sit on their heads for decades, if need be, until we are assured the words "war" and "aggression" are eliminated from their vocabulary. The sooner they se about re-educating their children and revamping their political thinking along democratic and peaceful lines, the sooner they'l get us off their necks.

Paul Hunter

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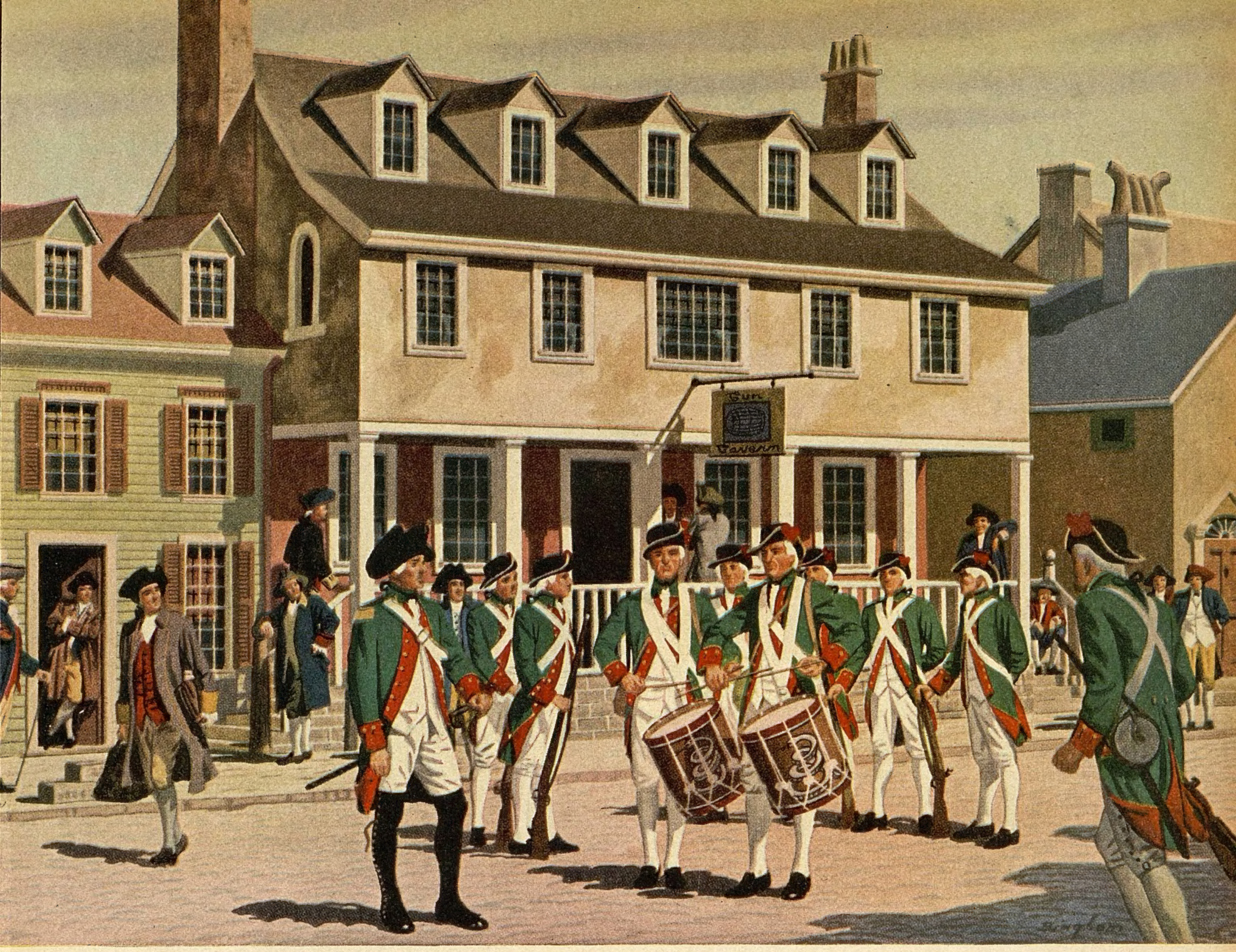

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